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PREFACE.

Since the publication of the first volume of "The Speaker's Garland," containing the first Four Numbers of the "100 Choice Selections" Series, the *fifth*, *sixth*, *seventh*, and *eighth* numbers of the same Series have been successively issued, which we now offer, (being the *second* Four numbers of the Series,) arranged under a general heading and an alphabetical index,—uniform in every respect with the first, to which it is a companion volume,—making "THE SPEAKER'S GARLAND," VOLUME II.

The various selections have been made with great care, and under the guidance of popular Elocutionists and Teachers, with an evident taste and appreciation of the best things for the purpose,—embracing EVERY VARIETY OF EMOTION, whether Grave or Lively, Serious or Amusing, Sublime or Vehement, Eloquent or Impassioned, Oratorical or Humorous,—comprising eloquent utterances from some of the best poets and authors of the *present day*, combined with others of an *earlier* origin, "which the world will not willingly let die;" in addition to which are many excellent specimens, both from *new* and anonymous sources; a large proportion are drawn from the ludicrous phases of existence, and lead direct to "*laughter's happy land*,"—the question in their entire compilation not being, From whence did it originate? so much as, IS IT GOOD FOR SPEAKING OR READING?

Taken as a whole, this work presents an array of choice Poetry and Prose, so comprehensive and varied in style as to offer a responsive chord to every possible mood or phase of human feeling, and call forth every emotion of the heart; presenting a complete

LIBRARY of POPULAR GEMS, heretofore obtained only by long and continued research among many expensive volumes,—being truly a "*Literary Bouquet*," culled from the highest sources at home and abroad; entwining the choicest articles of acknowledged worth and intrinsic merit, in rich festoons of gayety and mirth, thus *combining Amusement with Instruction*,—all harmoniously blending in happy contrast to form "THE SPEAKER'S GARLAND." By thus providing intellectual food for all the varying tastes and desires of a reading people, this work must necessarily prove a delightful traveling companion, a welcome visitor at every fireside, and a real household treasure; as no time, occasion, or circumstance, but is here furnished suitable and enjoyable material for either reading or speaking, and the question so often heard, *Where shall I get something new to speak?* is now fully met by this attractive and beautiful work.

We bespeak for the present volume the same generous welcome that has been bestowed upon its predecessor, and most respectfully solicit a *continuance of favor* and co-operation from our many thousands of patrons, thereby enabling us, (in accordance with our present designs,) to make STILL FURTHER ADDITIONS to the "*Series*" of which this book is a part.

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Philadelphia, 1874.

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CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 5.

PRESS ON.—PARK BENJAMIN.

PRESS ON! there's no such word as fail ;
Press nobly on ! the goal is near, —
Ascend the mountain ! breast the gale !
Look upward, onward, —never fear !
Why should'st thou faint ? Heaven smiles above
Though storm and vapor intervene ;
That Sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrents' arch ;
He fails alone who feebly creeps ;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero ! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once, and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try ;
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds ;
While on *their* breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs;—*Press on!* PRESS ON!

Press on! what though upon the ground
Thy love has been poured out like rain?
That happiness is always found
The sweetest that is born of pain.
Oft 'mid the forest's deepest glooms,
A bird sings from some blighted tree;
And in the dreariest desert, blooms
A never dying rose for thee.

Therefore, *press on!* and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul,
Come wealth and honor and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

THE WORTH OF ELOQUENCE.

LET us not, gentlemen, undervalue the art of the orator. Of all the efforts of the human mind, it is the most astonishing in its nature, and the most transcendent in its immediate triumphs. The wisdom of the philosopher, the eloquence of the historian, the sagacity of the statesman, the capacity of the general, may produce more lasting effects upon human affairs; but they are incomparably less rapid in their influence, and less intoxicating from the ascendancy they confer. In the solitude of his library, the sage meditates on the truths which are to influence the thoughts and direct the conduct of men in future times; amid the strife of faction the legislator discerns the measures calculated, after a long course of years, to alleviate existing evils, or produce happiness yet unborn; during long and wearisome campaigns the

commander throws his shield over the fortunes of his country, and prepares in silence and amid obloquy the means of maintaining its independence. But the triumphs of the orator are immediate; his influence is instantly felt; his, and his alone, it is

“The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o’er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation’s eyes !”

“I can conceive,” says Cicero, “of no accomplishment more to be desired than to be able to captivate the affections, charm the understanding, and direct or restrain, at pleasure, the will of whole assemblies. This single art has, amongst every free people, commanded the greatest encouragement, and been attended with the most surprising effects. For what can be more astonishing, than that from an immense multitude one man should come forth, the only, or *almost* the only man, who can do what Nature has made attainable by all? Or can anything impart to the ears and the understanding a pleasure so pure as a discourse which at once delights by its elocution, enlists the passions by its rhetoric, and carries captive the conviction by its logic?”

“What triumph more noble and magnificent than that of the eloquence of one man, swaying the inclinations of the people, the consciences of judges, and the majesty of senates? Nay, farther, can aught be esteemed so grand, so generous, so public-spirited, as to relieve the suppliant, to raise up the prostrate, to communicate happiness, to avert danger, to save a fellow-citizen from exile and wrong? Can aught be more desirable than to have always ready those weapons with which we can at once defend the weak, assail the profligate, and redress our own or our country’s injuries?”

“But, apart from the utility of this art in the Forum, the Rostrum, the Senate, and on the Bench, can anything in retirement from business be more delightful, more socially endearing, than a language and elocution agreeable and polished on every subject? For the great characteristic of our nature—that which distinguishes us from brutes—is our capacity of social intercourse, our ability

to convey our ideas by words. Ought it not, then, to be pre-eminently our study to excel mankind in that very faculty which constitutes *their* superiority over brutes?

“Upon the eloquence and spirit of an accomplished orator may often depend, not only his own dignity, but the welfare of a government, nay, of a people. Go on, then, ye who would attain this inestimable art. Ply the study you have in hand, pursue it with singleness of purpose, at once for your own honor, for the advantage of your friends, and for the service of your country.”

SAVED.—JENNIE JOY.

COME! hurry up, Jim—don't you see the moon is comin' out? What makes you lag so far behind? D'ye mind what you're about?

I want to reach that patch of corn while yet the moon is hid
Beneath the clouds—now start your pegs, and do as you are bid.

Jim! are you cryin'?—now for shame! you chicken hearted lad. Don't want to help me take the corn—don't want to help your dad?

Old Todd won't see us pick the ears—we'll bag five bushel,
clear;

We cannot starve; I ha'n't a cent, I spent the last for beer.

You needn't be afraid, now Jim! there's not a soul around;
'Tis almost midnight—Todd's asleep, and so's his “blooded hound.”

I allers gin you credit, lad, for bein' bold and brave;
And I have hearn you say that fears should ne'er make you
their slave.

I'll let you have a dozen ears—the largest that we take—
To feed your pig, and some we'll grind to make a johnny-cake.
I owe Sam Stokes a little bill of drinks, and other traps,—
The rest will have to go to him—and you may taste my Schnappa

Now jump the fence—and “mind your eye!” don't speak above
a breath;

If that confounded hound should wake, he'd be our very death.
I'm glad the clouds have got so thick—the night is pesky dark;
Now here's the bag—What is it Jim? I thought you whispered
—Hark!

The clouds are scatterin'—There's the moon! Too bad, but
 never fear,
 We'll fill the sacks, and hurry home—I'm hankerin' fur some
 beer—
 What did you say, Jim?—are you sure? I hope it ain't old
 Todd;
 "Look up," d'ye say? "we're surely seen; we cannot hide
 from God?"

Jim! Jim! my boy, I guess you're right; here, take the empty
 bags;
 'Tis drink that's brought your dad to this, and clothed us both
 in rags.
 It was not fear that made *you* lag, unless 'twas fear of God;
 D'ye think he'd hear you if you prayed?—I do not mean old
 Todd.

"Yes?" well, kneel down—my words are rough, too rough
 for such as He,
 But may be He will hear my boy, and pity even *me*.
 I'll taste no more the damning stuff! Take heart, poor, suf-
 fering lad;
 Thank God! your prayer has blessed my soul—yes, *saved* your
 weak, old dad. "Wood's Household Magazine."

THE SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

Nor long since a sober middle-aged gentleman was quietly dozing in one of our railroad trains, when his pleasant, drowsy meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sharp voice of the individual by his side. This was no less a personage than a dandified, hot-blooded, inquisitive Frenchman, who raised his hairy visage close to that of the gentleman he addressed.

"Pardonnez, sare; but vat you do viz ze pictair—*hein?*"

As he spoke, monsieur pointed to some beautiful steel plate engravings, in frames, which the quiet gentleman held in his lap, and which suited the fancy of the little French connoisseur precisely.

The quiet gentleman looked at the inquisitive foreigner with a scowl which he meant to be very forbidding, and made no reply. The Frenchman, nothing daunted, once more approached his hairy visage into that of his companion, and repeated the question—

"Vat you do viz ze pictair—*hein?*"

"I am taking them to Salem," replied the quiet gentleman, gruffly.

"Ha! you take 'em to sell 'em!" chimed in the shrill voice of the Frenchman. "I be glad of zat, by gar! I like the pictair. I buy 'em of you, sare. How much you ask?"

"They are not for sale!" replied the sleepy gentleman—more thoroughly awake, by-the-by, and not a little irritated.

"*Hein?*" grunted monsieur, in astonishment. "Vat you say, sare?"

"I say I don't want to sell the pictures!" cried the other, at the top of his voice.

"By gar! *c'est drole!*" exclaimed the Frenchman, his eye beginning to flash with passion. "It is one strange circumstance, *parbleu!* I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair, and you say you take 'em to sell 'em, and zen you will not sell 'em! Vat you mean, sare—*hein?*"

"I mean what I say," replied the other, sharply. "I don't want to sell the engravings, and I didn't say I did."

"*Morbleu!*" sputtered monsieur, in a tone loud enough to attract the attention of those of his fellow travelers who were not already listening; "*morbleu!* you mean to say I 'ave not any ear? *Non*, monsieur, by gar I hear ver' well vat you tell me. You say you sell ze pictair. Is it because I one Frenchman, zat you will not sell me ze pictair?"

The irritated gentleman hoping to rid himself of the annoyance, turned his back upon his assailant, and made no reply.

But monsieur was not to be put off thus. He laid his hand on the shoulder of the other, and showing his small white teeth, exclaimed—

"*Sacristie!* monsieur, zis is too muche. You've give me one insult, and I shall 'ave satisfaction." Still no reply. "By gar, monsieur," continued the Frenchman, "you are not one gentleman, I shall call you one *poltroon*—vat you call 'em?—coward!"

"What do you mean," retorted the other, afraid the affair was beginning to be serious; "I haven't insulted you, sir."

"Pardonnez, monsieur, but it is one grand insult! In America, perhaps not; but in France, one blow your brains out."

"For what, pray?"

"For vat? *Parbleu!* you call me one *mentuer*—how you speak 'em—liar? you call me one liar? you call me one liar!"

"Oh no, sir. You misunderstood——"

"No, by gar! I've got ears. You say you vill sell ze pictair; and ven I tell you vat you say, you say ze contrarie—zat is not so!"

"But I didn't tell you I would sell the pictures," remonstrated the man with the engravings, beginning to feel alarmed at the passion manifested by the other. "You misunderstood——"

"I tell you no! It is not posseeb! When I ask you vat you do viz ze pictair, vat you say?"

"I said I was taking them to Salem."

"Yes, *parbleu!*" exclaimed monsieur, more angry than ever, "you say you take 'em to sell 'em——"

"No, no! interrupted the other, "not to *sell them*, but *Salem*—the City of Salem."

"Ze city of Sell 'em!" exclaimed the Frenchman, amid the roars of laughter that greeted his ears. "*Sacristie!* Zat is one grand mistake. Pardon, monsieur! *Que je suis bete!* The city of Sell 'em? Ha-ha! I will remember zat, by gar!" And he stroked his moustache with his fingers, while the man with the engravings once more gave way to his drowsy inclinations.

THE DYING BRIGAND.

SHE stood before the dying man.

And her eye grew wildly bright—

"Ye will not pause for a woman's ban,

Nor shrink from a woman's might;

And his glance is dim that made you fly,

As ye before have fled:

Look, dastards!—how the brave can die—

Beware!—he is not dead!

“By his blood you have tracked him to his lair !
 Would you bid the spirit part?—
 He that durst harm one single hair
 Must reach it through my heart.
 I cannot weep, for my brain is dry—
 Nor plead, for I know not how ;
 But my aim is sure, and the shaft may fly,—
 And the bubbling life-blood flow !

“Yet leave me, while dim life remains,
 To list his parting sigh ;
 To kiss away those gory stains,
 To close his beamless eye !
 Ye will not ! no—he triumphs still,
 Whose foes his death-pangs dread—
 His was the power—yours but the will :
 Back—back—he is not dead !

“His was the power that held in thrall,
 Through many a glorious year,
 Priests, burghers, nobles, princes—all
 Slaves worship, hate, or fear.
 Wrongs, insults, injuries thrust him forth
 A bandit-chief to dwell ;
 How he avenged his slighted worth,
 Ye, cravens, best may tell !

“His spirit lives in the mountain breath,
 It flows in the mountain wave ;
 Rock—stream—hath done the work of death !
 Yon deep ravine—the grave !—
 That which hath been again may be !—
 Ah ! by yon fleeting sun,
 Who stirs, no morning ray shall see—
 His sand of life has run !”

Defiance shone in her flashing eye,
 But her heart beat wild with fear—
 She starts—the bandit’s last faint sigh
 Breathes on her sharpened ear—
 She gazes on each stiffening limb,
 And the death-damp chills her brow ;—
 “For him I lived—I die with him !
 Slaves, do your office now !”



OUR FOLKS.—ETHEL LYNN.

"HIE, Harry! Harry, halt,
 And tell a soldier just a thing or two;
 Had a furlough? been to see
 How all the folks in Jersey do.
 It's a year ago since I was there,
 Aye, with a bullet from Fair Oaks;
 But since you've been home, old comrade, dear,
 Say, did you see any of our folks?
 You did! oh, I am so glad!
 For if I do look grim and gruff,
 I've got some feeling. People think
 A soldier's heart is mighty tough,
 But when the bullets fly, and hot saltpetre smokes
 And whole battalions lie afield,
 One is apt to think about his folks.
 And so you saw them—when and where?
 The old man, is he lively yet?
 And little sis, has she grown tall?
 And then you know her friend, that Anna Ross—
 Confound it, how this pipe chokes!
 Come, Hal, and tell me, like a man,
 All the news about our folks;
 You saw them at the church, you say?
 It's very likely, they are always there on Sunday.
 What! no, no! a funeral, why
 Harry, how you halt and stare!
 And all were well, and all were out?
 Come, truly, this can't be a hoax;
 Why don't you tell me, like a man,
 All the news about our folks?"

"I say all's well, old comrade, dear,
 I say all's well, for He knows best,
 Who takes his young lambs in His arms,
 Ere the sun sinks in the west.
 The soldier's strokes deal left and right,
 And flowers fall as well as oaks;
 And fair Anna blooms no more,
 And that's the matter with your folks.
 Bear up, old friend."
 Well, nobody speaks, only the dull camp raven crows,
 Then soldiers whisper, "Boys, be still,
 There's some bad news from Granger's folks."
 He turns his back upon his grief,
 And vainly sought to hide the tears
 Kind nature sends to woe's relief,

Then answering said, "Ah, well! Hal, I'll try,
But in my throat there's something chokes;
Because you see I'd thought so long
To count her in among our folks.
All may be well, still I can't help thinking,
I might have kept this trouble off
By being gentle, kind and true;
But may be not! she's safe up there,
And when His hand deals other strokes,
She'll stand at heaven's gates, I know,
And wait, and welcome all our folks."

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.—CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them lovely.

They used to say to one another sometimes: Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their play-mates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that, they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before laying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were

turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, laying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; And the star, opening, showing him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No!"

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon

him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and, while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another!"

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was re-united to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter!"

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!"—And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"—

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

THE WHISKERS.—SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

THE kings who ruled mankind with haughty sway,
 The prouder pope, whom even kings obey—
 Love, at whose shrine both popes and monarchs fall,
 And e'en self interest, that controls them all—
 Possess a petty power, when all combined,
 Compared with fashion's influence on mankind:
 For love itself will oft to fashion bow;
 The following story will convince you how:

A petit maitre wooed a fair,
 Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare;
 But vainly had preferred his claim,
 The maiden owned no answering flame;
 At length by doubt and anguish torn,
 Suspense too painful to be borne,
 Low at her feet he humbly kneeled,
 And thus his ardent flame revealed:

"Pity my grief, angelic fair,
 Behold my anguish and despair;
 For you, this heart must ever burn—
 O bless me with a kind return!

My love, no language can express,
 Reward it then, with happiness ;
 Nothing on earth but you I prize,
 All else is trifling in my eyes ;
 And cheerfully would I resign
 The wealth of worlds to call you mine.
 But, if another gain your hand,
 Far distant from my native land,
 Far hence from you and hope I'll fly,
 And in some foreign region die."

The virgin heard, and thus replied :
 "If my consent to be your bride
 Will make you happy, then be blest ;
 But grant me, first, one small request ;
 A sacrifice I must demand,
 And in return will give my hand."

"A sacrifice ! O speak its name !
 For you I'd forfeit wealth and fame :
 Take my whole fortune—every cent—"

"'Twas something more than wealth I meant."

"Must I the realms of Neptune trace ?
 O speak the word !—where'er the place,
 For you, the idol of my soul,
 I'd e'en explore the frozen pole ;
 Arabia's sandy deserts tread,
 Or trace the Tigris to its head."

"Oh no, dear sir, I do not ask
 So long a voyage, so hard a task ;
 You must—but ah ! the boon I want,
 I have no hope that you will grant."

"Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire
 To be the world's imperial sire ?
 Express the wish, and here I vow,
 To place a crown upon your brow."

"Sir, these are trifles"—she replied—
 "But, if you wish me for your bride,
 You must—but still I fear to speak—
 You'll never grant the boon I seek."

"Oh say," he cried—"dear angel, say—
 What must I do, and I obey ;
 No longer rack me with suspense,
 Speak your commands, and send me hence."

"Well, then, dear generous youth!" she cries,
 "If thus my heart you really prize,
 And wish to link your fate with mine,
 On one condition I am thine;
 'Twill then become my pleasing duty,
 To contemplate a husband's beauty;
 And, gazing on your manly face,
 His feelings and his wishes trace;
 To banish thence each mark of care,
 And light a smile of pleasure there.
 Oh, let me, then, 'tis all I ask,
 Commence at once the pleasing task;
 Oh, let me, as becomes my place,
 Cut those huge whiskers from your face."

She said—but oh! what strange surprise
 Was pictured in her lover's eyes!
 Like lightning from the ground he sprung,
 While wild amazement tied his tongue.
 A statue, motionless, he gazed,
 Astonished, horror-struck, amazed.
 So, looked the gallant Perseus, when
 Medusa's visage met his ken;
 So, looked Macbeth, whose guilty eye
 Discerned an "air-drawn dagger" nigh;
 And so, the Prince of Denmark stared,
 When first his father's ghost appeared.

At length our hero silence broke,
 And thus in wildest accents spoke:
 "Cut off my whiskers! O ye gods!
 I'd sooner lose my ears, by odds;
 Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,
 So lost to fashion and to taste,
 To win an empress to my arms,
 Though blest with more than mortal charms.
 My whiskers! zounds!" he said no more,
 But quick retreated through the door,
 And sought a less obdurate fair,
 To take the beau, with all his hair.

JOHN MAYNARD.—HORATIO ALGER, JR.

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
 One bright midsummer day,
 The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
 Swept proudly on her way.

Bright faces clustered on the deck,
 Or leaning o'er the side,
 Watched carelessly the feathery foam,
 That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
 That smiling bends serene,
 Could dream that danger, awful, vast,
 Impended o'er the scene—
 Could dream that ere an hour had sped,
 That frame of sturdy oak
 Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,
 Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,
 A moment whispered low;
 The captain's swarthy face grew pale,
 He hurried down below.
 Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp
 And clear his orders came,
 No human efforts could avail
 To quench the insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
 It sped from lip to lip,
 And ghastly faces everywhere
 Looked from the doomed ship.
 "Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
 A hundred lips implore;
 "But one," the captain made reply,
 "To run the ship on shore."

A sailor, whose heroic soul
 That hour should yet reveal,—
 By name John Maynard, eastern born,—
 Stood calmly at the wheel.
 "Head her south-east!" the captain shouts,
 Above the smothered roar,
 "Head her south-east without delay!
 Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
 Or clouds his dauntless eye,
 As in a sailor's measured tone
 His voice responds, "Ay, Ay!"
 Three hundred souls,—the steamer's freight,—
 Crowd forward wild with fear,
 While at the stern the dreadful flames
 Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
 But still, with steady hand
 He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
 He steered the ship to land.
 "John Maynard," with an anxious voice,
 The captain cries once more,
 "Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
 And we will reach the shore."
 Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
 Responded firmly, still
 Unawed, though face to face with death,
 "With God's good help I will!"

The flames approach with giant strides,
 They scorch his hands and brow;
 One arm disabled seeks his side,
 Ah, he is conquered now!
 But no, his teeth are firmly set,
 He crushes down the pain,—
 His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
 He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet!
 Brave heart, thy task is o'er!
 The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
 The steamer touches shore.
 Three hundred grateful voices rise,
 In praise to God, that He
 Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
 And from the engulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
 The captain saw him reel—
 His nerveless hands released their task,
 He sunk beside the wheel.
 The wave received his lifeless corpse,
 Blackened with smoke and fire.
 God rest him! Hero never had
 A nobler funeral pyre!

DEEDS VERSUS CREEDS.—ANNIE I. MUZZEY.

AND, seeking truth, I wholly lost my way;
 Rocked back and forward, by the swinging tides
 Of doubt and faith, confused by many guides;
 Each one armed with a doctrine and a creed,
 Which each felt safe to say
 Would meet and satisfy my every need.

And one claimed Jesus was the son of God ;
 And one denied that he was more than man ;
 One scented wrath in the redeeming plan ;
 One dwelt upon its mercy and its love ;
 One threatened with the rod ;
 One wooed me with the cooings of a dove.

And whether souls were fore-ordained to bliss ;
 And whether faith, or works were strong to save ;
 And whether judgment lay beyond the grave,
 And love, with pardoning power, went down to hell ;
 Whether *that* road or *this*
 Led up to heaven's gate, I could not tell.

Amid this dust of *theologic* strife,
 I hungered with a want unsatisfied.
 Heaven while I lived, not Heaven when I died,
 Was what I craved ; and how to make sublime
 And beautiful my life,
 While yet I lingered on the shores of Time.

To judgment swift my guides in doctrine came ;
 Which one lived out the royal truths he preached ?
 Which one loved mercy, and ne'er overreached
 His weaker brother ? And which one forgot
 His own in other's claim,
 And put self last ? I sought, but found him not.

And wept and railed because religion seemed
 Only the thin ascending smoke of *words*—
 The jangling rude of inharmonious chords ;
 Until—my false inductions to disprove—
 Across my vision streamed
The glory of a life aflame with love.

One who was silent while his brethren taught,
 And showed me not the beauties of his creed,
 But went before me, sowing silent seed
 That made the waste and barren desert glad ;
 Whose hand in secret brought
 Healing and comfort to the sick and sad.

Aglow, I cried, "Here all my questionings end ;
 Oh, what is thy religion, thy belief ?"
 Smiling, he shook his head with answer brief—
 This man so swift to act, so slow to speak—
 "*In deeds*, not creeds, my friend,
 Lives the *religion* that I humbly seek."

And soft and sweet across my spirit stole
 The rest and peace so long and vainly sought;
 And though I mourn the graces I have not,—
 If I may help my brother in his need,
 And love him as my soul,—
 I trust God's pardon if I have no creed.

A RAILROAD CAR SCENE.

A correspondent of the *Washington Capital* thus writes of an incident on the Boston and Albany railroad. Whatever the article may lack of finished eloquence is amply supplied by true and genuine feeling (in the touching suggestions of a not uncommon domestic history), which cannot fail to be appreciated, while there are human hearts to love what is most lovely in woman, and honor what is most tender and reverential of her in man. In the poem entitled "Compensation," which follows this article, *the same story* is told in verse.

I RAN across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black-whiskered man who sat immediately in front of me, and who indulged from time to time, in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every now and then he would get up, and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster.

As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin down deep in his shirt collar. But the changes that those portmanteaus underwent. He moved them here, there—he put them behind him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but as we were twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparations was ridiculous. If we had entered the city then, the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Some

one must help him, and as I was the nearest to him he selected me. Suddenly turning as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair in the meantime, and slapping his legs together and breathing hard:

"Been gone three years!"

"Ah!"

"Yes, been in Europe. Folks don't expect me for three months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station—they've got it by this time."

As he said this he rubbed his hands, and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and then one on the right to the left again.

"Got a wife?" said I.

"Yes, and three children," he returned.

He then got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

"You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain't you?" I said, watching his fidgety movements.

"Well, I should think so," he replied, "I hain't slept soundly for a week. And do you know," he went on, glancing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; tain't natural that it should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to the philosophy," I said, "you will continue to have sunshine, because you are expecting a storm."

"Its curious," he returned, but the only thing which makes me think I will get through safe is, because I think I won't."

"Well! this is curious," said I.

"Lord, yes!" he replied. "I am a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed in it—spent all my money

trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there—came within an ace of jumping off the London bridge. Went into a workshop to earn money enough to come home with—there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought £50,000 home with me, and here I am."

"Good for you," I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "£50,000, and the best of it is she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much, that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money though, you better believe I struck a bee line for home."

"And now, I suppose, you will make her happy?"

"Happy!" he replied, "why you don't know anything about it. She's worked like a dog since I have been gone, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents a piece for making white shirts, and that is the way she'd live half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress, and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's wardrobe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shape, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space as if he were "walking down Broadway" a full-rigged Metropolitan belle.

So on we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in his hand, descended, and was standing on the lowest step, ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried, "There they are!"

Then he laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of

way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eye, and saw some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress, and a well worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in.

She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well developed stomach of a venerable looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed towards the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her.

She didn't look pretty; on the contrary, she looked very plain, but some how I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position, but it never moved after that save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly toward her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her, sobbing to his breast.

There were enough gaping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother.

When I looked at the stranger again, he had his hat drawn over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

COMPENSATION.*

You think I'm nervous, stranger? Well, I am!
 If 'twa'n't for making silly people talk,
 I'd get right off this pokish train and walk
 From here to where I'm going—Amsterdam.

That's where I live, you see. As for Lacrosse—
 (Excuse me, neighbor, I *must* talk or bust)—
 Since I've been there, its three years certain, just;
 And now to laugh or cry is just a toss.

“Married?” Why, yes, that's where it is, you see;
 I've telegraphed her I was strong and well,
 And coming to her; but I did'nt tell
 That I was rich. I thought I'd let that be.

It's too good luck, this is,—to last, you know;
 And, stranger, if it wasn't kind of rash,
 I'd bet my bottom dollar that we smash
 Before—but pshaw! excuse me, I'll go slow.

You see, when we were married, Sue and I,
 I was a good mechanic, and not poor
 Until I struck it, as I reckoned sure,
 In an invention I was working sly.

All I could make went into that concern;
 And people called me crazy for it, too,
 And said I'd better stick to what I knew;
 But folks *will* talk, and have to live and learn.

In all this world I had but one friend then,
 But she stood by me nobly, through and through,
 And said 'twould come out right at last, she knew—
 One woman stanch is worth a dozen men!

'Twas tough sometimes, though when a loaf of bread
 Stood on the table—all the meal we had—
 I should have gone, alone, quite to the bad;
 But, through it all, my Susan kept her head.

* For a full description of this poem, see the preceding article. It is a pathetic tribute to the glorious, true womanhood that crowns man's worthiest work.

'Twas her advice that sent me off at last—
 She said she'd work her fingers to the bone,
 And live for twenty mortal years alone,
 Rather than give it up—thank God—that's past!

A hundred thousand and a royalty
 Is what I've got for going far away;
 She cheered me by her letters every day.
 A million could not pay for such loyalty!

She knows I'm coming; but she doesn't know
 That I am rich; and she will be there, too,
 Dressed in her best—*her* best, my poor, dear Sue!
 I'll bet a hundred 'twill be calico!

"I'll dress her now!" You bet it!—but go slow;
 This luck's a heap too good to last, I fear;
 I shan't believe it till I'm fairly there:
 The train may smash up, easy, yet, you know.

The only reason, if it don't, will be
 That I'm so strongly thinking that it will.
 I'm nervous, say you? Just a little, still
 The luck is none too good for Sue, you see.

Heilo! we're here!—there's Sue, by all that's grand!
 Stranger, excuse me, sir, but would you mind
 To go ahead, and tell her I'm behind?
 I'm choking; see my eyes—you understand?

CHICAGO.—DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

HARK Hark! Hark!
 From thine midnight's hush and dark,
 Hear a wild, wild cry of fear
 Rising on the atmosphere;
 Weird and shrill the echo flies,
 Louder, hoarser clamors rise;
 Now a red gleam skyward darts,
 Quickly throb a thousand hearts;
 Now they gather on the street,
 Dismal tread of trampling feet;
Fire! FIRE!! FIRE!!!
 See the red flames leaping higher.

Peal ! peal ! peal !
 Bells of brass and bells of steel ;
 How they ring an awful chime
 Through the dismal midnight time ;
 How the fiery demon gloats,
 How he scorns the brazen throats
 Which the dauntless firemen aim
 At his surging bands of flame ;
 Ah ! but fire is king to-night,
 And the waters yield the fight.
 Higher, higher, higher,
 Like a tempest sweeps the fire.

 Street to street,
 Like a raid of horsemen fleet,
 Now the fiery chargers dash ;
 Now their lances gleam and flash ;
 Attic height and cellar's gloom,
 Lo ! they smite with sudden doom ;
 Palsied limbs and tiny feet
 Ruthless drive they to the street ;
 Food of millions they devour,
 Gourmands of the midnight hour !
 How they spoil
 Treasured arts of time and toil !

 Crash ! crash ! crash !
 See the fiery surges lash
 Cross-crowned spire and splendid dome,
 Proud arcade and palace home ;
 Molten acres seethe and roll,
 City lords no more control ;
 Riot-flames in fury whirl,
 Toss their plumes, and madly curl
 Lips of scorn at human cries,
 Help imploring from the skies ;
 To and fro
 Rolls a sea of human woe.

Fire ! Fire ! Fire !
 Bristles every throbbing wire ;
 Cities list with wild surprise,
 As a prostrate city lies
 In her ashes low,
 Breathing out her midnight woe ;
 Charred and crisp her pictured walls,
 Blank and drear her proudest halls,—
 All the land with pallor turns
 As Chicago wails and burns ;
 Let us pray,
 God, O God, thy judgments stay !

In thy grief,
 Pitying hands reach out relief ;
 Lo ! a hundred cities wait
 In this hour of thy sad fate ;
 Prostrate Queen ! thy wail is heard,
 All the nations' heart is stirred.
 We shall love thee for thy woe ;
 By this grief thou yet shall know
 Sweeter ties of brotherhood,
 Binding millions of one blood.
 City fair,
 Droop not long in wild despair !

Unto thee,
 God of refuge ! now we flee ;
 Spread the shelter of thy wing
 O'er the sad and sorrowing ;
 For the rich, now poor, we pray,
 Gently shield and lead their way ;
 For the sad and houseless poor
 Open thou some loving door ;
 For thy scattered children all,
 Proud and lowly, great and small,
 Hear us plead,—
 Help, oh help them in their need !

THE RESCUE OF CHICAGO.—HENRY M. LOOK.

I SAW the city's terror,
 I heard the city's cry,
 As a flame leaped out of her bosom,
 Up, up to the brazen sky.
 And wilder rose the tumult,
 And thicker the tidings came—
 Chicago, queen of the cities,
 Was a rolling sea of flame.

Yet higher rose the fury,
 And louder the surges raved,—
 Thousands were saved to suffer,
 And hundreds never were saved ;—
 'Till out of the awful burning,
 A flash of lightning went,
 And across to brave St. Louis
 The prayer for succor was sent.

God bless thee, O true St. Louis !
 So worthy thy royal name ;
 Back, back on the wing of the lightning,
 Thy answer of rescue came ;
 But alas ! it could not enter
 Through the horrible flame and heat,
 For the fire had conquered the lightning,
 And sat in the Thunderer's seat.

God bless thee, again, St. Louis !
 For resting never then ;
 Thou called'st to all the cities
 By lightning and steam and pen :
 " Ho, ho, ye hundred sisters,
 Stand forth in your bravest might !
 Our sister in flames is falling,
 Her children are dying to-night ! "

And through the mighty Republic
 Thy summons went rolling on,
 Till it rippled the seas in the tropics,
 And ruffled the Oregon.
 The distant Golden City
 Called through her golden gates,
 And quickly rung the answer
 From the City of the Straits.

And the cities that sit in splendor
 Along the Atlantic Sea,
 Replying, called to the dwellers
 Where the proud magnolias be.
 From slumber the army started,
 At the far resounding call :
 " Food for a hundred thousand,"
 They shouted, " and tents for all."

I heard through the next night's darkness,
 The trains go thundering by,
 Till they stood where the fated city
 Shone red in the brazen sky ;
 The rich gave their abundance,
 The poor their willing hands ;
 There was wine from all the vineyards,—
 There was corn from all the lands.

At daybreak over the prairies
 Re-echoed the gladsome cry,
 " Ho, look unto us, ye thousands,
 Ye shall not hunger nor die ! "

Their weeping was all the answer
 That the famishing throng could give
 To the the million voices calling,
 "Look unto us and live !"

Destruction wasted the city,
 But the burning curse that came
 Enkindled in all the people
 Sweet Charity's holy flame.
 Then still to our God be glory !
 I bless Him through my tears,
 That I live in the grandest nation
 That hath stood in all the years.

CRAPE ON THE DOOR.

SOMEBODY'S dead ; there's crape on the door,
 The blinds are half-closed on the neighboring store,
 Some one in sorrow, of a loved one bereft,
 Somebody taken, and somebody left.

Gone from this world, its care and its strife,
 Gone from the dear ones beloved during life ;
 Gone to a home with the ransomed above,
 Gone to a Saviour whose fulness is love.

Closed be the eyes of the sleeper to-day,
 Silent the home where the loved one doth lay ;
 There is a season of weeping for one
 Whose troubles are ended, whose labors are done.

Heavy the footfall as each on his way
 Treads the brick pavement, light-hearted, to-day ;
 Little they heed the half-blinded store,
 Little they care for the crape on the door.

Little care they in the battle of life,
 Ardently fighting 'mid turmoil and strife ;
 Little care they who never look back,
 With eyes firmly fixed on life's beaten track.

Onward they rush till in reaching life's bound,
 They slacken the footstep and quiet the sound ;
 Ceasing their efforts, their labors give o'er,
 Pass them by gently, there's crape on the door.

MARK TWAIN'S ACCOUNT OF "JIM SMILEY,"

As related by Simon Wheeler, Esq., of Angel's Camp, Calaveras County, Cal., on being asked for information concerning a certain Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley.

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim Smiley*, in the winter of '49,—or may be it was the spring of '50,—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him,—any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here,—and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*,—he would bet on *anything*,—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't a goin to save her. But one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better,—thank the

Lord for his inf'nit mercy,—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

This-yer Smiley had a mare,—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that,—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow, and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose,—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson,—which was the name of the pup,—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else,—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it, not chew, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on. and how the other

dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece, and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius; I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, this-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut,—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything; and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor,—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog,—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies," and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again, as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doing any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to faih

and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes, and lay for a bet. One day a feller,—a stranger in the camp, he was,—come across him with his box, and says :

“What might it be that you’ve got in the box?”

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, “It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain’t,—it,s only just a frog.”

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, “H’m! so ’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?”

“Well,” Smiley says, easy and careless, “he’s good enough for one thing, I should judge,—he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county.”

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, “Well, I don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

“May be you don’t,” Smiley says. “May be you understand frogs, and may be you don’t understand ’em; may be you’ve had experience, and may be you an’t only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I’ve got *my* opinion, and I’ll risk forty dollars that he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county.”

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, “Well, I’m only a stranger here, and I an’t got no frog; but if I had a frog, I’d bet you.”

And then Smiley says, “That’s all right,—that’s all right; if you’ll hold my box a minute, I’ll go and get you a frog.” And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley’s, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot,

—filed him pretty near up to his chin,—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

“Now, if you’re ready, set him alongside of Dan’l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan’l, and I’ll give the word.” Then he says, “One—two—three—jump!” and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan’l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders,—so,—like a Frenchman, but it wan’t no use,—he couldn’t budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he could’t no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn’t have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders,—this way,—at Dan’l, and says again, very deliberate, “Well, *I* don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan’l a long time, and at last he says, “I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for; I wonder if there an’t something the matter with him; he ’pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.” And he ketched Dan’l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, “Why, blame my cats, if he don’t weigh five pound!” and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down, and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted. And turning as he moved away, he said, “Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy,—I an’t going to be gone a second.”

But the stranger did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond, *Jim Smiley*, would be likely to afford much information concerning the *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, and so I started away.

JOE.—ALICE ROBBINS.

We don't take vagrants in, sir,
And I am alone to-day,
Lestwise, I could call the good-man—
He's not so far away.

You are welcome to a breakfast—
I'll bring you some bread and tea ;
You might sit on the old stone yonder,
Under the chestnut tree.

You're traveling, stranger? Mebbe
You've got some notions to sell ?
We hev a sight of peddlers,
But we allers treat them well.

For they, poor souls, are trying
Like the rest of us to live ;
And it's not like tramping the country,
And calling on folks to give.

Not that I meant a word, sir—
No offense in the world to you :
I think, now I look at it closer,
Your coat is an army blue.

Don't say? Under Sherman, were you?
That was—how many years ago?
I had a boy at Shiloh,
Kearney—a sergeant—Joe !

Joe Kearney, you might a' met him?
But in course you were miles apart,
He was a tall, straight boy, sir,
The pride of his mother's heart.

We were off to Kittery, then, sir,
Small farmer in dear old Maine ;
It's a long stretch from there to Kansas,
But I couldn't go back again.

He was all we had, was Joseph ;
He and my old man and me
Had sort o' grewed together,
And were happy as we could be.

I wasn't a lookin' for trouble
 When the terrible war begun,
 And I wrestled for grace to be able
 To give up our only son.

Well, well, 'taint no use o' talking.
 My old man said, said he ;
 "The Lord loves a willin' giver ;"
 And that's what I tried to be.

Well the heart and the flesh are rebels,
 And hev to be fought with grace ;
 But I'd given my life—yes, willin'—
 To look on my dead boy's face.

Take care, you are spillin' your tea, sir,
 Poor soul ! don't cry : I'm sure
 You've had a good mother sometime—
 Your wounds, were they hard to cure ?

Andersonville ! God help you !
 Hunted by dogs, did you say !
 Hospital ! crazy, seven years, sir ?
 I wonder you're living to-day.

I'm thankful my Joe was shot, sir.
 "How do you know that he died ?"
 'Twas certified, sir, by the surgeon ;
 Here's the letter, and—"maybe he lied !"

Well, I never ! you shake like the ager.
 My Joe ! there's his name and the date ;
 "Joe Kearney, 7th Maine, sir, a sergeant—
 Lies here in a critical state—

Just died—will be buried to-morrow—
 Can't wait for his parents to come."
 Well, I thought God had left us that hour,
 As for John, my poor man, he was dumb.

Did'nt speak for a month to the neighbors,
 Scarce spoke in a week, sir, to me ;
 Never been the same man since that Monday,
 They brought us this letter you see.

And you were from Maine ! from old Kittery ?
 What time in the year did you go ?
 I just disremember the fellows
 That marched out of town with our Joe.

Lord love ye ! come into the house, sir :
 It's gettin' too warm out o' door.
 If I'd known you'd been gone for a sojer,
 I'd taken you in hereafore.

Now make yourself easy. We're humbler,
 We Kansas folks don't go for show,—
 Sit here—it's Joe's chair—take your hat off :
 "Call father !" My God ! *you* are Joe !

HARMOSAN.—RICHARD C. TRENCH.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was
 done,
 And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
 Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive : "Lo, I perish in my thirst ;
 Give me but one drink of water, and then arrive the worst !"

In his hand he took the goblet, but, awhile, the draught forbore,
 Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—for, around him,
 angry foes
 With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the Caliph, "is it, friend, a
 secret blow?
 Fear it not!—our gallant Moslem no such treacherous dealing
 know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not
 die before
 Thou hast drunk that cup of water—this reprieve is thine—no
 more !"

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready
 hand,
 And the liquid sank for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
 I have drained, then bid thy servants that spilled water gather
 up !"

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions stirred—
Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's
word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee drink and
live!"

THE BLACKSMITH OF RAGENBACH.

IN the principality of Hohenlohe, now a part of the kingdom of Wirtemberg, is a village called Ragenbach, where, about twenty years ago, the following event took place: one afternoon in early autumn, in the tavern room of Ragenbach, several men and women, assembled from the village, sat at their ease. The smith formed one of the merry company—he was a strong man, with resolute countenance and daring mien, but with such a good-natured smile on his lips that every one, who saw him, admired him. His arms were like bars of iron and his fist like a forge-hammer, so that few could equal him in strength of body.

The smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, when all at once the door opened, and a dog came staggering into the room, a great, powerful beast, with a frightful aspect; his head hanging down, his eyes bloodshot, his lead-colored tongue half way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal than he became deadly pale, sprang up and exclaimed, in a horrified voice, "Good heavens! the dog is mad!"

Then arose a terrible outcry. The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance—no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left—no one could pass him without being bitten. This increased the fearful confusion. With horror depicted upon their countenances, all

sprang up and shrunk from the dog. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and, as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race, for noble self-devotion.

"Back all!" thundered he, in a deep, strong voice. "Let no one stir; for none can vanquish the beast but me! One victim must fall, in order to save the rest; I will be that victim; I will hold the brute, and while I do so, make your escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words when the dog started towards the shrieking people. But he went not far. "With God's help," cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor. A terrible struggle followed. The dog bit furiously on every side in a frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death that must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp, the snapping, howling brute, till all had escaped.

He then flung the half strangled beast from him against the wall, and, dripping with blood and venomous foam, he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons then shot the dog through the windows. Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives, at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, do not weep for me," he said, "one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me—I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love, and now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long, nor too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad.

He went straight to his workshop and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock; then, with his own hands, welded it upon his limbs, and around the anvil firmly. "There," said he, "it is done," after having silently and solemnly completed the work. "Now you are secured, and I am inoffensive. So long as I live bring me my food. The rest I leave to God,

into his hands I commend my spirit." Nothing could save the brave smith; neither tears, lamentations nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time. Search history through, and you will not find an action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man—the smith of Ragenbach.

TEACHING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Forty little urchins
 Coming through the door,
 Pushing, crowding, making
 A tremendous roar.
 Why don't you keep quiet?
 Can't you keep the rule?—
 Bless me, this is pleasant,
 Teaching public school!

Forty little pilgrims
 On the road to fame;
 If they fail to reach it,
 Who will be to blame?
 High and lowly stations—
 Birds of every feather—
 On a common level
 Here are brought together.

Dirty little faces,
 Loving little hearts,
Eyes brimful of mischief,
 Skilled in all its arts.
 That's a precious darling!
 What are you about?
 "May I pass the water?"
 "Please, may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling,
Slates and books are rattling,
And in the corner yonder
Two pugilists are battling:

Others cutting didoes—
 What a botheration !
 No wonder we grow crusty
 From such association !

Anxious parent drops in,
 Merely to inquire
 Why his olive branches
 Do not shoot up higher ;
 Says he wants his children
 To mind their p's and q's,
 And hopes their brilliant talents
 Will not be abused.

Spelling, reading, writing,
 Putting up the young ones ;
 Fuming, scolding, fighting,
 Spurring on the dumb ones ;
 Gymnasts, vocal music—
 How the heart rejoices
 When the singer comes to
 Cultivate the voices !

Institute attending,
 Making out reports,
 Giving Object Lessons,
 Class drills of all sorts ;
 Reading dissertations,
 Feeling like a fool—
 Oh, the untold blessing
 Of the Public School !

BILL AND JOE.—O. W. HOLMES.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by--
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright as morning dew,
 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail ;
 And mine as brief appendix wear
 As Tam O'Shaunter's luckless mare ;
 To-day, old friend, remember still
 That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
 And grand you look in people's eyes,
 With HON. and LL.D.,
 In big brave letters, fair to see—
 Your fist, old fellow ! off they go !—
 How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe ;
 You've taught your name to half the globe ;
 You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;
 You've made the dead past live again ;
 The world may call you what it will,
 But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
 "See those old buffers, bent and gray ;
 They talk like fellows in their teens !
 Mad, poor old boys ! That's what it means"—
 And shake their heads ; they little know
 The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
 While Joe sits smiling at his side ;
 How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
 Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
 Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
 As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar ! what is fame ?
 A fitful tongue of leaping flame ;
 A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
 That lifts a pinch of mortal dust :
 A few swift years, and who can show
 Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,
 Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
 While gaping thousands come and go—
 How vain it seems, this empty show !—
 Till all at once his pulses thrill :
 'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill !"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
 The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
 In some sweet lull of harp and song,
 For earth-born spirits none too long,—
 Just whispering of the world below,
 Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

sturdy oak that has withstood the blasts of fourscore winters. The purling rivulet, meandering through downy meads and verdant glens, and Niagara's tremendous torrent, leaping over its awful chasm, and rolling in majesty its broad sheet of waters onward to the ocean, unite in proclaiming—"THERE IS A GOD."

'Tis heard in the whispering breeze and in the howling storm; in the deep-toned thunder, and in the earthquake's shock; 'tis declared to us when the tempest lowers,—when the hurricane sweeps over the land,—when the winds moan around our dwellings, and die in sullen murmurs on the plain, when the heavens, overcast with blackness, ever and anon are illuminated by the lightning's glare.

Nor is the truth less solemnly impressed on our minds in the universal hush and calm repose of nature, when all is still as the soft breathings of an infant's slumber. The vast ocean, when its broad expanse is whitened with foam, and when its heaving waves roll mountain on mountain high, or when the dark blue of heaven's vault is reflected with beauty on its smooth and tranquil bosom, confirms the declaration. The twinkling star, shedding its flickering rays so far above the reach of human ken, and the glorious sun in the heavens,—all—all declare, there is a universal **FIRST CAUSE**.

And Man, the proud lord of creation, so fearfully and wonderfully made,—each joint in its corresponding socket,—each muscle, tendon, and artery, performing their allotted functions with all the precision of the most perfect mechanism,—and, surpassing all, possessed of a soul capable of enjoying the most exquisite pleasure, or of enduring the most excruciating pain, which is endowed with immortal capacities, and is destined to live onward through the endless ages of eternity,—these all unite in one general proclamation of the eternal truth,—there is a Being, infinite in wisdom, who reigns over all, undivided and supreme,—the Fountain of all life, Source of all light,—from whom all blessings flow, and in whom all happiness centres.

ARTEMUS WARD VISITS THE SHAKERS.

C. F. BROWN.

"MR. SHAKER," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum female, lookin somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went orf, and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect," sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitous?"

"Yay."

"Storm nigh, sir?"

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of wesket you wear, incudin trimmins?"

"Yay."

"I pawsed a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be fasheshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no living ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the realin and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walked out of the room.

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin galls as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and

their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long, white caps, such as I spose female gots wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, casting shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsey Jane in my rapter, and sez I,

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was'nt Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they wus all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I am willing to be Shaker protemporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course, so that the old man should'nt hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go, you have no objections have you? to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they said, and I—yayed."

DEATH OF AN INEBRIATE.

RAISE me up gently—there—

Oh! give a breath of the pure, cold air;

I am dying at last—

I am going so fast—

But no one will care how soon I am cold—

They will hurry me under the damp, dark mould,

And "only a pauper," they'll say as they pass,
 "Another poor wretch is buried; alas!
 That all were not lying beneath the sod
 Who set at naught the great laws of God."

Bring water I pray;
 I drank nothing else in my childhood's day—
 How it ran by our door!
 How it leaped on the shore!
 Oh! why did I drink from the poisoned bowl
 That has wrecked my life and ruined my soul?
 That has laid in the grave my lovely wife,
 And filled my life with bitterest strife?
 Why are you here? Can you say me a prayer?
 Do you think I can find forgiveness up there?

What a wretch I have been!
 None but God knoweth how great is my sin;
 But the bowl I've forsok—
 Have you 'mong you a book—
 The book that tells of the "prodigal son?"
 Ah! the life that God gave me is almost gone—
 The shadows are deepening, my eyes are dim—
 I have heard your prayer and beautiful hymn;
 I may be forgiven—God knows alone—
 I shall trust and hope to behold his throne.

I am going—good bye!
 No one loves me down here—I hope that on high
 My pure wife waits for me
 By the great crystal sea—
 She loved me till death, so true was her heart—
 'Twill be sweet thus to meet her, never to part,
 Where no tempter can come, on a glorified shore:
 My life has been bitter—I'm glad 'tis most o'er.
 Your faces look sad—Oh! strive ye to save
 Some youth from despair and a vile drunkard's grave.

THE VISION OF IMMORTALITY.—E. P. WESTON.

I WHO essayed to sing, in earlier days,
 The *Thanatopsis* and *The Hymn to Death*,
 Wake now the Hymn to Immortality!
 Yet once again, oh! man, come forth and view
 The haunts of nature; walk the waving fields,
 Enter the silent groves, or pierce again

The depths of the untrodden wilderness.
 And she shall teach thee. Thou hast learned before
 One lesson—and her Hymn of Death hath fallen
 With melancholy sweetness on thine ear.
 Yet she shall tell thee with a myriad tongue
 That life is there—life in uncounted forms—
 Stealing in silence through the hidden roots,
 In every branch that swings—in the green leaves
 And waving grain, and the gay summer flowers
 That gladden the beholder. Listen now,
 And she shall teach thee that the dead have slept
 But to awaken in more glorious forms—
 And that the mystery of the seed's decay
 Is but the promise of the coming life.
 Each towering oak that lifts its living head
 To the broad sunlight, in eternal strength,
 Glories to tell thee that the acorn died.
 The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
 Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope—
 And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
 Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay !
 Yet not alone shall flower and forest raise
 The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.
 The *insect* brood is there :—each painted wing
 That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now
 From the close cerements of a worm's own shroud,
 Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
 In its glad beauty from the gloom of death
 Where the crushed mould beneath the sunken foot
 Seems but the sepulchre of old decay ;
 Turn thou a keener glance, and thou shalt find
 The gathered myriads of a mimic world.
 The breath of evening and the sultry morn
 Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses
 That earth from her unnumbered caves of death
 Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life ;
 Raise then the Hymn to Immortality !
 The broad green prairies and the wilderness,
 And the old cities where the dead have slept,
 Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
 Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
 Of myriads, waking from the silent dust.
 Kings that lay down in state, and earth's poor slaves,
 Resting together in one fond embrace,
 The white-haired patriarch and the tender babe,
 Grown old together in the flight of years ;
 They of immortal fame and they whose praise
 Was never sounded in the ears of men,—
 Archon and priest, and the poor common crowd,—
 All the vast concourse in the halls of death,—

Shall waken from the dreams of silent years
 To hail the dawn of the immortal day.
 Aye, learn the lesson! Though the worm shall be
 Thy brother in the mystery of death,
 And all shall pass, humble and proud and gay
 Together, to earth's mighty charnel-house,
 Yet the immortal is thy heritage!
 The grave shall gather thee: yet thou shalt come,
 Beggar or prince, not as thou wentest forth,
 In rags or purple, but arrayed as those
 Whose mortal puts on immortality!
 Then mourn not when thou markest the decay
 Of nature, and her solemn hymn of death
 Steals with a note of sadness to thy heart.
 That other voice, with its rejoicing tones,
 Breaks from the mould with every bursting flower,
 "O grave! thy victory!" And thou, oh, man!
 Burdened with sorrow at the woes which crowd
 Thy narrow heritage, lift up thy head
 In the strong hope of the undying life,
 And shout the Hymn to Immortality.
 The dear departed that have passed away
 To the still house of death, leaving thine own,
 The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
 Mother, or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
 Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise,—
 They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass
 At God's appointment, through the shadowy vale,
 To reach the sunlight of the Immortal Hills.
 And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
 Thine uncrowned head no lowlier than theirs,
 Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
 A king and priest to God!—when thou shalt pass
 Forth from these silent halls to take thy place
 With patriarchs and prophets and the blest
 Gone up from every land to people heaven.
 So live, that when the mighty caravan,
 Which halts one night-time in the vate of Death,
 Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
 Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
 Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
 Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight!



THE SHEPHERD OF THE PEOPLE.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

So let him lie here in our midst to-day, and let our people go and bend with solemn thoughtfulness and look upon his face and read the lessons of his burial. As he paused here on his journey from his Western home and told us what by the help of God he meant to do, so let him pause upon his way back to his Western grave and tell us, with a silence more eloquent than words, how bravely, how truly, by the strength of God he did it. God brought him up as he brought David up from the sheepfolds to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance. He came up in earnestness and faith, and he goes back in triumph. As he pauses here to-day, and from his cold lips bids us bear witness how he has met the duty that was laid on him, what can we say out of our full hearts but this—"He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all his power." *The Shepherd of the People!* that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead President of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism on which the land grew strong. He fed us with solemn, solid truths. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of Liberty that was in his. He showed us how to love truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. He fed *all* his people from the highest to the lowest, from the most privileged down to the most enslaved. Best of all, he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion. He spread before us the love and

fear of God just in that shape in which we need them most, and out of his faithful service of a higher Master, who of us has not taken and eaten and grown strong? "He fed them with a faithful and true heart." Yes, till the last. For at the last, behold him standing with hand reached out to feed the South with Mercy and the North with Charity, and the whole land with Peace, when the Lord, who had sent him, called him and his work was done.

AN IRISH LETTER.

Tullymucclescrag, Parrish of Ballyraggett, near
Ballysluggathey, County of Kilkenny,
Ireland, Jiniary the 1th.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I haven't sent ye a letther since the last time I wrote to ye, bekase we have moved from our former place of livin' and I didn't know where a letther would find ye; but I now with pleasure take up me pin to inform ye of the death of yer own livin' uncle, Ned Fitzpatrick, who died very suddenly a few days ago afther a lingerin' illness of six weeks. The poor fellow was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, lyin' perfectly quiet, and intirely speechless—all the while talkin' incoherently, and cryin' for wather. I had no opportunity of informin' ye of his death sooner, except I wrote to ye by the last post, which same went off two days before he died; and then ye would have postage to pay. I'am at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was by his last sickness, for he was niver well ten days together durin' the whole of his confinement; and I believe his death was brought about by his aitin' too much of rabbit stuffed with pais and gravy, or pais and gravy stuffed with rabbit; but, be that as it may, when he brathed his last, the docther gave up all hope of his recovery. I need'nt tell ye anything about his age, for ye well know that in June next he would have been just seventy-five years old lackin' ten months, and, had he lived till that time, would have been just six months

dead. His property now devolves to his next of kin, which all died some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided between us; and ye know his property, which was very large, was sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost at a horse race; but it was the opinion of ivery body at the time that he would have won the race if the baste he run aginst had'nt been too fast for him.

I niver saw a man in all my life, and the doethers all said so, that observed directions or took medicine betther than he did. He said he would as leve dhrink bitter as sweet if it had only the same taste, and ipecakana as wksky-punch if it would only put him in the same humor for fightin'. But, poor sowl! he will niver ate or dhrink any more, and ye hav'nt a livin' relation in the world except meself and yer two cousins who were kilt in the last war. I can not dwell on the mournful subject any longer, and shall sale me letther with black salin'-wax, and put in it yer uncle's coat-of-arms. So I beg ye not to brake the sale when ye open the letther, and don't open it until two or three days afther ye resave this, and by that time ye will be well prepared for the sorrowful tidings. Yer old sweetheart sinds her love unknownst to ye. When Jarry McGhee arrives in America, ax him for this letther, and if he don't brung it from amongst the rest, tell him it's the one that spakes about yer uncle's death, and saled in black.

I remain yer affectionate ould grandmother,
BRIDGET O'HOOLEGOIN.

P. S.—Don't write till ye resave this.

N. B.—When yez come to this place, stop, and don't rade any more until my next.

DORA.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

WITH Farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his neice. He often look'd at them,
And often thought "I'll make them man and wife."

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
 And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth, because
 He had been always with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
 When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son,
 I married late, but I would wish to see
 My grandchild on my knees before I die :
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
 To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.
 She is my brother's daughter : he and I
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora ; take her for your wife ;
 For I have wished this marriage, night and day
 For many years." But William answer'd short :
 "I can not marry Dora ; by my life,
 I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
 Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said,
 "You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
 But in my time a father's word was law,
 And so shall it be now for me. Look to it :
 Consider, William : take a month to think,
 And let me have an answer to my wish,
 Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
 And never more darken my doors again." But
 William answered madly ; bit his lips,
 And broke away. The more he looked at her
 The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
 But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
 The month was out he left his father's house,
 And hired himself to work within the fields ;
 And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
 A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
 His niece and said, "My girl I love you well ;
 But if you speak with him that was my son,
 Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
 My home is none of yours. My will is law."
 And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
 "It can not be ; my uncle's mind will change !"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
 To William ; then distresses came on him ;
 And day by day he passed his father's gate,
 Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
 But Dora stored what little she could save,
 And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
 Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized
 On William, and in harvest-time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
 And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
 Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,
 "I have obeyed my uncle until now,
 And I have sinned, for it was all through me
 This evil came on William at the first.
 But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
 And for your sake,—the woman that he chose,—
 And for this orphan, I am come to you :
 You know there has not been for these five years
 So full a harvest : let me take the boy,
 And I will set him in my uncle's eye
 Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad
 Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child and went her way
 Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
 Far off, the farmer came into the field
 And spied her not ; but none of all his men
 Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;
 And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
 But her heart failed her ; and the reapers reaped,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
 The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;
 And made a little wreath of all the flowers
 That grew about, and tied it round his hat,
 To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
 Then, when the farmer passed into the field,
 He spied her, and he left his men at work,
 And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
 Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
 So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
 And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
 "And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
 Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
 "Do with *me* as you will, but take the child,
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
 And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
 I must be taught my duty, and by you!
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
 To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;
 But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
 At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
 More and more distant. She bowed down her head,

Remembering the day when first she came,
 And all the things that had been. She bowed down
 And wept in secret ; and the reapers reaped,
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
 Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
 To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
 And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy ;
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you :
 He says that he will never see me more."
 Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself ;
 And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
 His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
 And I will beg of him to take thee back ;
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William's child until he grows
 Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
 Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
 The door was off the latch ; they peeped, and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollow of his arms,
 And clapped him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretched out
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in ; but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her ;
 And Allan sat him down, and Mary said,
 "Oh father—if you let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come
 For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.
 Oh, sir ! when William died, he died at peace
 With all men ; for I asked him, and he said
 He could not ever rue his marrying me.
 I had been a patient wife ; but, sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus :
 'God bless him !' he said, 'and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone through !' Then he turned
 His face and passed—unhappy that I am !
 But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
 His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room ;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs ;
 " I've been to blame—to blame. I have killed my son.
 I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son !
 May God forgive me !—I have been to blame,
 Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
 The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
 And all the man was broken with remorse ;
 And all his love came back a hundred fold ;
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
 Thinking of William.

So these four abode
 Within one house together ; and as years
 Went forward, Mary took another mate ;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

THE LITTLE CHURCH ROUND THE CORNER.

A. E. LANCASTER.

REV. Dr. Houghton officiated at the burial of George Holland, a Comedian, in New York City, after another minister had refused his services. For this act of Christian duty, as he considered, he was made the recipient of large sums of money;—the proceeds of numerous testimonial benefits, in various parts of the Union;—all of which he conscientiously declined on his own account, and that of his Church, but *accepted in trust*, to be used only for charitable purposes. This selection and the one following, relate to the occurrence.

"BRING him not here where our sainted feet
 Are treading the path to glory ;
 Bring him not here, where our Saviour sweet
 Repeats, for us, His story.
 Go, take him where 'such things' are done,—
 For he sat in the seat of the scorner,—
 To where they have room, for we have none,
 To that little church round the corner."

So spake the holy man of God
 Of another man, his brother,
 Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod,
 Had only asked that a Christian rite
 Might be read above them by one whose light
 Was, "Brethren, love one another ;"
 Had only asked that a prayer be read
 Ere his flesh went down to join the dead,

Whilst his spirit looked, with suppliant eyes,
 Searching for God throughout the skies.
 But the priest frowned "No," and his brow was bare
 Of love in the sight of the mourner,
 And they looked for Christ and found Him—where?
 In that little church round the corner!

Ah, well! God grant, when, with aching feet,
 We tread life's last few paces,
 That we may hear some accents sweet,
 And kiss, to the end, fond faces!
 God grant that this tired flesh may rest,
 ('Mid many a musing mourner)
 While the sermon is preached, and the rites are read,
 In no church where the heart of love is dead,
 And the pastor a pious prig at best,
 But in some small nook where God's confessed—
 Some little church round the corner!

THE POOR PLAYER AT THE GATE*.

WISELY, good Uncle Toby said,
 "If here, below, the right we do,
 'Twill ne'er be ask'd of us above
 What coat we wore, red, black, or blue."

At Heaven's high Chancery, gracious deeds
 Shall count before professions,
 And humble virtues, clad in weeds,
 Shall rank o'er rich possessions.

So the poor player's motley garb,
 If truth and worth adorn it,
 May pass unchallenged through the gate,
 Though churls and bigots scorn it.

'The Lord of Love, the world's great Light,
 Made Publicans his care,
 And Pharisees alone demurred
 That such His gifts should share.

But still He held his gracious way,
 Soothing the humblest mourner,
 Nor ever bade one sinner seek
 For comfort "round the corner."

* Written and spoken for the Holland Testimonial, at Wallack's, the Fifth Avenue, Niblo's Theatre, and Academy of Music, by George Vandenhoff.

The woman that in sin was ta'en,
 Bowed down with guilt and shame,
 Found pity in that breast divine
 That knew no taint of blame.

The *Pharisees* all gathered round
 To taunt, revile, and stone her ;
 Christ bade her "go and sin no more,"
 His *mercy* would atone her.

He raised from death the widow's son,
 Nor ask'd his trade, profession ;
 Enough for Him, a mother's faith
 In His divine compassion.

He healed the palsied, halt, and blind,
 Nor left one heart forlorn ;
 He never bade them go and find
 A Doctor—"round the corner."

Some *modern* saints too dainty are
 To walk in paths like these ;
 They'd lock the gates of heaven on woe,
 If they but held the keys.

The widow's friends ask prayers o'er him
 From whom death's hand has torn her ;
 The saintly man refers him to
 "The small church round the corner."

What is there in the player's art
 Should close the fount of love ?
 He who on earth plays well his part
 May hope a seat above.

The lessons he has wreathed with smiles,
 The hearts his mirth made lighter
 Shall plead like angels' tongues for grace,
 And make his record brighter.

And though *not nearest to the Throne*,
 Yet sure the lowest born, or
 The actor in the veriest bar,
 May find in heav'n a corner.

All honor to the little Church,
 And to its gracious Pastor,
 Who in his heart the lessons kept,
 Taught by his heav'nly Master !

And when this fleeting scene is past
To sinner, saint, and scorner,
Let's hope we ALL may find, at last,
A bright home round the corner.

MR. CAUDLE HAVING LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A
FRIEND.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds! But so it is: a wife may work and slave. Oh, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the streets! But you always *were* a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those that belong to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it.

All the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them.

Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked the shuttlecock through his bed-room window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but, after you lent that five pounds, I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no: the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him: if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head: for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might,

though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

Next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid. Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it—and now insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night; but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. After we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature, she must stop at home; she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes, sweet little angel. I've made up my mind to loose her now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away five pounds too.

I wonder where little Cherub is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog and come home and bite the children. It wouldn't at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes, I know what it wants as well as you: it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it's out of the question: now it must bang of nights, since you have thrown away five pounds.

Well, things have come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper of roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles when folks are always lending five pounds?

Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for 'em?* But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?

Hark! I'm sure there's a noise down stairs. It wouldn't surprise me if there were thieves in the hoase. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds.

Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth pulled out. Now it can't be done. Three teeth, that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she'd have been the wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.

And now, Mr. Caudle, see what a misery you've brought on your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire insurance can't be paid, so we shall all be victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—the dog will come home and bite us all mad—that shutter will go banging forever—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—the thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid—and all, all, Mr. Caudle, because you *will go on lending five pounds!*

THE PUREST PEARL.

BESIDE the church door, a-weary and alone,
 A blind woman sat on the cold door-stone,
 The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
 And a mocking voice in the fitful blast
 Seemed ever to echo her morning cry.
 As she begged an alms of the passers-by,
 "Have pity on me, have pity, I pray;
 My back is bent, and my hair is gray."

The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
 And many good people were gathered there ;
 But covered with furs and mantles warm,
 They hurried past through the wintry storm.

Some were hoping their souls to save,
 And some were thinking of death and the grave,
 And, alas ! they had no time to heed
 The poor soul asking for charity's meed ;
 And some were blooming with beauty's grace,
 But closely muffled in veils of lace ;
 They saw not the sorrow, nor heard the moan
 Of her who sat on the cold door-stone.

At last came one of noble name,
 By the city counted the wealthiest dame,
 And the pearls that o'er her neck were strung,
 She proudly there to the beggar flung.

Then followed a maiden, young and fair,
 Adorned with clusters of golden hair ;
 But her dress was thin, and scanty, and worn,
 Not even the beggar's seemed more forlorn ;
 With a tearful look and a pitying sigh,
 She whispered soft, "No jewels have I,
 But I give you my prayers, good friend," said she,
 "And sure, I know, God listens to me."

On the poor white hand, so shrunken and small,
 The blind woman let a tear-drop fall,
 Then kissed it, and said to the weeping girl,
 "It is you who have given the purest pearl."

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.—T. B. MACAULEY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land
 of France !
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters ;
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls
 annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.

**Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!
Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.**

**The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously, he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our lord, the
King!"**

**"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks of
war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."**

**Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white
crest,
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding
star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.**

**Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned
his rein,
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count is slain;
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;**

But out spake gentle Henry, then,—“No Frenchman is my
foe;

Down, down with every foreigner ! but let your brethren go.”
Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !
Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never shall
return !

Ho ! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmens’
souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright !

Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night !
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre !

THE DUELLIST’S HONOR.—BISHOP ENGLAND.

HONOR is the acquisition and preservation of the dig-
nity of our nature: that dignity consists in its perfection;
that perfection is found in observing the laws of our
Creator; the laws of the Creator are the dictates of reason
and of religion: that is, the observance of what He
teaches us by the natural light of our own minds, and by
the special revelations of His will manifestly given. They
both concur in teaching us that individuals have not the
dominion of their own lives; otherwise, no suicide would
be a criminal. They concur in teaching us that we ought
to be amenable to the laws of the society of which we are
members; otherwise, morality and honor would be con-
sistent with the violation of law and the disturbance of
the social system. They teach us that society cannot
continue to exist where the public tribunals are despised
or undervalued, and the redress of injuries withdrawn
from the calm regulation of public justice, for the purpose
of being committed to the caprice of private passion, and
the execution of individual ill-will; therefore, the man of
honor abides by the law of God, reveres the statutes of

his country, and is respectful and amenable to its authorities. Such, my friends, is what the reflecting portion of mankind has always thought upon the subject of honor. This was the honor of the Greek; this was the honor of the Roman: this the honor of the Jew; this the honor of the Gentile; this, too, was the honor of the Christian, until the superstition and barbarity of Northern devastators darkened his glory and degraded his character.

Man, then, has not power over his own life; much less is he justified in depriving another human being of life. Upon what ground can he who engages in a duel, through the fear of ignominy, lay claim to courage? Unfortunate delinquent! Do you not see by how many links your victim was bound to a multitude of others? Does his vain and idle resignation of his title to life absolve you from the enormous claims which society has upon you for his services,—his family for that support, of which you have robbed them, without your own enrichment? Go, stand over that body; call back that soul which you have driven from its tenement; take up that hand which your pride refused to touch, not one hour ago. You have, in your pride and wrath, usurped *one* prerogative of God—You have inflicted death. At least, in mercy, attempt the exercise of another; breathe into those distended nostrils,—let your brother be once more a living soul! Merciful Father! how powerless are we for good, but how mighty for evil! Wretched man! he does not answer,—he cannot rise. All your efforts to make him breathe are vain. His soul is already in the presence of your common Creator. Like the wretched Cain, will you answer, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” Why do you turn away from the contemplation of your own honorable work? Yes, go as far as you will, still the admonition will ring in your ears: *It was by your hand he fell!* The horrid instrument of death is still in that hand, and the stain of blood upon your soul. Fly, if you will,—go to that house which you have filled with desolation. It is the shriek of his widow,—they are the cries of his children,—the broken sobs of his parent;—and, amidst the wailings, you distinctly hear the voice of imprecation on your own guilty head! Will your *honorable* feelings be content with this? Have you *now* had abundant and gentlemanly satisfaction?

PETER'S RIDE TO THE WEDDING.

PETER would ride to the wedding—he would,
 So he mounted his ass—and his wife
 She was to ride behind, if she could,
 “For,” says Peter, “the woman, she should
 Follow, not lead through life.”

“He’s mighty convenient, the ass, my dear,
 And proper and safe—and now
 You hold by the tail, while I hold by the ear,
 And we’ll ride to the kirk in time, never fear,
 If the wind and the weather allow.”

The wind and the weather were not to be blamed,
 But the ass had adopted the whim,
 That two at a time was a load never framed
 For the back of one ass, and he seemed quite ashamed
 That two should stick fast upon him.

“Come, Dobbin,” says Peter, “I’m thinking we’ll trot.”
 “I’m thinking we won’t,” says the ass,
 In language of conduct, and stuck to the spot
 As if he had shown he would sooner be shot
 Than lift up a toe from the grass.

Says Peter, says he, “I’ll whip him a little,”—
 “Try it, my dear,” says she,—
 But he might just as well have whipped a brass kettle;
 The ass was made of such obstinate mettle
 That never a step moved he.

“I’ll prick him, my dear, with a needle,” said she,
 “I’m thinking he’ll alter his mind,”—
 The ass felt the needle, and up went his heels;
 “I’m thinking,” says she, “he’s beginning to feel
 Some notion of moving—behind.”

“Now lend me the needle and I’ll prick his ear,
 And set t’other end, too, agoing.”
 The ass felt the needle, and upward he reared;
 But kicking and rearing was all, it appeared,
 He had any intention of doing.

Says Peter, says he, " We get on rather slow ;
 While one end is up t'other sticks to the ground ;
 But I'm thinking a method to move him I know,
 Let's prick head and tail together, and so
 Give the creature a start all around."

So said, so done ; all hands were at work,
 And the ass he did alter his mind,
 For he started away with so sudden a jerk,
 That in less than a trice he arrived at the kirk,
 But he left all his lading behind.

THE PHANTOM ISLES.—JOHN MONSELL.

In the Bay of New York there are many small islands, the frequent resort of summer pleasure-parties. One of the dangers haunting these scenes of amusement is that high tides often cover the islands. The incidents recorded in the following lines actually took place under the circumstances mentioned, and the entire change in the heart and life of the bereaved father makes the simple story as instructive as it is interesting and touching.

The Phantom Isles are fading from the sea ;
 The groups that thronged them leave their sinking shores ;
 And shout and laugh, and jocund catch and glee
 Ring through the mist, to beat of punctual oars,
 Through the gray mist that comes up with the tide,
 And covers all the ocean far and wide.

Of the gay revellers one child alone
 Was wanting at the roll's right merry call ;
 From boat to boat they sought him ; he was gone,
 And fear and trembling filled the hearts of all ;
 For the damp mist was falling fast the while,
 And the sea, rising, swallowing up each isle.

The trembling father guides the searching band,
 While every sinew, hope and fear can strain,
 Is stretched to bring the quiv'ring boat to land,
 And find the lost one,—but is stretched in vain :
 No land they find, but one sweet call they hear,
 'Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !'

That voice they follow, certain they have found,
 But vainly sweep the waters o'er and o'er ;
 The whisp'ring waves have ceased their rippling sound :
 Their silence telling *they* have lost their shore :
 Yet still the sweet young voice cries loud and clear,
 "Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !"

Onward they rush, like those who in the night
 Follow the phantom flame, but never find ;
 Now certain that the voice has lead them right,
 Yet the next moment hearing it behind ;
 But wrapt in gurgling, smothered sounds of fear,
 "Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !"

The night is spent in vain—no further cry
 Cheers them with hope, or wilders them with fear ;
 With breaking morning, as the mists sweep by,
 They can see nothing but wide waters drear ;
 Yet ever in the childless father's ear
 Rings the sad cry, "Steer this way, father dear !"

And on through life, across its changeful tide,
 Where many a doubtful course before him lay,
 That sweet young voice did help him to decide,
 When others strove to lure his bark astray ;
 Calling from heaven, in accents soft and clear,
 "Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !"

Until there at length—drawn upward to the land
 Where is no more sorrow, no more sea :
 Cheering him brightly from its crystal strand
 Into the haven where his soul would be ;
 These its last whispers in his dying ear,
 "Steer this way, father ! this way, father dear !"

HOTSPUR'S DEFENCE.—SHAKESPEARE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners,
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and thumb he held
 A pouncet-box which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took 't away again ;—
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff ;—and still he smil'd and talk'd ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holyday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; among the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark !),
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

VALUE OF REPUTATION.—CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Who shall estimate the cost of a priceless reputation,—
 that impress which gives this human dross its currency,
 —without which we stand despised, debased, depreciated?
 Who shall repair it injured? Who can redeem it lost?
 Oh, well and truly does the great philosopher of poetry
 esteem the world's wealth as "trash" in the comparison.
 Without it, gold has no value; birth, no distinction; sta-
 tion, no dignity; beauty, no charm; age, no reverence;—
 without it every treasure impoverishes, every grace de-
 forms, every dignity degrades, and all the arts, the deco-
 rations, and accomplishments of life stand, like the
 beacon-blaze upon a rock, warning the world that its
 approach is dangerous,—that its contact is death.

The wretch without it, is under *eternal quarantine*;—no friend to greet,—no home to harbor him. The voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril; and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass, or rapacity plunder, he tosses on the surge,—*a buoyant pestilence*. But, let me not degrade into selfishness of individual safety or individual exposure this universal principle; it testifies a higher, a more ennobling origin.

It is this which, consecrating the humble circle of the hearth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon,—which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country,—which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man,—which, if it does not inspire, will yet invigorate the martyr to merit immortality,—which, when one world's agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning, will prompt the prophet, even in his chariot of fire, and in his vision of Heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory!

Oh, divine! Oh, delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inheritance it leaves; pious the example it testifies; pure, precious, and imperishable, the hope which it inspires! Can there be conceived a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit,—to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to outlaw life, but to attain death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame!

I can conceive few crimes beyond it. He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time; but what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person, affects that which medicine may remedy; but what herb has sovereignty over the wounds of slander? He who ridicules my poverty, or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity may purify; but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? There can be no injury more deadly. There can be no crime more cruel. It is without remedy. It is without antidote. It is without evasion.

The reptile, calumny, is ever on the watch. From the fascinations of its eye no activity can escape; from the

venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when bloated with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities.

THE LAMENT OF JACOB GRAY

H. ELLIOTT McBRIDE.

I AM a lonely bachelor, my name is Jacob Gray,
I sit within my little cot and grumble all the day,
I smoke and yawn, and growl and fuss, and feel as cross and
blue
As ever Sally Scruggins felt, who had the *dolly loo*.

My life has been a checkered one—I've had great knocks and
flumps;
I've had the measles, whooping-cough, and double-twisted
mumps,
I know I am a homely man—my nose is sorter pug;
My hair is red, my mouth is like the nozzle of a jug.

At first, when only twenty-one, I courted Sally Spry;
She was a dashing lovely girl—perfection in my eye;
I went to see her seven times, and then there came a stop;
She calmly took her leave of me, and whacked me off *kerflop*.

Says she, to me, "Now, Jacob Gray, I think you've come
enough;
You're rather young, a little green, and not quite up to snuff.
So, Jacob, please, don't come again—I've got another bean;
And he's a chap who wears a watch, and cuts a dashing show."

This crushed me down into the dust—I scarce knew what to
do;
I seemed to be so *wumblechunked*, I thought I'd fly in two.
I softly cried and wiped my eyes, and felt so mighty bad,
I thought I'd have to run right home and tell it all to dad.

And then I thought I'd say a word before I'd go away,
And try to show the darling girl the error of her way.
Says I, "O Sal, dear Sally Spry! oh, would you treat me so?
Oh, would you cut the silken tie and bid me *fortil* go?"

"Oh, would you crush a loving heart and send me to my grave?"

Oh, would you make me crazy now and hear me yell and rave?

Oh, would you chuck and squash me down into the mire and mud,

And nip the youthful, gushing love just coming to the bud?"

"O Jake," says she, "don't be a goose—don't blubber any more;

You'll soon get well, and feel as good as ere you felt before.

And ere ten weeks have gone away, you'll think no more of me—

You'll be as gay, and happy too, as any sport can be."

I sniffed some, put on my hat, and straight I went from Spry's;

Got into bed and sniffed more, and wiped my weeping eyes;

Says I, "I guess I feel used up and sorter middling cheap;"

And then I turned me round again and went right off to sleep.

A year passed round, and Sal was hitched to Joseph Johnston Dobbs;

And I had fell down deep in love with Susan Rachel Blobs

Now Susan had a farm and bouds, and piles of ready cash,

And so I thought I'd court her quick, and take her with a dash.

Says I, "Dear Suze, I love you hard—I think I love you more

Than all the girls in Squabbletown, and they are twenty-score.

If you will be my wife, dear Suze, I'll be both kind and true;

I'll let no care nor trouble come within ten feet of you."

Says she, a twisting up her nose, and winking both her eyes,

"I guess you'd better spark again at Simon Joseph Spry's."

And then says she, "I heard you said that you'd go in and win,

And marry me because I had a little pile of 'tin."

"O Jacob, no! it cannot be; you just can step aside;

I'm sure I do not like your style—I cannot be your bride.—

I used to like you pretty well, but now I've found you out,

And so, in future, Jacob Gray, you need not come about."

And then she bowed a crushing bow—her cheeks were all aglow—

She looked at me as if she thought that I had better go.

I grabbed my hat and fled away, and never once I stopped,

Until I had got home again and into bed had popped.

Since then I've never sparked a spark—I journey on alone;

My heart is cold and feels just like a slice of frigid zone.

I will not marry now, I'm sure; I'll live a lonely life,

And never ask another girl to come and be my wife.

IT IS WELL WE CANNOT SEE THE END.

WHEN another life is added
 To the heaving, turbid mass ;
 When another breath of being
 Stains creation's tarnished glass ;
 When the first cry, weak and piteous,
 Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
 Springs, that ne'er can die again ;
 When the mother's passionate welcome,
 Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,
And a sire's self-gratulation
 Prophecies of future years—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end will be.

When the boy, upon the threshold
 Of his all-comprising home,
Puts aside the arm maternal
 That unlocks him ere he roam ;
When the canvas of his vessel
 Flutters to the favoring gale,—
Years of solitary exile
 Hid behind the sunny sail,—
When his pulses beat with ardor,
 And his sinews stretch for toil,
And a hundred bold emprises
 Lure him to that eastern soil—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
 Greet's the expectant bridal pair,
And the vow that lasts till dying
 Vibrates on the sacred air ;
When man's lavish protestations
 Doubts of after change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit
 Bound his servitor for aye ;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams,
 Many rocks in shadow sleep
Undiscovered, till possession
 Shows the danger of the deep—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
 That is wrought by human skill ;
 Every daring emanation
 Of the mind's ambitious will ;
 Every first impulse of passion,
 Gush of love or twinge of hate ;
 Every launch upon the waters
 Wide-horizoned by our fate ;
 Every venture in the chances
 Of life's sad, oft desperate game,
 Whatsoever be our motive,
 Whatsoever be our aim—
 It is well we cannot see
 What the end shall be.

PERVERSION OF THE BIBLE.—ROBERT POLLOCK.

MANY believed ; but *more* the truth of God
 Turned to a lie, deceiving and deceived ;—
 Each, with the accursed sorcery of sin,
 To his own wish and vile propensity
 Transforming still the meaning of the text.
 Hear, while I briefly tell what mortals proved,
 By effort vast of ingenuity,
 Most wondrous, though perverse and damnable ;—
 Proved from the Bible, which, as thou hast heard,
 So plainly spoke that all could understand.
 First, and not least in number, argued some
 From out this book itself, it was a lie,
 A fable framed by crafty men to cheat
 The simple herd, and make them bow the knee
 To kings and priests. These in their wisdom left
 The light revealed, and turned to fancies wild,
 Maintaining loud, that ruined, helpless man
 Needed no Saviour. Others proved that men
 Might live and die in sin, and yet be saved,
 For so it was decreed ; binding the will,
 By God left free, to unconditional,
 Unreasonable fate. Others believed
 That he who was most criminal, debased,
 Condemned and dead, unaided might ascend
 The heights of virtue ; to a perfect law
 Giving a lame, half-way obedience, which
 By useless effort only served to show
 The impotence of him who vainly strove
 With finite arm to measure infinite ;

Most useless effort! when to justify
 In sight of God it meant, as proof of faith
 Most acceptable, and worthy of all praise.
 Another held, and from the Bible held,
 He was infallible—most fallen by such
 Pretence—that none the Scriptures, open to all,
 And most to humble-hearted, ought to read.
 But priests; that all who ventured to disclaim
 His forged authority incurred the wrath
 Of Heaven; and he who, in the blood of such,
 Though father, mother, daughter, wife, or son,
 Imbrued his hands, did most religious work,
 Well pleasing to the heart of the Most High.
 Others, in outward rite, devotion placed;
 In meats, in drinks; in robe of certain shape,
 In bodily abasements, bended knees;
 Days, numbers, places, vestments, words, and names,
 Absurdly in their hearts imagining,
 That God, like men, was pleased with outward show.
 Another, stranger and more wicked still,
 With dark and dolorous labor, ill applied,
 With many a gripe of conscience, and with most
 Unhealthy and abortive reasoning,
 That brought his sanity to serious doubt,
 'Mong wise and honest men, maintained that He,
 First Wisdom, Great Messiah, Prince of Peace,
 The second of the uncreated Three,
 Was nought but man—of earthly origin;
 Thus making void the sacrifice Divine,
 And leaving guilty men, God's holy law
 Still unatoned, to work them endless death.

These are a part; but to relate them all,
 The monstrous, unbaptized phantasies,
 Imaginations fearfully absurd,
 Hobgoblin rites, and moon-struck reveries,
 Distracted creeds, and visionary dreams,
 More bodiless and hideously misshapen
 Than ever fancy, at the noon of night,
 Playing at will, framed in the madman's brain,
 That from this book of simple truth were proved,—
 Were proved as foolish men were wont to prove,—
 Would bring my word in doubt, and thy belief
 Stagger, though here I sit and sing, within
 The pale of truth, where falsehood never came.

Extract from "The Course of Time."

THE POWER OF HABIT.—J. B. GOUGH.

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to the enjoyment.

Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! hah! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! hah! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!"

NUMBER FIVE.

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon thy brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail!—ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up!"

GAPE-SEED.

A YANKEE, walking the streets of London, looked through a window upon a group of men writing very rapidly; and one of them said to him in an insulting manner, "Do you wish to buy some gape-seed?" Passing on a short distance the Yankee met a man, and asked him what the business of those men was in the office he had just passed. He was told that they wrote letters dictated by others, and transcribed all sorts of documents; in short, they were writers. The Yankee returned to the office, and inquired if one of the men would write a letter for him, and was answered in the affirmative. He asked the price, and was told one dollar. After considerable talk, the bargain was made; one of the conditions of which was that the scribe should write just what the Yankee told him to, or he should receive no pay. The scribe told the Yankee he was ready to begin; and the latter said,—

"Dear marm:" and then asked, "Have you got that deown?"

"Yes," was the reply, "go on."

"I went to ride t'other day: have you got tha' deown?"

"Yes; go on, go on."

"And I harnessed up the old mare into the wagon: have you got that deown?"

"Yes, yes, long ago; go on."

"Why, how fast you write! And I got into the wagon,

and sat deown, and drew up the reins, and took the whip in my right hand: have you got that deown?"

"Yes, long ago; *go on.*"

"Dear me, how fast you write! I never saw your equal. And I said to the old mare, '*Go 'long,*' and jerked the reins pretty hard: have you got that deown?"

"Yes; and I am impatiently waiting for more. I wish you wouldn't bother me with so many foolish questions. Go on with your letter."

"Well, the old mare wouldn't stir out of her tracks, and I hollered, '*Go 'long, you old jade! go 'long.*' Have you got that deown?"

"Yes, indeed, *you pestersome fellow; go on.*"

"And I licked her, and licked her, and licked her [*continuing to repeat these words as rapidly as possible*].

"Hold on there! I have written two pages of '*licked her,*' and I want the rest of the letter."

"Well, and she kicked, and she kicked, and she kicked— [*continuing to repeat these words with great rapidity*].

"Do go on with your letter; I have several pages of '*she kicked.*'"

[*The Yankee clucks as in urging horses to move, and continues the clucking noise with rapid repetition for some time.*]

The scribe throws down his pen.

"*Write it deown! write it deown!*"

"I can't!"

"Well then, I won't pay you."

[*The scribe, gathering up his papers.*] "What shall I do with all these sheets upon which I have written your nonsense?"

"You may use them in doing up your *gape-seed.* Good by!"

THE BLACKSMITH'S STORY.—FRANK OLIVE.

WELL, No! My wife ain't dead, sir, but I've lost her all the same;

She left me voluntarily, and neither was to blame.

It's rather a queer story, and I think you will agree—

When you hear the circumstances—'twas rather rough on me.

She was a soldier's widow. He was killed at Malvern Hill ;
 And when I married her she seemed to sorrow for him still ;
 But I brought her here to Kansas, and I never want to see
 A better wife than Mary was for five bright years to me.

The change of scene brought cheerfulness, and soon a rosy glow
 Of happiness warmed Mary's cheeks and melted all their snow.
 I think she loved me some—I'm bound to think that of her, sir,
 And as for me—I can't begin to tell how I loved her !

Three years ago the baby came our humble home to bless ;
 And then I reckon I was nigh to perfect happiness ;
 'Twas hers—'twas mine—; but I've no language to explain
 to you,
 How that little girl's weak fingers our hearts together drew !

Once we watched it through a fever, and with each gasping
 breath,
 Dumb with an awful, worldless woe, we waited for its death ;
 And, though I'm not a pious man, our souls together there,
 For Heaven to spare our darling, went up in voiceless prayer.

And when the doctor said 'twould live, our joy what words
 could tell ?
 Clasped in each other's arms, our grateful tears together fell.
 Sometimes, you see, the shadow fell across our little nest,
 But it only made the sunshine seem a doubly welcome guest.

Work came to me a plenty, and I kept the anvil ringing ;
 Early and late you'd find me there a hammering and singing ;
 Love nerved my arm to labor, and moved my tongue to song,
 And though my singing wasn't sweet, it was tremendous strong !

One day a one-armed stranger stopped to have me nail a shoe,
 And while I was at work, we passed a compliment or two ;
 I asked him how he lost his arm. He said 'twas shot away
 At Malvern Hill. "At Malvern Hill ! Did you know Robert
 May ?"

"That's me," said he. "You, you !" I gasped, choking with
 horrid doubt ;
 "If you're the man, just follow me ; we'll try this mystery
 out !"

With dizzy steps, I led him to Mary. God ! 'Twas true !
 Then the bitterest pangs of misery, unspeakable, I knew.

Frozen with deadly horror, she stared with eyes of stone,
 And from her quivering lips there broke one wild, despairing
 moan.

'Twas he ! the husband of her youth, now risen from the dead.
 But all too late— and with bitter cry, her senses fled.

What could be done? He was reported dead. On his return
 He strove in vain some tidings of his absent wife to learn.
 'Twas well that he was innocent! Else I'd 've killed him, too
 So dead he never would have riz till Gabriel's trumpet blew!

It was agreed that Mary then between us should decide,
 And each by her decision would sacredly abide.
 No sinner, at the judgment-seat, waiting eternal doom,
 Could suffer what I did, while waiting sentence in that room.

Rigid and breathless, there we stood, with nerves as tense as
 steel,
 While Mary's eyes sought each white face, in piteous appeal.
 God! could not woman's duty be less hardly reconciled
 Between her lawful husband and the father of her child?

Ah, how my heart was chilled to ice, when she knelt down and
 said:

"Forgive me, John! He is my husband! Here! Alive! not
 dead!

I raised her tenderly, and tried to tell her she was right,
 But somehow, in my aching breast, the prisoned words stuck
 tight!

"But, John, I can't leave baby!"—"What! wife and child!"
 cried I;

"Must I yield all! Ah, cruel fate! Better that I should die.
 Think of the long, sad, lonely hours, waiting in gloom for me—
 No wife to cheer me with her love—no babe to climb my knee!

"And yet—you are her mother, and the sacred mother love
 Is still the purest, tenderest tie that Heaven ever wove.
 Take her, but promise, Mary—for that will bring no shame—
 "My little girl shall bear, and learn to lisp her father's name!"

It may be, in the life to come, I'll meet my child and wife;
 But yonder, by my cottage gate, we parted for this life;
 One long hand-clasp from Mary, and my dream of love was
 done!

One long embrace from baby, and my happiness was gone!



THE SONG OF THE DYING.—CAPTAIN DOWLING.

A NUMBER of British officers were stationed at an outpost in India during the prevalence of a pestilence. Many of their companions had fallen victims; all the chances of escape were cut off, and death stared them in the face. Under these circumstances, and meeting together probably for the last time, the following lines, which were written by one of their number, was sung. The author was the first to fall a victim to the grim destroyer.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare;
 As they echo the peels of laughter
 It seems that the dead are there;
 But stand to your glasses steady,
 We drink to our comrades' eyes;
 Quaff a cup to the dead already—
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets flowing,
 Not here is the vintage sweet;
 'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
 And dark as the doom we meet.
 But stand to your glasses steady,
 And soon shall our pulses rise;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
 Not a tear for the friends that sink;
 We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
 So stand to your glasses steady,
 'Tis in this our respite lies;
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others,
 We thought we were wiser then;
 Ha! ha! let those think of their mothers,
 Who hope to see them again.
 No! stand to your glasses steady,
 The thoughtless are here the wise;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
 There's many a cheek that's sunk;
 But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.

ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS

So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis here the revival lies ;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies !

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath ;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice in the grasp of death.
Ho ! stand to your glasses steady ;
For a moment the vapor flies ;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies !

Who dreads to the dust returning ?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sing no more ?
Ho ! stand to your glasses steady ;
This world is a world of lies ;
A cup for the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies !

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind—
Stand, stand to your glasses steady !
'Tis all we have left to prize ;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies !

AFFECTATION IN THE PULPIT.—WILLIAM COWPER.

IN man or woman,—but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar,—in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What !—will a man play tricks,—will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face,—in presence of his God ?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,

And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock !
 Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
 And start theatric, practised at the glass !
 I seek divine simplicity in him
 Who handles things divine ; and all besides,
 Though learned with labor, and though much admired
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
 To me is odious as the nasal twang
 Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
 Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
 Through the pressed nostril, spectacle-bestrid.

I venerate the man whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
 That he is honest in the sacred cause ;
 To such, I render more than mere respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
 But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,
 Ambling, and prattling scandal as he goes ;
 But rare at home, and never at his books,
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor ;
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold ;
 And well prepared, by ignorance and stoma,
 By infidelity and love of world,
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride ;—
 From such apostles, Oh, ye mitred heads,
 Preserve the Church ! and lay not careless hands
 On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn !

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.—H. C. JONES.

SCENE—*A Court of Justice in North Carolina.*

A BEARDLESS disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court: "May it please your worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune

possibly had I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to resist, or to be the victim of, so fearful, marked, and malicious an assault—such a violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say, it has seldom been seen to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this country. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined, and deposed; one said that he heard the noise, and did not see the light; another that he seen the row, but did not know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk and could not say much about the scrimmage.

THE CHORUS. I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. Excuses, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the Court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "feetle" earned, and took his oath with an air.

CHORUS. Harris we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

HARRIS. Adzackly (give me a knowing time) and at the same time close (give me a knowing time). Ouzo—he gin a treat, and come to our house and axed told cousin Sally I as how she had a big swamp where for there has ever, as it mout go. Mose he that he

smartly in the grass; but, howsomever, as it was her, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go——

CHOPS. In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

WITNESS. Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard——

CHOPS. Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

WITNESS. Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

CHOPS. Well, sir, go on.

WITNESS. Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go——

CHOPS. There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

WITNESS. Well, sir, what do you want?

CHOPS. We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the Court?

WITNESS. To be sure I do.

CHOPS. Well go on and tell it, and nothing else.

WITNESS. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat——

CHOPS. This is intolerable. May it please the Court; I move that this witness be committed for a contempt, he seems to be trifling with this Court.

COURT. Witness you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin, and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

WITNESS. [*Alarmed.*] Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard——

CHOPS. The witness may be ordered into cus-

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The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed: one said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another that he seen the row, but didn't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

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WITNESS. Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hips, and the big

(good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say, it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed: one said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another that he seen the row, but didn't know who struck first; and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

LAWYER CHOPS. I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the Court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leettle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

CHOPS. Harris we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

HARRIS. Adzackly (*giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat*). Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but, howsomever, as it was her, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was

smartly in the grass; but, howsomever, as it was her, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go——

CHOPS. In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

WITNESS. Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard——

CHOPS. Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

WITNESS. Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

CHOPS. Well, sir, go on.

WITNESS. Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go——

CHOPS. There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

WITNESS. Well, sir, what do you want?

CHOPS. We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the Court?

WITNESS. To be sure I do.

CHOPS. Well go on and tell it, and nothing else.

WITNESS. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat——

CHOPS. This is intolerable. May it please the Court; I move that this witness be committed for a contempt, he seems to be trifling with this Court.

COURT. Witness you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin, and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

WITNESS. [*Alarmed.*] Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard——

CHOPS. I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

COURT. Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by letting the witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, but stick to the point.

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swamp was up ; but, howsomever, as it was her, coasin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed if Mose he moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose—he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass—but, howsomever, as it was her, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you ; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log ; but my wife, like a blamed fool, waded through.

CHOPS. Heaven and earth, this is too bad ; *but go on.*

WITNESS. *Well, that's all I know about the fight.*

NEW THANATOPSIS.—W. M. H. HOLCOMBE.

BENEATH the glory of a brighter sun
 Than that which keeps this moving globe of dust
 True to its orbit, and with vision fed
 By spiritual light and wisdom sent from God,
 I sought for death throughout the universe—
 If haply I might note the dreaded being
 Who casts such awful shadows on our hearts,
 And seems to break, with his discordant step,
 The harmonies of nature. But in vain
 I scanned the range of substance infinite
 From God to Angels, and through men to earth,
 To beast, bird, serpent and the ocean tribes,
 To worms and flowers, and the atomic forms
 Of crystalline Creations. Change had been,
 Perpetual evolution and fresh life,
 And metamorphoses to higher states—
 An orderly progress, like the building up
 Of pyramids from earth's material base
 Into the fields of sunlight—but no death.
 With deep solemnity akin to fear,
 I pondered o'er the elemental world,
 That seeming chaos, but its bosom held
 No embryonic forms but those of life ;
 Nor did the spiritual origin of things
 Elude my recognition in the maze
 Of chemic transformations. Then I read

The geologic leaves of stone sublime,
 Immortal book in an immortal tongue,
 Full of mysterious life. And then I looked
 Into the dark mausoleums of the past,
 And up the swift and shadowy stream of Time,
 Upon whose banks nations and men are said
 To have perished. And I turned the teeming soil
 Of all the battle-fields of every age,
 Peered into charnels, tracked the desolate paths
 Of plague and famine, and surveyed with awe
 The secrets of the sea—but found no Death.
 To spirits, the veil of whose material temple
 Is rent in twain, and who are capable
 Of purer thought and more interior life,
 His name and nature are alike unknown.
 Throughout the choral harmony of things,
 And all the vast economy of God,
 He has no place or power. There is no Death !
 God, God alone, is Life ; and all our life,
 And all the varying substance of the world,
 From Him derived, and vitalized by Him ;
 And every change which we ascribe to Death
 Is but a change in form or place or state,
 Of something which can never cease to live.
 Insensate matter is the base of all,
 The pedestal of life, the supple mould
 Through which the vital currents come and go.
 The universe, with its infinity,
 Is but the visible garment of our God ;
 The sun is but the garment of our heavens ;
 The body is the garment of our soul,
 The coarse material out-birth of its life,
 Its medium for a time, a shell which keeps
 Within its curves the music of the sea—
 A wondrous thing ! which seems to live, but does not,
 For nothing lives but God, and all in Him.
 The Spirit is a substance, a pure form
 Of immaterial tissue, finely wrought
 Into the human shape, unseen in this
 Our physical existence, but the cause
 Of all its motions and its very life.
 When ripened for a more exalted sphere,
 The soul exuvs its earthly envelope,
 And leaves the atoms of its chemic dross,—
 (Oh never, never more to be resumed !—)
 For worms or weeds, or flowers to animate,
 While it withdraws to more august abodes,
 Happier beyond comparison, than those
 Who pass in joy from hovels all forlorn
 To palaces imperial.

None have died

From earth's first revolution to the present,
 But all are living who have ever lived.
 Earth has indeed no monuments of Death,
 But only vestiges of those who passed
 Through this inevitable vale of shadows,
 And left behind the prints of busy hands,
 That are still busier now, and songful echoes
 Of friendly voices that are singing still.

In gloom and darkness was the poet lost
 Who calls this earth the mighty tomb of man :
 'Tis but his temporary habitation,
 His cradle and his school of discipline—
 The dark cold ground in which the seed is sown,
 That struggling upward, slowly germinates
 Until it bursts into the shining air.

Not Christ alone has risen, but all have risen ;
 The stone is rolled from every sepulchre ;
 The grave has nothing it can render back.
 When we ascend to our eternal homes,
 We leave no living fragment of ourselves.
 We do not pass from nature to the grave ;
 But nature is our grave, from which we rise
 At seeming death,—our real resurrection,—
 Into the world of spirits. And the tomb,
 With all its grief, and tenderness, and shadow,
 Is the creation of our sluggish minds,
 By kindly memories and sweet suggestions,
 To cherish and prolong the love of friends,
 Gone, but not lost ; unseen, but nearer still,
 In beauty and in glory, to our life,
 Which lives in God, immortal as himself.

THERE IS NO DEATH.—LORD LYTON.

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore :
 And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
 They shine forevermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
 And feed the hungry moss they bear ;
 The forest leaves drink daily life,
 From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
 And flowers may fade and pass away ;
 They only wait through wintry hours,
 The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
 He bears our best loved things away ;
 And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones,
 Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
 Sings now an everlasting song,
 Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
 Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
 He bears it to that world of light,
 To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again ;
 With joy we welcome them the same,—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread ;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life—*there are no dead.*

THE INDIANS.—JOSEPH STORY.

THERE is, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment ; much which may be urged to excuse

their own atrocities; much in their characters, which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow, but sure extinction. Everywhere, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone for ever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers, and warriors, and youths; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No,—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the

Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, "few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them,—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark forebodings.

THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER.—J. T. FIELDS.

MANY a long, long year ago,
 Nantucket skippers had a plan
 Of finding out, though "lying low,"
 How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
 And then by sounding, through the night,
 Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
 They always guessed their reckoning right

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
 Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,
 And so below he'd "douse the glim,"—
 After of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
 This ancient skipper might be found ;
 No matter how his craft would rock,
 He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then
 Run down and wake him, with the lead ;
 He'd up, and taste, and tell the men
 How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,
 A curious wag,—the pedlar's son ;
 And so he mused, (the wanton wretch !)
 "To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools,
 To think the skipper knows, by tasting,
 What ground he's on ; Nantucket schools
 Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting !"

And so he took the well greased-lead,
 And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
 That stood on deck,—a parsnip-bed,
 And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir ? Please to taste."
 The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
 And opened his eyes in wondrous haste,
 And then upon the floor he sprung !

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
 Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
 "Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
 Right over old Marm Hackett's garden !"

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.—ALICE ROBBINS.

Well, yes, sir—yes, sir, thankee—
 So, so, for my time of life,
 I'm pretty gray, and bent with pains
 That cut my nerves like a knife.
 The winters bear hard upon me,
 The summers scorch me sore ;
 I'm sort o' weary of all the world,
 And I'm only turned three-score.

My old father is ninety,
 And as hearty as a buck ;
 You won't find many men of his age
 So full of vigor and pluck ;
 He felled the first tree cut in the place
 And laid the first log down ;
 And living an honest temperate life,
 He's the head man of the town.

But you see when I was twenty or so,
 I wanted to go to the city,
 And I got with a wild set over there,
 That were neither wise nor witty ;
 And so I laid the foundation, sir,
 Of what you see to day—
 Old, little a past' the prime of life,
 And a general wasting away.

'Taint a natural fever, this, sir ;
 It's one no doctor can cure ;
 I was made to bear strong burdens—
 Ox-like, and slow but sure.
 And I only lived for my pleasures,
 Though I had been Christian bred—
 I lived for self, sir, and here's the end,
 Crawling about half-dead.

Well, well, 'twon't do to think on't ;
 I try to forget my pain,
 My poisoned blood, and my shattered nerves,
 My wreck of body and brain ;
 Only I saw you drinking just now,
 Drinking that devil's drain ;
 There's where I liked to have stepped into Heu,
 And gone by the fastest train.

“You don't like my blunt speech, mebbe ;
 Well, 'tisin't the nicest cut,
 Only when a man's looked over the brink,
 He knows what he's talking about ;
 And if, with his eyes wide open,
 He's walked straight into the flame,
 And nothing less than the mercy of God,
 Has turned his glory to shame.

“Then, when he says there's a drunkard's hell,
 You'd better believe it's true ;
 I've fought with the Devil hand-to-hand,
 And tested him through and through ;
 We know who've bartered body and soul,
 What body and soul are worth ;
 And there's nothing like to a drunkard's woe
 In all God's beautiful earth.

“Wife ! children ! Haven't I had them ? Yes,
 No man has had sweeter than I ;
 But children and wife are dead and dust—
 Why, what could they do *but* die ?
 Don't ask me to tell you of them, because
 It blots out God's mercy even ;
 And it don't seem sure, though I've left my cups,
 That my sin *can* be forgiven.

“I tell you it's hard for a shattered hulk
 To drift into harbor safe ;
 And I feel sometimes, with my three-score years,
 Like a hopeless, homeless waif ;
 But there's one thing certain, I've overcome !
 And I'll fight while I draw a breath,
 When I see a fine young fellow like you
 Going down to the gates of death.

“You'll laugh, perhaps, at an old man's zeal ;
 I laughed in a young man's glee ;
 But God forbid if you reach three-score,
 You should be a wreck like me.

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SEVEN AGES OF MAN.—SHAKSPEARE.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players ;
 They have their exits and their entrances ;

And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurses arms.
 Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part ; the sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,—
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

GIVE ME BACK MY HUSBAND.

Not many years since, a young married couple, from the far, "fast-anchored isle," sought our shores with the most sanguine anticipations of prosperity and happiness. They had begun to realize more than they had seen in the visions of hope, when, in an evil hour, the husband was tempted "to look upon the wine when it is red," and to taste of it, "when it gives its color in the cup." The charmer fastened round its victim all the serpent spells of its sorcery, and he fell ; and at every step of his degradation from the man to the brute, and downward, a heart-string broke in the bosom of his companion.

Finally, with the last spark of hope flickering on the altar of her heart, she threaded her way into one of those shambles where man is made such a thing as the beasts

of the field would bellow at. She pressed her way through the bacchanalian crowd who were revelling there in their own ruin. With her bosom full of "that perilous stuff that preys upon the heart," she stood before the plunderer of her husband's destiny, and exclaimed in tones of startling anguish, "*Give me back my husband.*"

"There's your husband," said the man, as he pointed toward the prostrate wretch. "*That my husband! What have you done to him? That my husband! What have you done to that noble form that once, like the giant oak, held its protecting shade over the fragile vine that clung to it for support and shelter? That my husband! With what torpedo chill have you touched the sinews of that manly arm? That my husband! What have you done to that once noble brow, which he wore high among his fellows, as if it bore the superscription of the Godhead? That my husband! What have you done to that eye, with which he was wont to 'look erect on heaven,' and see in his mirror the image of his God. What Egyptian drug have you poured into his veins, and turned the ambling fountains of the heart into black and burning pitch? Give me back my husband! Undo your basilisk spells, and give me back the man that stood with me by the altar!*"

The ears of the rumseller, ever since the first demijohn of that burning liquid was opened upon our shores, have been saluted, at every stage of the traffic, with just such appeals as this. Such wives, such widows, and mothers, such fatherless children, as never mourned in Israel at the massacre of Bethlehem; or at the burning of the Temple, have cried in his ears, morning, night, and evening, "*Give me back my husband! Give me back my boy! Give me back my brother!*"

But has the rumseller been confounded or speechless at these appeals? No! not he. He could show his credentials at a moment's notice, with proud defiance. He always carried in his pocket a written absolution for all he had done and could do in his work of destruction. *He had bought a letter of indulgence.* I mean a *license!* a precious instrument, signed and sealed by an authority stronger and more respectable than the Pope's. *He confounded!* Why, the whole artillery of civil power was

ready to open in his defence and support. Thus shielded by the Egis of the law, he had nothing to fear from the enemies of his traffic. He had the image and superscription of Cæsar on his credentials, and unto Cæsar he appealed; and unto Cæsar, too, his *victims* appealed and *appealed in vain*.

THE OLD YANKEE FARMER.

WAL, Mr. Brown, how's things goin on with y' there daown below? I s'pose Boston don't look much as't did fifty year ago. I was tellin—I was tellin Miss Pillsbury tother day, ef she felt smart enough, we'd take a little jant daown and look raound a little. But she's got the rumatiz so luk all possest, she can't stir raound much. She's e'en a most discouraged sometimes, but I tell her I guess it'll all wear off arter a spell, ha! ha! ha! I doant git raound much myself. I'm a gittin suthin inter years—but I tell 'em I'm better'n half the young folks naow.

Folks doant live now-a-days as they used ter when I was a boy. Why, they've all got the indisgeestion, or some plaguey thing or nuther—ha! ha! ha!—'Taint no wonder, for they eat every thing under the Heavens. In my day, I never heerd uv no such thing as chicken salit—and dev'ld crabs—and tarry pin—why 'ts enough ter kill the old Harry. I happened to be daown ter Concord tother day, un ababout noon I tell ye, I got putty hungry. I was lookin raound for suthin ter eat, un sec'd the sign uv "Restyrunt." I went in un sot daown to a little table baout's big's yer hand, un putty soon a black feller come along, un sez he, wot'l yer have? I looked at him considerable sharp, un said,—sez I, wal, vittles, I guess! ha! ha! ha! I dunno wot under Heavens he thought I was there arter, 'thout 'twas for suthin ter eat.

Ef I should live till next Jinnywary, I spose I shall be eighty-three year old,—un I can git from bed ter the putty handy yit, with a little piece er carpet on the floor. Hi! hi! hi!—But I toll 'em I aint goin ter do much

more hard work. The young folks can do the work naow—I guess I've done abaout my sheer—ha! ha! ha!—Miss Pillsbury sez sometimes, she's moast afraid we shall hev ter go to the poor-house—but I tell her I guess we shall manage ter keep aout somehow or nuther.

Yes, I calculate ter take things putty easy. I doant do much but walk raound and look at the boys a little. They was a mowin the old Spring-piece tother day, and I said ter my oldest son, Isaiah—Isaiah sez I—I'll bate yeou the best caow in the barn, I ken mow raound the old Spring-piece quicker'n you can ter save yer gizzard.—Wal,—he didn't take me up—not ret away, ha! ha! ha! I think's jes like as not, I sh'd a gin aout by the time I got to the lower bars, but I'd a gin him a pull at the start, by *Jehewkabus*. Ha! ha! ha!—I was daown ter the store tuther day lookin raound, and I sez to Mr. Jones, sez I, what are you a taxin for your merlassis? Wal,—he said he had some good for twenty-eight cents a garlon—but the *best*, sez he, is thirty-cents. Sez I, you may give me a quart uv the *best*—the *best* is good enough for me—ha! ha!—He ask'd me ef I chawed as much terbacker as I used ter? I told him I guessed—I guessed I chawed a leetle more ef anything—hi! hi! hi!—He said he had some thet he could reecomend. I told him I ginerally—I ginerally got the caum'n pigtail terbacker, and soaked it in a leetle whiskey un merlassis, un one thing another, un it was as good terbacker as *I want ter chaw*—hi! hi! hi!

LEARNING TO PRAY.—MARY E. DODGE.

KNEELING, fair in the twilight gray,
 A beautiful child was trying to pray;
 His cheek on his mother's knee,
 His bare little feet half hidden,
 His smile still coming unbidden,
 And his heart brimful of glee.

“I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say,
 O mamma! I've had such fun to-day
 I hardly can say my prayers.

I don't feel just like praying ;
 I want to be out-doors playing,
 And run, all undressed, down stairs.

"I can see the flowers in the garden-bed,
 Shining so pretty, and sweet, and red ;
 And Sammy is swinging, I guess,
 Oh ! everything is so fine out there,
 I want to put it all in the prayer,—
 Do you mean I can do it by ' Yes ?'

"When I say, ' Now I lay me —word for word,
 It seems to me as if nobody heard.
 Would ' Thank you, dear God,' be right ?
 He gave me my mammy,
 And papa, and Sammy—
 O mamma ! you nodded I might."

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
 Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
 The little one now began ;
 His mother's nod and sanction sweet
 Had led him close to the dear Lord's feet,
 And his words like music ran :

"Thank you for making this home so nice,
 The flowers, and my two white mice,—
 I wish I could keep right on ;
 I thank you, too, for every day—
 Only I'm 'most too glad to pray,
 Dear God, I think I'm done.

"Now, mamma, rock me—just a minute—
 And sing the hymn with ' darling' in it.
 I wish I *could* say my prayers !
 When I get big, I know I can.
 Oh ! won't it be nice to be a man,
 And stay all night down stairs !"

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
 Kissing and cooing her fond " Good-night."
 And treasured his every word.
 For well she knew that the artless joy
 And love of her precious, innocent boy,
 Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

Hearth and Home.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

It is said of the late John Quincy Adams that he never went to bed without repeating this little prayer,—the first taught him by his mother, whose memory was dear to him to the last. There are two little poems, descriptive of a child saying this prayer, that are among the tenderest in our language. We combine into one the best of both.

GOLDEN head so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

“Now I lay,”—repeat it, darling—
“Lay me,” lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er the folded finger tips.

“Down to sleep,”—“To sleep,” she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
“I pray the Lord,” I gently added,
“You can say it all, I know.”

“Pray the Lord,”—the sound came faintly,
Fainter still—“My soul to keep;”
Then the tired heart fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
“Mamma, God knows all the rest.”

Oh, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
He who hears my feeblest cry.

O, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to Heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

INFAMOUS LEGISLATION.—E. BURKE.

SINCE I had the honor—I should say the *dishonor*—of sitting in this house, I have been witness to many strange, many *infamous* transactions. What can be your intention in attacking all honor and virtue? Do you mean to bring all men to a level with yourselves, and to extirpate all honor and independence? Perhaps you imagine a *vote* will settle the whole controversy. Alas! you are not aware that the manner in which your vote is procured is a secret to no man.

Listen. For, if you are not totally callous, if your consciences are not seared, I will speak daggers to your souls, and wake you to all the pangs of guilty recollection. I will follow you with whips and stings, through every maze of your unexampled turpitude, and plant thorns under the rose of ministerial approbation. You have flagrantly violated justice and the law of the land, and opened a door for anarchy and confusion. After assuming an arbitrary dominion over law and justice, you issue orders, warrants, and proclamations, against every opponent, and send prisoners to your Bastille all those who have the courage and virtue to defend the freedom of their country. But it is in vain that you hope by fear and terror to extinguish the native *British* fire. The more sacrifices, the more martyrs you make, the more numerous the sons of liberty will become. They will multiply like the hydra, and hurl vengeance on your heads.

Let others act as they will; while I have a tongue or an arm, they shall be *free*. And that I may not be a witness of these monstrous proceedings, I will leave the house; nor do I doubt but every independent, every honest man, every friend to *England*, will follow me. These walls are unholy, baleful, deadly, while a prostitute majority holds the bolt of parliamentary power, and hurls its vengeance only upon the virtuous. To yourselves, therefore, I consign you. Enjoy your *pandemonium*.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

REV. R. H. BARHAM.

Abridged, and adapted for Recitation, by Professor Rufus Adams.

THE Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 The Lady Jane was fair
 And Sir Thomas, her lord, was stout of limb,
 And his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
 And he wore green "specs" with a tortoise shell rim,
 And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
 And she was uncommonly fond of him, —
 And they were a loving pair! —
 And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
 Every one hailed them with loudest acclaim;
 Far and wide,
 The people cried,
 All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain,
 To Sir Thomas the good, and the fair Lady Jane!

Now Sir Thomas the good, be it well understood,
 Was a man of very contemplative mood, —
 He would pour by the hour, o'er a weed or a flower,
 Or the slugs, that came crawling out after a shower;
 Black beetles, bumble-bees, blue-bottle flies,
 And moths, were of no small account in his eyes;
 An "industrious flea," he'd by no means despise,
 While an "old daddy-long-legs," whose long legs and thighs
 Passed the common in shape, or in color, or size,
 He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
 Giving up, in short, both business and sport, he
 Abandoned himself, "*tout entier*," to philosophy.

Now as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 And Lady Jane was fair,
 And a good many years the junior of him,
 There are some might be found entertaining a notion,
 That such an entire, and exclusive devotion,
 'To that part of science, folks style entymology,
 Was a positive shame,
 And, to such a fair dame,
 Really demanded some sort of apology;
 Ever poking his nose into this, and to that, —
 At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
 At great ugly things, all legs and wings,
 With nasty long tails, armed with nasty long stings; —
 And eternally thinking, and blinking, and winking,
 At grubs, — when he ought of *her* to be thinking.

But no! ah no! 'twas by no means so
 With the fair Lady Jane,
Tout au contraire, no lady so fair,
 Was e'er known to wear more contented an air;
 And—let who would call—every day she was there,
 Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
 Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple or pear,
 Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
 Or counting her spoons, and her crockery ware;
 Enough to make less gifted visitors stare.

Nay more; don't suppose
 With such doings as those
 This account of her merits must come to a close;
 No!—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
 She by no means neglected improving her mind;
 For there all the while, with an air quite bewitching,
 She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
 Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.

Close by her side,
 Sat her kinsman MacBride,—
 Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots Fusiliers;—
 And I doubt if you'd find, in the whole of his clan,
 A more highly intelligent, worthy young man;
 And there he'd be sitting,
 While she was a-knitting,
 Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
 Some very "wise saw," from some very good book,—
 No matter who came,
 It was always the same,
 The Captain was reading aloud to the dame,
 Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
 They were *almost* as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well it happened one day,—
 I really can't say
 The particular month;—but I *think* 'twas in May,
 'Twas I *know* in the spring-time, when "nature looks gay,"
 As the poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray,
 The dear little dickey birds carol away,
 That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
 For no soul could conceive what was gone with the knight

It seems he had taken
 A light breakfast,—bacon,
 An egg, a little broiled haddock—at most
 A round and a half of some hot buttered toast,
 With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
 But no matter for that,—
 He had called for his hat,
 With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,

And his "specs" with the tortoise-shell rim, and his cane.
Thus armed he set out on a ramble—a lack!

He *set out* poor dear soul!—but he never came back!

 "First dinner bell" rang

 Out its euphonous clang

At five—folks kept early hours then—and the "last"
Ding-dong'd, as it ever was wont, at half-past.

Still the master was absent—the cook came and said, he

Feared dinner would spoil, having been so long ready

That the puddings her ladyship thought such a treat

He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat!

Said the lady, "Dish up! Let the meal be served straight,

And let two or three slices be put on a plate,

And kept hot for Sir Thomas."—Captain Dugald said grace.

Then set himself down in Sir Thomas' place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,

 That live-long night did the hours go by;

 And the Lady Jane,

 In grief and pain,

 She sat herself down to cry!

 And Captain MacBride,

 Who sat by her side,

Though I really can't say that he actually cried,

 At least had a tear in his eye!

As much as can well be expected, perhaps,

From "very young fellows," for very "old chaps."

 And if he had said

 What he'd got in his head,

'Twould have been, "Poor old Buffer, he's certainly dead!"

The morning dawned,—and the next—and the next,

And all in the mansion were still perplexed;

 No knocker fell,

 His approach to tell;

Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,

And the meads smiled green as green may be,

And the dear little dickey birds carol'd with glee,

And the lambs in the park skipped merry and free.—

Without, all was joy and harmony!

And thus 'twill be,—nor long the day,—

Ere we, like him, shall pass away!

Yon sun that now *our* bosoms warms,

Shall shine—but shine on other forms;

Yon grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers

Us now, shall sound on other ears;

The joyous lamb, as now, shall play,

But other eyes its sports survey;

The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
 The flowery sweets, the trim parterre,
 Shall scent, as now, the ambient air ;
 The tree whose bending branches bear
 The one loved name—shall yet be there—
 But where the hand that carved it? *Where?*

These were hinted to me as the very ideas
 Which passed through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
 As she walk'd on the esplanade to and again,

With Captain MacBride,
 Of course at her side,

Who could not look *quite* so forlorn—though he tried.
 An "idea" in fact, had got into *his* head,
 That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be dead,
 It might be no bad "spec" to be there in his stead,
 And by simply contriving, in due time, to wed

A lady who was young and fair,
 A lady slim and tall,

To set himself down in comfort there
 The lord of Tapton Hall.

Thinks he, "We have sent
 Half over Kent,

And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
 Yet no one's been found to say which way he went!
 Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried
 Every plan we could hit on,—and had him well cried,
 'MISSING!! *Stolen or Strayed,*

Lost or Mislaid,

A GENTLEMAN;—middle-aged, sober and staid;
 Stoops slightly;—and when he left home was arrayed
 In a sad colored suit, somewhat dingy and frayed;
 Had spectacles on with a tortoise-shell rim,
 And a hat rather low crowned, and broad in the brim.

Who'er shall bear,
 Or send him with care,

(Right side uppermost) home; or shall give notice where
 The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is; or shall state
 Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate.
 To the man at the turnpike, called *Tappington Gate*,
 Shall receive a reward of *Five Pounds* for his trouble.
 N. B. If defunct, the *Reward* will be double!!

"Had he been above ground,
 He *must* have been found.

No; doubtless he's shot,—or he's hang'd,—or he's drown'd!
 Then his widow—ay! ay!
 But what will folks say?—

To address her at once, at so early a day!
 Well—what then?—who cares!—let 'em say what they may."

When a man has decided,
 As Captain MacBride did,
 And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
 Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
 He began on the instant, and vowed that her eyes
 Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies ;
 That her lips were like roses, her cheeks were like lilies ;
 Her breath had the odor of daffy-down dillies !—
 With a thousand more compliments, equally true,
 Expressed in similitudes équally new !
 Then his left arm he placed
 Around her jimp, taper waist—
 Ere she fixed to repulse or return his embrace,
 Up came running a man at a deuce of a pace,
 With that very peculiar expression of face
 Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
 Crying out—'twas the gard'ner—“ Oh ma'am ! we've found
 master ! ”

“ Where ! where ? ” scream'd the lady ; and echo screamed
 “ Where ? ”

The man could'nt say “ there ! ”
 He had no breath to spare,
 But gasping for breath he could only respond,
 By pointing—he pointed, alas !—TO THE POND.
 'Twas e'en so ; poor dear Knight, with his “ specs ” and his hat.
 He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that ;
 When close to the side of the bank, he espied
 An uncommon fine tadpole, remarkably fat !
 He stooped ;—and he thought her
 His own ;—he had caught her !
 Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her,
 When—he plumped head and heels into fifteen feet water !

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 The Lady Jane was fair,
 Alas ! for Sir Thomas !—she grieved for him,
 As she saw two serving men sturdy of limb,
 His body between them bear :
 She sobb'd and she sighed, she lamented and cried,
 For of sorrow brimful was her cup ;
 She swoon'd, and I think she'd have fallen down and died,
 If Captain MacBride
 Hadn't been by her side
 With the gardener ;—they both their assistance supplied,
 And managed to hold her up.
 But when she “ comes to,”
 Oh ! 'tis shocking to view
 The sight which the corpse reveals !
 Sir Thomas' body,
 It look'd so odd—he
 Was half eaten up by the eels !

His waistcoat and hose,
 And the rest of his clothes,
 Were all gnawled through and through ;
 And out of each shoe,
 An eel they drew ;
 And from each of his pockets they pulled out two !
 And the gardener himself had secreted a few,
 As well might be supposed he'd do,
 For, when he came running to give the alarm,
 He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John was summoned anon ;
 Holy water was sprinkled and little bells tinkled,
 And tapers were lighted,
 And incense ignited,
 And masses were sung, and masses were said,
 All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
 And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 And Lady Jane was fair,
 And ere morning came, that winsome dame
 Had made up her mind, or—what's much the same,—
 Had *thought about*, once more "changing her name,"
 And she said with a pensive air,
 To Thompson the valet, while taking away,
 When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,
 "Eels a many I've ate ; but any
 So good ne'er tasted before !—
 They're a fish too, of which I'm remarkably fond,—
 Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the pond,—
 Poor dear !—*he'll catch us some more.*"

MORAL.

All middle-aged gentlemen let me advise,
 If you're married, and hav'nt got very good eyes,
 Don't go poking about after blue bottle flies.
 If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoise-shell rim,
 And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim.

Married ladies, especially such as are fat,
 Tall and slim, I would next recommend to beware,
 How, on losing one spouse, they give way to despair ;
 But let them reflect, there are fish, and no doubt on't,
 As good *in* the river, as ever came *out* on't.

YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

C. E. L. HOLMES.

WITH sable-draped banners, and slow measured tread,
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead;
And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love;
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,
Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief;
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

“Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—
Why! why! did you pass by my dear papa's grave?
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
As ever marched into the battle with you—
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,
In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod
Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight—
And died shouting, ‘Onward! for God and the right!’
O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
But you haven't put *one* on *my* papa's grave.
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died.”

“Battalion! file left! countermarch!” cried the chier,
“This young orphan'd maid hath full cause for her grief.”
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.

“This way, it is—here, sir—right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me.”

“Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound—
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground.”

“Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;
But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.

I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma too—
 I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true ;
 And they will both bless you, I know, when I say
 How you folded your arms round their dear one to-day—
 How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,
 And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast ;
 And when the kind angels shall call *you* to come,
 We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,
 Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,
 And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?

No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper ~~se~~ 'ness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! the grave! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down, even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene; the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling,—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan,

and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter,
because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living

ANNABEL LEE.—EDGAR A. POE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we,—
 Of many far wiser than we ;
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 And so all the night-time, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In the sepulchre there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

DEBORAH LEE.—A PARODY

'Tis a dozen or so of years ago,
 Somewhere in the West countree,
 That a nice girl lived, as ye Hoosiers know,
 By the name of Deborah Lee.
 Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,
 But Deborah by me.

Now I was green and she was green
 As a summer's squash might be,
 And we loved as warmly as other folks,
 I and my Deborah Lee ;
 With a love that the lasses of Hoosierdom
 Coveted her and me.

But somehow it happened long ago,
 In the agueish West countree,
 That a chill March morning gave the shakes
 To my beautiful Deborah Lee,
 And the grim steam doctor (hang him) came
 And bore her away from me ;—
 The doctor and death, old partners they
 In the agueish West countree.

The angels wanted her up in heaven,
 But they never asked for me,
 And that is the reason, I rather guess,
 In the agueish West countree,

That the cold March wind and the doctor and death,
Took off my Deborah Lee,
From the warm sunshine and the opening flowers,
And took her away from me.

Our love was strong as a six-horse team,
Or the love of folks older than we,—
And possibly wiser than we,—
But Death, with the aid of doctor and steam,
Was rather too many for me ;
He closed the peepers, and silenced the breath
Of my sweetheart, Deborah Lee,—
And her form lies cold in the deep, proud mold,
Silent and cold—ah me !

The foot of the hunter shall press the grave,
And the prairie's sweet wild flowers,
In their odorous beauty, around it wave
Through all the sunny hours ;
And the birds shall sing in the tufted grass,
And the nectar laden bee
With his dreamy hum on his gauze wings pass,—
She wakes no more to me.
Oh ! never more to me,
Though the wild birds sing and the wild flowers spring,
She awakes no more to me.

Yet oft in the hush of the dim, still night,
A vision of beauty I see ;
Gliding soft to my bedside—a phantom of light—
Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee,
My bride that was to be,
And I wake to mourn that the Doctor and Death,
And the cold March wind should stop the breath
Of my darling Deborah Lee,
Adorable Deborah Lee,
That angels should want her up in heaven
Before they wanted me.

ABSENCE.—FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face ?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace ?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,—
 Weary with longing? Shall I flee away
 Into past days, and with some fond pretence
 Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
 Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
 Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
 Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive
 To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
 How may I teach my drooping hope to live
 Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
 Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
 In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
 While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
 All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
 For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
 Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
 A noble task-time; and will therein strive
 To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
 More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
 A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
 So may my love and longing hallowed be,
 And thy dear thought an influence divine.

OVER THE HILLS FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

MAY MIGNONETTE.

Sequel to "Over the Hill to the Poor-House"*

OVER the hills to the poor-house sad paths have been made
 to-day,
 For sorrow is near, such as maketh the heads of the young
 turn gray,

* See No. 4, page 27.

Causing the heart of the careless to throb with a fevered
breath—

The sorrow that leads to the chamber whose light has gone
out in death.

To Susan, Rebecca and Isaac, to Thomas and Charley, word
sped

'That Mother was ill and fast failing, perhaps when they
heard might be dead ;

But e'en while they wrote she was praying that some of her
children might come,

To hear from her lips their last blessing before she should
start for her home.

To Susan, poor Susan ! how bitter the agony brought by the
call,

For deep in her heart for her mother wide rooms had been left
after all ;

And now, that she thought, by her fireside one place had been
vacant for years,—

And while "o'er the hills" she was speeding her path might
be traced by her tears.

Rebecca? she heard not the tidings, but those who bent over
her knew

That led by the Angel of Death, near the waves of the river
she drew ;

Delirious, ever she told them her mother was cooling her head,
While, weeping, they thought that ere morning both mother
and child might be dead.

And, kneeling beside her, stern Isaac was quiv'ring in aspen-
like grief,

While waves of sad mem'ry surged o'er him like billows of
wind o'er the leaf ;

"Too late," were the words that had humbled his cold,
haughty pride to the dust,

And Peace, with her olive-boughs laden, crowned loving for-
giveness with trust.

Bowed over his letters and papers, sat Thomas, his brow lined
by thought,

But little he heeded the markets or news of his gains that they
brought ;

His lips grew as pale as his cheek, but new purpose seemed
born in his eye,

And Thomas went "over the hills," to the mother that
shortly must die.

To Charley, her youngest, her pride, came the mother's message that morn,
 And he was away "o'er the hills" ere the sunlight blushed over
 the corn ;
 And, strangest of all, by his side, was the wife he had "brought
 from the town,"
 And silently wept, while her tears strung with diamonds her
 plain mourning gown.

For each had been thinking, of late, how they missed the old
 mother's sweet smile,
 And wond'ring how they could have been so blind and unjust
 all that while ;
 They thought of their harsh, cruel words, and longed to atone
 for the past,
 When swift o'er the heart of vain dreams swept the presence
 of death's chilling blast.

So into the chamber of death, one by one, these sad children
 had crept,
 As they, in their childhood, had done, when mother was tired
 and slept,—
 And peace, rich as then, came to each, as they drank in her
 blessing, so deep,
 That, breathing into her *life*, she fell back in her last blessed
 sleep.

And when "o'er the hills from the poor-house," that mother
 is tenderly borne,
 The life of her life, her loved children, tread softly, and
 silently mourn,
 For theirs is no rivulet sorrow, but deep as the ocean is deep,
 And into our lives, with sweet healing, the balm of their
 bruising may creep.

For swift come the flashings of temper, and torrents of words
 come as swift,
 Till out 'mong the tide-waves of anger, how often we thought-
 lessly drift !
 And heads that are gray with life's ashes, and feet that walk
 down 'mong the dead,
 We send "o'er the hills to the poor-house" for love, and, it
 may be, for bread.

Oh ! when shall we value the living while yet the keen sickle
 is stayed,
 Nor slight the wild flower in its blooming, till all its sweet life
 is decayed ?
 Yet often the fragrance is *richest*, when poured from the bruised
 blossom's soul,
 And "over the hills from the poor-house" the rarest of melo-
 dies roll.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH ON TEMPERANCE.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

I HAVE come before you this beautiful Sabbath afternoon not to speak to you about political parties nor about the details of legislation. I come to speak to you, if possible, heart to heart, soul to soul, not to denounce, but, if possible, to *persuade*. I come not to demand, but to plead with every one of you. I come to speak for that liberty which makes us *free*; that liberty which elevates body and soul above the thralldom of the intoxicating cup. We have passed through scenes that have rocked this land to its centre, on the question whether human slavery should continue on our soil. *It* was but the slavery of the body. *It* was but for this life. But the slavery against which I speak to-day is the slavery of, not only soul and body and talent and heart for *this life*, but is a slavery which *goes beyond the gates of the tomb* to an unending eternity.

We speak of the horrors of war, and there *are* horrors in war. Carnage, and bloodshed, and mutilation, and broken frames, and empty sleeves, and widows' weeds, and childrens' woes, and enormous debts and grinding taxation, *all come from war*, though war may be a necessity for saving a nation's life. But it fails in all its horrors, compared with those that flow from *intoxication*. We shudder at the ravages of pestilence, and famine, but *they* sink into insignificance when compared with the sorrow and anguish that follow in the train of this conqueror of fallen humanity.

I see before me many distinguished in political, social, and business life; and some of them I fear are to-day voluntarily enrolled in the great army of moderate drinkers. When you appeal to them to give the force of their influence and example to the prevention of the evil, their answer is that they have strength to resist—they can quit when they please. Possibly you may have, but before you all I can frankly acknowledge, from what I have seen in public and private life, that *I* dare not touch or taste or handle the wine bowl. You say you are strong. I can

point you to those *stronger* tenfold over than you who began as you have, and who lost in the power of resistance before they knew they were in the power of the tempter. This demon, like death, seems to love a shining mark. *He* only is fortified who has determined not to yield to the *first temptation*.

There is but one class whence he has never drawn a victim. That class has defied him, and will to the end. It is we who stand, God helping us, with our feet on this rock of safety, against which the waves may dash, but they shall dash in vain. I implore you to come and stand with us. I plead with you to come, for I believe that all mankind are my brethren. I believe in the fatherhood of God and in the brotherhood of man. And when I see an inebriate reeling along the streets I feel that, though debased and fallen, he is my brother still, created in the image of God, destined to an eternal hereafter, and it should be *your* duty and *mine* to take him by the hand and seek to place his feet on the same rock on which we stand.

That is what gave such a wonderful triumph to the Washingtonians, this recognizing the duty of individual responsibility. How many of you have gone to your fellow-man when you have seen him on the shore of destruction and tried to save him? Not one! Not one! How dare you on your knees ask God to bless you and yours, when you have not thus proved that you love your neighbor as yourself! This duty should be impressed on your souls by your ministers in the pulpit, by your writers in the public press. More than all things else in the land we need a temperance revival. Whom would it harm? No one.

But come down to the individual home of the man who has become a slave to this demon. Do you find happiness there? Do you find contentment, prosperity? Ah, no. Do you find the wife's cheek lighting up with joy as her husband comes home when the shadows lengthen? Ah, no: her cheek pales at the step of him who pledged her a life of devotion for the love she gave to him. All things are warning you to beware of yielding to this evil. The Scriptures; the men reeling in their cups; your poor-houses, your prisons, the forsaken wives; all cry "*beware*."

In the language of an eminent champion of temperance, "When drink can easily be given up by you, give it up for the sake of your example on others; if it be difficult to give it up, give it up for your own sake."

Choose you this day whether you will stand with us on this rock, defying the snares, and evil, and misery, and woe, and desolation of the tempter, or whether, pursuing your present habit, you will go down the easy descent, till at last, dishonored and disgraced, having lost the respect of others and your own self-respect, you end a miserable and gloomy life by a home in the tomb, from which there is, if inspiration be true, no resurrection that shall take you to a better land.

KNOCKED ABOUT.—DANIELL CONNOLLY.

WHY don't I work? Well, sir, will you
Right here on the spot, give me suthin' to do?
Work! why, sir, I don't want no more
'N a chance in any man's shop or store;
That's what I'm lookin' for every day,
But thar ain't no jobs! well, what d'ye say?
Hain't got nuthin' at present! Just so;
That's how it always is, I know!

Fellows like me ain't wanted much;
Folks are gen'rally jubus of such;
Thinks they ain't the right sort o' stuff—
Blest if it isn't a kind o' rough
On a man to have folks hintin' belief
That he ain't to be trusted more'n a thief,
When p'raps his fingers are cleaner far
'N them o' the chaps that talk so are!

Got a look o' the sea? Well, I 'xpect that's so;
Had a hankerin' that way some years ago,
And run off; I shipped in a whaler fust,
And got cast away; but that warn't the wust;
Took fire, sir, next time, we did, and—well,
We blazed up till everything standin' feil,
And the 1 me and Tom—my mate—and some more
Got off, with a notion of goin' ashore.

But thar warn't no shore to see round thar,
 So we drifted and drifted everywhar
 For a week, and then all but Tom and me
 Was food for the sharks or down in the sea.
 But we prayed—me and Tom—the best we could,
 For a sail. It come, and at last we stood
 On old arth once more, and the Captain told
 Us we was ashore in the laud of gold.

Gold! We did't get much. But we struck
 For the mines, of course, and tried our luck.
 'Twarn't bad at the start, but things went wrong
 Pooty soon, for one night thar come along,
 While we was asleep, some red-skin chaps,
 And they made things lively round thar—perhaps
 Anyhow, we left mighty quick—Tom and me,
 And we didn't go back—kind o' risky yo see!

By'n-by, sir, the war come on, and then
 We 'listed. Poor Tom! I was nigh him when
 It all happened. He looked up and sez, sez he,
 "Bill, it's come to partin' 'twixt you and me,
 Old Chap. I hain't much to leave—here, this knife—
 Stand to your colors, Bill, while you have life!"
 That was all.—Yes, got wounded myself, sir, here,
 And—I'm pensioned on water and air a year!

It ain't much to thank for that I'm alive,
 Knockin' about like this—what a five!
 That's suthin' han'some, now, that is. I'm blest
 If things don't quite frequent turn out for the best
 Arter all! A V! Hi! Luck! It's far more!
 Mister, I kind o' liked the looks o' your store,
 You re a trump, sir, a reg—eh! O, all right!
 I'm off, but you are, sir, a trump, honor bright!
Appleton's Journal.

AT THE WINDOW.—AN EXTRACT.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BUT Enoch yearned to see her face again;
 "If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy." So the thought
 Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth
 At evening when the dull November day

Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below :
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to landward ; but behind,
 With one small gate that opened on the waste,
 Flourished a little garden square and walled :
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
 A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
 But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
 Up by the wall behind the yew ; and thence
 That which he better might have shunned, if griefs
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnished board
 Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth ;
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
 Philip, the slighted suiter of old times,
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
 And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
 Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
 To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy arms,
 Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed :
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe—
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
 Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
 Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and feared

To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

THOUGHTS OF "ENOCH ARDEN."

I'VE been reading "Enoch Arden,"
Where, with slow and measured tread,
He approaches through the garden,
That they still might think him dead.
He would view his children's faces—
If they her resemblance bore—
And observe their childish graces,
Once again, and then no more.

He would see if time's rough fingers
Had with many a wrinkle traced—
While awaiting him she lingered—
On that dear, familiar face;
And perhaps he hoped such feeling
Might have left its traces there,
And that gray was deftly stealing
In among the auburn hair.

For the greatest earthly gladness,
Almost like the joys above,
Which we crave, even to madness,
Is the love of those we love.
If gray hair and pallid faces
Youthful charms completely veil,
In our eyes they seem like graces
If we think for us they pale.

When he turned, and, slowly leaving,
 His poor heart with torment wrung,
 In his hopeless sorrow grieving,
 He escaped a sharper pang ;
 For he knew she long had waited,
 Loth even with his name to part—
 He had never yet been hated,
 She had not been false at heart.

Only those feel all of sorrow
 Who have known their love betrayed,
 And for strength to bear the morrow
 In each lonely night-watch prayed.
 Man may be wronged, and still be cheerful,
 Face storms with undaunted breast,
 But the injury is fearful
 From a hand he still has pressed.

When the loved by death bereft us,
 We can soothe the tender pain ;
 For this hope is surely left us—
 We shall meet them there again.
 We can go where they are sleeping,
 Keeping grave and memory green :—
 When for their folly we are weeping,
 They have fixed a gulf between.

Oh ! what folly, what great madness,
 Can possess a mother's breast,
 Who would change her children's gladness
 For a life of shamed unrest ;
 Who would throw away the pleasures
 That a husband's love inspires ;
 Who would sacrifice home's treasures
 To unhallowed, low desires !

Ah ! there's many an Enoch Arden
 In this hollow, weary life,
 Who has left his home's sweet garden
 Eden-like,—a faithful wife.
 Many a great heart thus in keeping
 She has doomed to hapless fate,—
 And repents with life-long weeping,
 But too late, alas ! too late !

Waterly Magarine.

MODULATION.—LLOYD.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 When desperate heroes grieve with tedious moan,
 And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
 The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
 That voice all modes of passion can express,
 Which marks the proper words with proper stress :
 But none emphatic can that speaker call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on all.
 Some, o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
 Slow and deliberate as the parting toll ;
 Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
 Their words like stage processions stalk along.

All affectation but creates disgust ;
 And e'en in speaking, we may seem too just.
 In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,
 The verb disjointing from its favorite noun,
 While pause, and break, and repetition join
 To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
 With lifeless drawls, insipid and serene ;
 While others thunder every couplet o'er,
 And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
 More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
 In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone ;
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze,
 More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
 Than he, who, swollen with impetuous rage,
 Bullies the bulky phantom of the stage.

He who, in earnest, studies o'er his part,
 Will find true nature cling about his heart.
 The modes of grief are not included all
 In the white handkerchief and mourned drawl ;
 A single look more marks the internal woe,
 Than all the windings of the lengthened Oh !
 Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
 And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes :
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
 And all the passions, all the soul is there.

MOUSE-HUNTING.—B. P. SHILLABER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MRS. PARTINGTON.

It was midnight, deep and still, in the mansion of Mrs. Partington,—as it was, very generally, about town,—on a cold night in March. So profound was the silence that it awakened Mrs. P., and she raised herself upon her elbow to listen. No sound greeted her ears, save the tick of the old wooden clock in the next room, which stood there in the dark, like an old crone, whispering and gibbering to itself. Mrs. Partington relapsed beneath the folds of the blankets, and had one eye again well-coaxed towards the realm of dreams, while the other was holding by a very frail tenure upon the world of reality, when her ear was saluted by the nibble of a mouse, directly beneath her chamber window, and the mouse was evidently gnawing her chamber carpet.

Now, if there is an animal in the catalogue of creation that she dreads and detests, it is a mouse; and she has a vague and indefinite idea that rats and mice were made with especial regard to her individual torment. As she heard the sound of the nibble by the window, she arose again upon her elbow, and cried "*Shoo! Shoo!*" energetically, several times. The sound ceased, and she fondly fancied that her trouble was over. Again she laid herself away as carefully as she would have lain eggs at forty-five cents a dozen, when—*nibble, nibble, nibble!*—she once more heard the odious sound by the window. "*Shoo!*" cried the old lady again, at the same time hurling her shoe at the spot from whence the sound proceeded, where the little midnight marauder was carrying on his deprivations.

A light burned upon the hearth—she couldn't sleep without a light,—and she strained her eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of her tormenter playing about amid the shadows of the room. All again was silent, and the clock, giving an admonitory tremble, struck twelve. Midnight! and Mrs. Partington counted the tintinabulous knots as they ran off the reel of Time, with a saddened heart.

Nibble, nibble, nibble!—again that sound. The old lady sighed as she hurled the other shoe at her invisible annoyance. It was all without avail, and “shooing” was bootless; for the sound came again to her wakeful ear. At this point her patience gave out, and, conquering her dread of the cold, she arose and opened the door of her room that led to a corridor, when, taking the light in one hand, and a shoe in the other, she made the circuit of the room, and explored every nook and cranny in which a mouse could ensconce himself. She looked under the bed, and under the old chest of drawers, and under the wash-stand, and “shooed” until she could “shoo” no more.

The reader’s own imagination, if he has an imagination skilled in limning, must draw the picture of the old lady while upon this exploring expedition, “accoutred as she was,” in search of the ridiculous mouse. We have our own opinion upon the subject, and must say,—with all due deference to the years and virtues of Mrs. P., and with all regard for personal attractions very striking in one of her years,—we should judge that she cut a very queer figure, indeed.

Satisfying herself that the mouse must have left the room, she closed the door, deposited the light upon the hearth, and again sought repose. How gratefully a warm bed feels, when exposure to the night air has chilled us, as we crawl to its enfolding covert! How we nestle down, like an infant by its mother’s breast, and own no joy superior to that we feel,—coveting no regal luxury while revelling in the elysium of feathers! So felt Mrs. P., as she again ensconced herself in bed. The clock in the next room struck one.

She was again near the attainment of the state when dreams are rife, when, close by her chamber-door, outside she heard that hateful nibble renewed which had marred her peace before. With a groan she arose, and, seizing her lamp, she opened the door, and had the satisfaction to hear the mouse drop, step by step, until he reached the floor below. Convinced that she was now rid of him for the night, she returned to bed, and addressed herself to sleep. The room grew dim; in the weariness of her spirit, the chest of drawers in the corner was fast losing its identity and becoming something else; in a moment

more—*nibble, nibble, nibble!* again outside of the chamber-door, as the clock in the next room struck two.

Anger, disappointment, desperation, fired her mind with a new determination. Once more she arose, but this time she put on a shoe!—her dexter shoe. Ominous movement! It is said that when a woman wets her finger, fleas had better flee. The star of that mouse's destiny was setting, and was now near the horizon. She opened the door quickly, and, as she listened a moment, she heard him drop again from stair to stair, on a speedy passage down.

The entry below was closely secured, and no door was open to admit of his escape. This she knew, and a triumphant gleam shot athwart her features, revealed by the rays of the lamp. She went slowly down the stairs, until she arrived at the floor below, where, snugly in a corner, with his little bead-like black eyes looking up at her roguishly, was the gnawer of her carpet, and the annoyer of her comfort. She moved towards him, and he, not coveting him the closer acquaintance, darted by her. She pursued him to the other end of the entry, and again he passed by her. Again and again she pursued him, with no better success. At last, when in most doubt as to which side would conquer, Fortune, perched upon the banister, turned the scale in favor of Mrs. P. The mouse, in an attempt to run by her, presumed too much upon former success. He came too near her upraised foot. It fell upon his musipilar beauties, like an avalanche of snow upon a new tile, and he was dead forever! Mrs. Partington gazed upon him as he lay before her. Though she was glad at the result, she could but sigh at the necessity which impelled the violence; but for which the mouse might have long continued a blessing to the society in which he moved.

Slowly and sadly she marched up stairs,
With her shoe all sullied and gory;
And the watch, who saw't through the front door squares,
Told us this part of the story.

That mouse did not trouble Mrs. Partington again that night, and the old clock in the next room struck three before sleep again visited the eyelids of the relict of Corporal Paul.

THE RIVER.

A WOMAN stood by the river ;
 At night by the brink of the river ;
 She still was young, and she had been fair,
 But deep on her brow was the brand of care,
 And rain-drops fell from her tresses bare,
 Into the depths of the river.

Hold her back from the river—
 Angels of grace ! from the river
 That writhes like a serpent beneath her eyes,
 And claims to whirl her along as its prize,
 Away ! body and soul—forever.

Count her not with the victims of lies, and passion, and gold ;—
 Pity we have for the fallen—she is but hungry and cold ;
 Think of her not as a human moth, scorched in ambition's lure ;
 She is no heroine of a romance, only one of the poor ;
 Only one of the suffering poor, for whom no tears are shed,
 Whose life is a sigh—
 Who faint and die—
 For want of a morsel of bread.

Hold her back from the river—
 Angels of grace ! from the river !
 A sound like a wail
 Passed into the gale,
 That rippled the tide of the river.

“Cold ! Black ! Deep !
 In thy water's icy flow ;
 Cold ! Black ! Deep !
 In the gurgling stream below.
 O, thou deep rushing river !
 Let me find repose in thee,
 And the ills of my life would flow away,
 As thy waters ebb to the sea.

“There is the peace for a stricken heart.
 For a life without pity or love ;
 Lulled to rest on the gold-bright sands,
 By the murmuring wave above.

“Cold ! Black ! Deep !
 Give me at least a home ;
 Cold ! Black ! Deep !
 Rock me to sleep with thy moan.”

Still she stood by the river—
 Close to the brink of the river,
 When the city was still,
 And the night was chill,
 And clouds, like the wings of the Spirits of Ill,
 Were hiding the stars from the river.

Hold her back from the river—
 Angels of grace! from the river
 That writhes like a serpent beneath her eyes,
 And claims to whirl her along as its prize
 Away! body and soul—forever.

Count her not as a rebel against the Lord Most High,
 She follows not the coward's creed that it is brave to die,
 Oh, she would work on cheerfully for what to your dogs you
 give,
 Grow happy and old, if hunger and cold did not make it such
 pain to live!

See, she kneels by the river—
 Gazes on high from the river;
 And the hand of the merciful Lord of all
 Parted aside the night's black pall,
 And the lights of the hosts of Heaven fall
 Bright on the glittering river!

Rivet her gaze on the river—
 Angels of grace! on the river!
 A sound like a soul's redeeming prayer,
 Falls hushed and low on the morning air,
 As the tide flows back in the river.

“Cold! Black! Deep!
 If I give my soul to thee,
 Cold! Black! Deep!
 For the dread eternity,
 Have I the hope that with mortal life
 Will cease immortal pain?
 Have I no hope that of happiness lost,
 Some wreck may return again?”

“Oh, deep and rushing river,
 I am not fit to die—
 Grace on my soul comes streaming,
 As the light on thy waves from on high.”

“There is the home for a stricken heart,
 By the heavenly Throne above;
 Ne'er to be sought at my own weak will;
 But won by the Saviour's love.”

“Cold! Black! Deep!
 Flow on with thy ceaseless moan,
 Cold! Black! Deep!
 Glide on in thy course—alone.”

GOLDEN SHOES.

MAY bought golden shoes for her boy,
 Golden leather from heel to toe,
 With silver tassel to tie at the top,
 And dainty lining as white as snow.
I bought a pair of shoes as well
 For the restless feet of a little lad,
 Common and coarse and iron tipped—
 The best I could for the sum I had.

“Golden,” May said, “to match his curls.”
 I never saw her petted boy;
I warrant he is but a puny elf,
 And pink and white, like a china toy;
 And who is he, that he should walk
 All shod in gold on the king’s highway,
 While little Fred, with a king’s own grace,
 Must wear rough brogans every day?

And why can May from her little hand
 Fling baubles at her idol’s feet,
 While **I** can hardly shelter Fred
 From the cruel stones of the broken street?
I envy not her silken robe,
 Nor the jewels’ shine, nor the handmaid’s care,
 But, ah! to give what I cannot,
 This, this is so hard to bear.

But down I’ll crush this bitter thought,
 And bear no grudge to pretty May,—
 Though she is rich, and **I** am poor,
 Since we were girls at Clover Bay,—
And ask the Lord to guide the feet,
 So painfully and coarsely shod,
 Till they are fit to walk the street
 That runs hard by the throne of **God**.

"Good-bye, friend Ellen ;" "Good-bye, Ma ;"
 What dims her eyes so bright and blue,
 As she looks at the rugged shoes askance ?
 "I wish my boy could wear these, too,
 But he will never walk, they say."
 So May, with a little sigh has gone,
 And I am left in a wondering mood,
 To think of my wicked thoughts alone.

It needs not that I tell you how
 I clasped my sturdy rogue that night,
 And thanked the God who gave him strength,
 And made him such a merry wight ;
 Nor envied May one gift she held,
 If with it I must also choose
 That sight of little crippled feet,
 Albeit shod in golden shoes.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

A Speech delivered in the Legislature of New York, in the year 1845, by the
 HON. J. W. SAVAGE.

I **EARNESTLY** hope that this resolution will be adopted by the house, without a dissenting vote. The subject is one of deep interest to every man who first drew his breath on American soil. Sir, it was beautifully said of Washington, that "God made him childless that the nation might call him Father."

Mount Vernon was his home, it is now his grave. How fitting, then, sir, it is that we, his children, should be the owners of the homestead and of our father's sepulchre. No stranger's money should buy it, and no stranger's hand should drive the ploughshare over ashes sacred to every American. No mere individual is worthy to be the owner of a spot enriched with such hallowed memories. The mortal remains of the nation's idol should not be subject to the whim, caprice or cupidity of any man. These memorials are national, and to the nation they should belong, and it is the duty of every citizen to guard them from violence and dishonor.

Sir, no monument has ever been erected over the grave

“Cold ! Black ! Deep !
 Flow on with thy ceaseless moan,
 Cold ! Black ! Deep !
 Glide on in thy course—alone.”

GOLDEN SHOES.

MAY bought golden shoes for her boy,
 Golden leather from heel to toe,
 With silver tassel to tie at the top,
 And dainty lining as white as snow.
 I bought a pair of shoes as well
 For the restless feet of a little lad,
 Common and coarse and iron tipped—
 The best I could for the sum I had.

“Golden,” May said, “to match his curls.”
 I never saw her petted boy ;
 I warrant he is but a puny elf,
 And pink and white, like a china toy ;
 And who is he, that he should walk
 All shod in gold on the king’s highway,
 While little Fred, with a king’s own grace,
 Must wear rough brogans every day ?

And why can May from her little hand
 Fling baubles at her idol’s feet,
 While I can hardly shelter Fred
 From the cruel stones of the broken street ?
 I envy not her silken robe,
 Nor the jewels’ shine, nor the handmaid’s care,
 But, ah ! to give what I cannot,
 This, this is so hard to bear.

But down I’ll crush this bitter thought,
 And bear no grudge to pretty May,—
 Though she is rich, and I am poor,
 Since we were girls at Clover Bay,—
 And ask the Lord to guide the feet,
 So painfully and coarsely shod,
 Till they are fit to walk the street
 That runs hard by the throne of God.

“Good-bye, friend Ellen;” “Good-bye, Ma;”
 What dims her eyes so bright and blue,
 As she looks at the rugged shoes askance?
 “I wish my boy could wear these, too,
 But he will never walk, they say.”
 So May, with a little sigh has gone,
 And I am left in a wondering mood,
 To think of my wicked thoughts alone.

It needs not that I tell you how
 I clasped my sturdy rogue that night,
 And thanked the God who gave him strength,
 And made him such a merry wight;
 Nor envied May one gift she held,
 If with it I must also choose
 That sight of little crippled feet,
 Albeit shod in golden shoes.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

A Speech delivered in the Legislature of New York, in the year 1845, by the
 HON. J. W. SAVAGE.

I **EARNESTLY** hope that this resolution will be adopted by the house, without a dissenting vote. The subject is one of deep interest to every man who first drew his breath on American soil. Sir, it was beautifully said of Washington, that “God made him childless that the *nation* might call him Father.”

Mount Vernon was his home, it is now his grave. How fitting, then, sir, it is that we, his children, should be the owners of the homestead and of our father’s sepulchre. No stranger’s money should buy it, and no stranger’s hand should drive the ploughshare over ashes sacred to every American. No mere individual is worthy to be the owner of a spot enriched with such hallowed memories. The mortal remains of the nation’s idol should not be subject to the whim, caprice or cupidity of any man. These memorials are national, and to the nation they should belong, and it is the duty of every citizen to guard them from violence and dishonor.

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The deacon was troubled ; knew not what to do ;
 'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so
 About "those carnal potatoes,"
 So, ending his prayer, he started for home ;
 But, as the door closed behind him, he heard a deep groan,
 "*O, give to the hungry, potatoes !*"

And that groan followed him all the way home ;
 In the midst of the night it haunted his room—
 "*O, give to the hungry, potatoes !*"
 He could bear it no longer ; arose and dressed :
 From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
 A bag of his *best* potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut ;
 Her sleepless eyes she had not shut ;
 But there she sat in that old arm-chair,
 With the same wan features, the same sad air
 And, entering in, he poured on the floor
 A bushel or more from his goodly store,
 Of choicest potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
 Her face was haggard and wan no more.
 "Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray ?"
 "Yes," said the widow, "*now* you may."
 And he kneeled him down on the sanded floor,
 Where he had poured his goodly store,
 And such a prayer the deacon prayed,
 As never before his lips essayed ;
 No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
 He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
 And the widow responded aloud "amen !"
 But said no more of potatoes.

And would *you*, who hear this simple tale,
 Pray for the poor, and praying, "*prevail ?*"
 Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds :
 Search out the poor, their wants and their needs :
 Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
 For wisdom and guidance,—for all these are good,—
 But don't forget the potatoes.

CATILINE'S LAST HARANGUE TO HIS ARMY.—CROLY.

BRAVE comrades ! all is ruined ! I disdain
 To hide the truth from you. The die is thrown !
 And now, let each that wishes for long life
 Put up his sword, and kneel for peace to Rome.
 Ye are all free to go.—What ! no man stirs !
 Not one !—a soldier's spirit in you all ?
 Give me your hands ! (This moisture in *my eyes*
 Is womanish—'twill pass.) My noble hearts !
 Well have you chosen to die ! For, in my mind,
 The grave is better than o'erburthened life ;—
 Better the quick release of glorious wounds,
 Than the eternal taunts of galling tongues ;—
 Better the spear-head quivering in the heart,
 Than daily struggle against Fortune's *curse* ;—
 Better, in manhood's muscle and high blood,
 To leap the gulf, than totter to its edge
 In poverty, dull pain, and base decay.—
 Once more, I say,—are ye resolved ?
 Then each man to his tent, and take the arms
 That he would love to die in,—for, *this hour*,
 We storm the Consul's camp.—A last farewell !
 When next we meet, we'll have no time to look,
 How parting clouds a soldier's countenance :—
 Few as we are, we'll rouse them with a peal
 That shall shake Rome !—
 Now to your cohorts' heads,—the word's—*Revenge.*

 THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

I SAT an hour to-day, John,
 Beside the old brook stream—
 Where we were school-boys in old time,
 When manhood was a dream ;
 The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
 The pond is dried away,
 I scarce believe that you would know
 The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,—
 Beneath our locust trees,
 The wild rose by the window's side
 No more waves in the breeze ;

The scattered stones look desolate,
 The sod they rested on
 Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
 Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut-tree is dead, John,
 And what is sadder now,
 The grape-vine of that same old swing
 Hangs on the withered bough.
 I read our names upon the bark,
 And found the pebbles rare
 Laid up beneath the hollow side,
 As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
 I looked for our old spring—
 That bubbled down the alder path
 Three paces from the swing ;
 The rushes grow upon the brink,
 The pool is black and bare,
 And not a foot for many a day,
 It seems has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
 That wandered up the hill—
 'Tis darker than it used to be,
 And seems so lone and still ;
 The birds yet sing upon the boughs
 Where once the sweet grapes hung,
 But not a voice of human kind
 Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
 That lies as in old time,
 The same half panel in the path
 We used so oft to climb—
 And thought how, o'er the bars of life,
 Our playmates had passed on,
 And left me counting on the spot
 The faces that were gone.

PUTTING UP STOVES.

THE first step a person takes is to put on a very old and ragged coat, under the impression that when he gets his mouth full of plaster it will keep his shirt-bosom clean.

Next he gets his hands inside the place where the pipe ought to go, and blacks his fingers, and then he carefully makes a black mark down the side of his nose. It is impossible to make any headway in doing this work, until this mark is made. Having got his face properly marked, the victim is ready to begin the ceremony. The head of the family—who is the big goose of the sacrifice—grasps one side of the bottom of the stove, and his wife and the hired girl take hold of the other side. In this way the load is started from the woodshed toward the parlor. Going through the door, the head of the family will carefully swing his side of the stove around, and jam his thumb-nail against the door-post. This part of the ceremony is never omitted. Having got the stove comfortably in place, the next thing is to find the legs. Two of them are left inside the stove since the Spring before; the other two must be hunted after for twenty-five minutes. They are usually found under the coal. Then the head of the family holds up one side of the stove while his wife puts two of the legs in place, and next he holds up the other side while the other two are fixed, and one of the first two falls out. By the time the stove is on its legs he gets reckless, and takes off his old coat, regardless of his linen. Then he goes off for the pipe, and gets a cinder in his eye. It don't make any difference how well the pipe was put up last year, it will be found a little too short or a little too long. The head of the family jams his hat over his eyes, and, taking a pipe under each arm, goes to the tin-shop to have it fixed. When he gets back he steps upon one of the best parlor chairs to see if the pipe fits, and his wife makes him get down for fear he will scratch the varnish off the chair with the nails in his boot-heel. In getting down he will surely step on the cat, and may thank his stars if it is not the baby. Then he gets an old chair, and climbs up to the chimney again, to find that in cutting the pipe off, the end has been left too big for the hole in the chimney. So he goes to the woodshed, and splits on one side of the end of the pipe with an old axe, and squeezes it in his hands to make it smaller. Finally he gets the pipe in shape, and finds that the stove does not stand true. Then himself and wife and the hired girl move the stove to the left, and the legs fall out again

The next move is to the right. More difficulty with the legs. Moved to the front a little. Elbow not even with the hole in the chimney, and he goes to the woodshed after some little blocks. While putting the blocks under the legs, the pipe comes out of the chimney. That remedied, the elbow keeps tipping over, to the great alarm of his wife. He then gets the dinner-table out, puts the old chair on it, gets his wife to hold the chair, and balances himself on it to drive some nails into the ceiling. Drops the hammer on his wife's head. At last he gets the nails driven, makes a wire-swing to hold the pipe, hammers a little here, pulls a little there, takes a long breath, and announces the ceremony completed.

Job never put up any stoves. It would have ruined his reputation if he had.

DRAFTED.—MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

MY son! What! Drafted? My Harry! Why, man, 'tis a
boy at his books;

No taller, I'm sure, than your Annie—as delicate, too, in his
looks.

Why, it seems but a day since he helped me, girl-like, in my
kitchen at tasks;

He drafted! Great God, can it be that our President knows
what he asks?

He never could wrestle, this boy, though in spirit as brave as
the best;

Narrow-chested, a little, you notice, like him who has long
been at rest.

Too slender for over-much study—why, his master has made
him to-day

Go out with his ball on the common—and you've drafted a
child at his play!

“Not a patriot?” Fie! Did I whimper when Robert stood up
with his gun,

And the hero-blood chafed in his forehead, the evening we
heard of Bull Run?

Pointing his finger at Harry, but turning his eyes to the wall,
“There's a staff growing up for your age, mother,” said Rob
ert, “if I am to fall.”

“Eighteen?” Oh, I know! And yet narrowly; just a wee babe
 on the day
 When his father got up from a sick-bed and cast his last ballot
 for Clay;
 Proud of his boy and his ticket, said he, “A new morsel of fame
 We’ll lay on the candidate’s altar”—and christened the child
 with his name.

Oh, what have I done,—a weak woman, in what have I meddled
 with harm!
 Troubling only my God for the sunshine and rain on my rough
 little farm,—
 That my ploughshares are beaten to swords, and whetted be-
 fore my eyes,
 That my tears must cleanse a foul nation, my lamb be a sac-
 rifice?

Oh, ’tis true there’s a country to save, man, and ’tis true there
 is no appeal,
 But did God see my boy’s name lying the uppermost one in
 the wheel?
 Five stalwart sons has my neighbor, and never the lot upon one;
 Are these things Fortune’s caprices, or is it God’s will that is
 done?

Are the others too precious for resting where Robert is taking
 his rest,
 With the pictured face of young Annie lying over the rent in
 his breast?
 Too tender for parting with sweethearts? Too fair to be crip-
 pled or scarred?
 My boy! Thank God for these tears—I was growing so bitter
 and hard!

* * * * *

Now read me a page in the Book, Harry, that goes in your
 knapsack to-night,
 Of the eye that sees when the sparrow grows weary and falters
 in flight;
 Talk of something that’s nobler than living, of a Love that is
 higher than mine,
 And faith which has planted its banner where the heavenly
 camp-fires shine.

Talk of something that watches us softly, as the shadows glide
 down in the yard;
 That shall go with my soldier to battle, and stand with my
 picket on guard.
 Spirits of loving and lost ones—watch softly with Harry to-night,
 For to-morrow he goes forth to battle—to arm him for Freedom
 and Right!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.—F. M. FINCH.

The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all :—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain :—

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done ;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won :—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead !
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

PUBLIC VIRTUE.—HENRY CLAY.

I HOPE, that in all that relates to personal firmness, all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life,—whatever may be attempted to threaten or alarm a soul not easily swayed by opposition, or awed or intimidated by menace,—a stout heart and a steady eye, that can survey, unmoved and undaunted, any mere personal perils that assail this poor, transient, perishing frame, I may, without disparagement, compare with other men.

But there is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess,—a boldness to which I dare not aspire, a valor which I cannot covet. I cannot lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I cannot, I have not the courage to do. I cannot interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that.

I would not, I *dare* not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the *greatest* courage to be able to bear the imputation of the *want* of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in *private* life, are vices which partake of the character of *crimes*, in the conduct of *public* affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions cannot see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness,—*himself*.

The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in *his* impenetrable bosom. That patriotism, which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grovelling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of *death* itself,—*that is public virtue*; that is the *noblest*, the *sublimest*, of all public virtues!

drop the voice.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.*—WILL. M. CARLETON.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how do you do to-day? You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay, Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V; For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

* See "Betsey and I are Out," in No. 4, page 149.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
 Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do ;
 And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
 They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to
 drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load ;
 No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road ;
 For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
 And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might
 have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
 When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead ;
 And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
 And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to
 blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
 Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind ;
 And these things they flashed all through me, as you know
 things sometimes will,
 When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every thing is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
 And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back,
 And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in
 two ;"
 And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I came in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
 And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light ;
 Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
 But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
 As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see ;
 And I crammed the agreement down in my pocket as well as
 I could,
 And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste
 good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house,
 But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch
 a mouse ;
 And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
 And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drewed the agreement out,
An give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas
about,

And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat,

Then Betsey she got her specks from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself ;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much ;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-stream-
in' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years.

I don't know what you'll think, Sir,—I didn't come to in-
quire—

But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire ;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow ;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash ;
And she said in regard to *heaven*, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it *here on earth*.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night.
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew
light ;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an *ancient virgin* took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss ;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two ;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do ;
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than
half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talking in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while ;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
'That that there writton agreement of yours was just the makin'
of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer ; don't stop short of an X ;
 Make it *more* if you want to, for I have got the checks ;
 I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
 For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in
 gold.

Harper's Weekly.

ONE NIGHT WITH GIN.

I'LL take some sugar and gin, if you please ;
 I've a hacking cough perhaps 'twill ease ;
 Exposed myself yesterday ; caught a severe cold, —
 And something warm—for it's good, I am told.

Some say it's injurious ; and no doubt it is
 To men who can't drink and attend to their biz ;
 I have my opinion of men who cannot
 Drink now and then without being a sot.

Wasting their lives, stunting their brains,
 Binding their families in poverty's chains
 Seeking a bed in the gutter, like swine
 Forgetting they're human for whisky and wine.

But of course you don't sell to that class of men ;
 Don't blame you—correct—there's nothing in them ;
 They're a damage to trade ; they injure your bar
 More than their purses contribute, by far.

Another glass, if you please ;—that's excellent gin.
 My cough, I think, 's better than when I came in ;
 Import this yourself? From Holland, you say?
 Like your taste for pure drinks. Here's a V ; take your pay.

By the Good Templar's I'm annoyed and perplexed,
 Coaxed to join their society until I am vexed.
 A piece of absurdity too foreign to think
 That one can't indulge in a good social drink.

Over myself I know I've control,
 I can sip now and then from the rich flowing bowl,
 Drink or not drink, do either with ease,—
 What a pity all men can't do as they please !

Have a drink, did you say? Thank you, here's luck,—
That's the genuine article—no common truck.
When I start, prepare me a flask of that old,
For I'm certain it's helping my terrible cold.

So fill up the glasses, and now drink with me,
I've plenty of money, if you don't believe it, see;
Look at these fifties, these twenties, this ten.
Here's to you, drink hearty, and—(hic)—fill 'em again.

Stranger—(hic)—I'm getting tired on my feet,
So let's fill up and drink—(hic)—, then find a seat.
(Hic)—I like your appearance—(hic)—can see in your face
That confidence in you is never misplaced.

With your permission I'll—(hic)—rest here a spell,
For, mister—(hic)—the fact is I'm not—(hic)—feeling well.
Guess you may give me—(hic)—a glass of that best;
I think it's first-rate for a cold—(hic)—in the chest.

Heavy eyes, heavy heart, thirsty and mad;
The gin is all gone, the head's feeling bad;
The tongue's dry and parched; he calls for a drink
To waken his wits and to help him to think.

Then looks for his friend, the one of last night,
So winning and pleasant, so kind and polite;
But he's gone, and a rough-looking man's in his place,
With a dark, evil eye, and a coarse-bearded face.

He's told that his "*friend*," so genial and witty,
Receiving a dispatch, has just left the city.
The wretched young man then feels for his purse,
Only to ejaculate "*Gone!*" with a curse.

He appeals to the bar, charges robbery, theft,
Calls for the man he's informed has just left,
Then gently reminded they do not permit
Their establishment cursed in a mad drunken fit;

That he never lost money, had none to lose,—
Himself a thief, vagabond, thus to abuse
A respectable house, where gentlemen come
To socially quaff their ale, gin, and rum.

Then rudely cast, in the cold, open street,
Moneyless, hungry, nothing to eat—
No food for thought but reflection of shame,
And a head half-crazed with a sobering pain.

THE DYING BOY.

I **KNEW** a boy, whose infant feet had trod
 Upon the blossoms of some seven springs,
 And when the eighth came round, and called him out
 To gambol in the sun, he turned away,
 And sought his chamber, to lie down and die !
 'Twas night—he summoned his accustomed friends,
 And, on this wise, bestowed his last bequest :—

Mother ! I'm dying now—
 There is deep suffocation in my breast,
 As if some heavy hand my bosom prest ;
 And on my brow

I feel the cold sweat stand :
 My lips grow dry and tremulous, and my breath
 Comes feebly up. O, tell me ! is this death ?
 Mother ! your hand—

Here—lay it on my wrist,
 And place the other thus, beneath my head,
 And say, sweet mother !—say, when I am dead,
 Shall I be missed ?

Never beside your knee
 Shall I kneel down again at night to pray,
 Nor with the morning wake, and sing the lay,
 You taught to me !

O, at the time of prayer,
 When you look round and see a vacant seat,
 You will not wait then for my coming feet—
 You'll miss me there !

Father ! I'm going home !
 To the good home you speak of, that blest land,
 Where it is one bright summer always, and
 Storms do not come.

I must be happy then ;
 From pain and death you say I shall be free—
 That sickness never enters there, and we
 Shall meet again !

Brother !—the little spot
 I used to call *my* garden, where long hours
 We've stayed to watch the budding things and flowers,
 Forget it not !

Plant there some box or pine—
 Something that lives in winter, and will be
 A verdant offering to my memory,
 And call it mine !

Sister ! my young rose tree—
 That all the spring has been my pleasant care,
 Just putting forth its leaves so green and fair,
 I give to thee.

And when its roses bloom,
 I shall be gone away—my short life done !
 But will you not bestow a single one
 Upon my tomb ?

Now mother ! sing the tune
 You sang last night—I'm weary and must sleep !
 Who was it called my name ?—Nay, do not weep,
 You'll all come soon !

Morning spread over earth her rosy wings—
 And that meek sufferer, cold and ivory pale,
 Lay on his couch asleep ! The gentle air
 Came through the open window, freighted with
 The savory odors of the early spring—
 He breathed it not !—The laugh of passers by
 Jarred like a discord in some mournful tune,
 But marred not his slumbers—he was dead !

CATILINE EXPELLED.—CICERO.

At length, Romans, we are rid of Catiline ! We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, breathing mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He is gone ; he is fled ; he has escaped ; he has broken away. No longer, within the very walls of the city, shall he plot her ruin. We have forced him from secret plots into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason ! Would that his attendants had not been so few ! Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures ; be speedy, and you may overtake him before night, on the Aurelian road. Let him not languish, deprived of your

society. Haste to join the congenial crew that compose his army; *his* army, I say,—for who doubts that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder and conflagration!

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies; and first to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your Consuls and Generals; next, against that miserable, outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy! On the one side chastity contends; on the other, wantonness; here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profaneness; here constancy, there rage; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust; in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice; and, lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were even human aid to fail, would not the immortal Gods empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

A COMICAL DUN.—JOHN MCKEYVER.

Dear Ray:

GOLD is money, and money is gold;
 Money is power too, we're told,—
 A power we find quite hard to hold,
 But *harder* it is to get it.—
 We crave, and the passions all unfold;
 Crime is purchased, and virtue is sold,—
 Our very natures grow warm or cold,—
 As we borrow, beg, marry, or let it.

Talking of money, puts me in mind
 How many there are of the human kind
 Sore plagued with the sin of being "behind;"—
 Of having the "shorts," and being "in need;"—
 And out at the elbows, and running to seed,
 Empty in pockets, and out at the toes,
 And "nary a red" to soothe their woes.

Now, we know that a simple ten dollar note,
 In the channels of trade kept active afloat
 And changing hands nimbly during the day,
 Some hundreds of dollars of debts will pay.
 And could we this qualification enchain
 To our own individual use, it is plain
 That what it would do for the public, you see
 'Twould also accomplish for you or for me.—
 But now for the cream of this missive of fun,
 Which I own in advance, is a *comical dun* :—

We hear from the distant Isle of Japan,
 That Mandarin Ming owes Bumbo Jam ;
 And the latter just having sustained some reverses,
 And vented the usual Japanese curses,
 In short, having spent to his very last "lac,"
 Is cleaned out, collapsed, and flat on his back :
 Now, Bumbo Jam, ruined, 'tis certainly plain
 Must live, and must eat, and must drink just the same,
 So feeling in need of fricasseed cat,
 A dish of stewed snails, or a nice devilled rat,
 Makes tracks for the office of Mandarin Ming,
 And thus he salutes him, in Japanese "ling :"
 "Hi yah ! Chee-chow-chow, cum oolong boo !
 Si-see. Suchongkum, hong forkee, o-doo !"
 In English,— "Look here you grey old sinner,
 Just fork out enough to buy me a dinner,
 And pay up the balance as soon as you can,
 For Bumbo's a most unfortunate man."

Now Mandarin Ming sends over the sea,
 To famed New York, to his consignee,
 This letter :—"Remit by next packet to me,
 The proceeds of all my Hyson Tea,
 Cinnamon, nutmegs, silks, and Bohea."
 The result of this is, that soon, one and all,
 This consignee's debtors are subject to call ;
 And they in their turn, must actively dun
 The debtors who owe them, every one.
 So, Tom he duns Dick, and Dick duns Daniel,
 And Dan proceeds to hurry up Samuel ;
 Sam shins over and wakes up Lew,
 Who essays a call on Levy the Jew,
 But failing to get either promise or pay,
 Drops in upon Joe, who lives over the way
 He, prompt and obliging, runs round the corner,
 And presents his account, to his friend Harry Horner ;
 Harry asks time to see Alick Weaver,
 Alick then stirs up one John McKeever,—
 John forks over ; but the very next day
 (And meaning his compliments only to pay.)
 We find *him* a-saying "Good-morning" to Ray.

'Tis so all over the world, friend Ray !
 Where'er are presented demands for pay :—
 One little demand, howe'er small it may be,
 May chance to affect even you and me,
 Tho' made in a distant remote "countrie."
 And could we the ramification pursue,
 Of all the demands that are made upon you,
 Or on me, or in fact upon any other,
 It might be no very great feat, to discover
 That the demand, herein made upon Ray,
 Might perchance had its birth off in Botany Bay.

Now after this effort, perhaps you may say
 "'Tis fun to be dunned in so pleasant a way,
 He's a trump of the very first water :—"
 If so, please send me amount of my claim,
 Or else I may write in a different strain,
 To say that I think you "had oughter."

WHAT DOES IT MATTER.

It matters little where I was born,
 Or if my parents were rich or poor,
 Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn
 Or walked in the pride of wealth secure ;—
 But whether I live an honest man,
 And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
 I tell you my brother, as plain as I can,
 It matters *much!*

It matters little how long I stay
 In a world of sorrow, sin, and care ;
 Whether in youth I am called away,
 Or live till my bones of flesh are bare ;—
 But whether I do the best I can
 To soften the weight of adversity's touch
 On the faded cheek of my fellow man,
 It matters *much!*

It matters little where be my grave,
 If on the land, or in the sea ;
 By purling brook, 'neath stormy wave,
 It matters little or nought to me ;—
 But whether the angel of death comes down
 And marks my brow with a loving touch,
 As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
 It matters *much!*

HM

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night," had been said,
 And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
 There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
 And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
 For to-night their stern father's command had been given
 That they should retire precisely at seven
 Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
 With questions unheard of than ever before;
 He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
 No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
 And he hoped after this, he should never more hear,
 How he scrambled down chimneys with presents, each year.
 And this was the reason that two little heads,
 So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.

Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten—
 Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
 When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
 And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
 "Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
 "I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
 For somehow, it makes me so sorry because
 Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus';
 Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
 For he came every year before mamma died;
 But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
 And God would hear everything mamma would say,
 And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
 With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
 "Well, why tant we pay dest as mamma did then,—
 And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
 "I've been thinking so, too," and, without a word more
 Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
 And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
 And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
 "Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe,
 That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
 You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
 And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
 Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
 And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee,
 I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
 And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring:

Bless papa—dear Jesus, and cause him to see
 That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
 Don't let him get fretful and angry again,
 At dear brother Willie, and Annie, Amen!"
 "Peas Desus 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
 And bing us some pesents before it is 'ight;
 I want he should div me a nice ittle sed,
 With bight, shiny unners, and all painted yed;
 A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,—
 Amen,—and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended they raised up their heads,
 And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
 They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,
 And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
 Ere the father had thought of his children again;
 He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
 And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes;
 "I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
 "And should not have sent them so early to bed;
 But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
 For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
 But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
 And that I denied them the thrice asked for kiss;
 But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door,
 For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
 So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
 And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers.
 His Annie's "bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
 And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
 "Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
 "How I lounged when a child to have Christmas draw nigh
 I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
 "By answering their prayers, ere I sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,
 Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown;
 Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
 A millionaire forcing the cold driving sleet,
 Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
 From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring.
 Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,
 That the various presents outnumbered a score;
 Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
 And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed.
 Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
 By the side of a table spread out for a tea;
 A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
 And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;

A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
 With bright shining runners, and all painted red ;
 There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
 And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
 While Santa Claus laughing stood up in the top,
 As if getting ready more presents to drop.
 And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
 He thought, for his trouble he had amply been paid ;
 And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
 " I'm happier to night than I've been for a year,
 I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,—
 What care I if bank stocks fall ten per cent. more.
 Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
 To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."
 So thinking he gently extinguished the light,
 And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
 Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one ;
 Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
 And at the same moment the presents espied ;
 Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
 And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found ;
 They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
 And shouted for " papa " to come quick and see
 What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
 (Just the things that they wanted) and left before light ;
 " And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
 " You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know ;"
 While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
 Determined no secret between them should be,
 And told in soft whispers how Annie had said,
 That their blessed mamma so long ago dead,
 Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
 And that God, up in Heaven, had answered her prayer !
 " Then we dot up, and payed dust as well as we tould,
 And Dod answered our payers ; now wasn't he dood ?"
 " I should say that he was if he sent you all these,
 And knew just what presents my children would please,—
 Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself."

Blind father ! who caused your proud heart to relent,
 And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent ?
 'Twas the Being who made you steal softly up stairs,
 And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.—H. T. STANTON.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
 Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth,
 Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
 When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
 Is there no place at all, where a knock from the poor
 Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
 Oh! search the wide world, wherever you can,
 There is no open door for a *moneyless man*.

Go, look in your hall where the chandelier's light
 Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
 Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
 Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold;
 And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
 In long-lighted vistas, the wildering view,
 Go there at the banquet, and find, if you can,
 A welcoming smile for a *moneyless man*.

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
 Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire;
 Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
 And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
 Walk down the long aisles; see the rich and the great
 In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
 Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
 Who opens a pew for a *moneyless man*.

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told
 His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
 Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor
 Lie piles upon piles of the glittering ore;
 Walk up to their counters—ah! there you may stay,
 'Till your limbs shall grow old and your hair shall grow gray,
 And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
 With money to lend to a *moneyless man*.

Go, look to your Judge, in his dark, flowing gown,
 With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
 Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
 And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
 Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid
 To render a verdict they've already made;
 Go there in the court-room and find if you can
 Any law for the cause of a *moneyless man*.

Then go to your hovel—no raven has fed
 The wife that has suffered too long for her bread ;
 Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
 From the lips of the angel your poverty lost ;
 Then turn in your agony upward to God
 And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod ;
 And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
 There's a "welcome" above for—a moneyless man.

DARKEY'S COUNSEL TO THE NEWLY MARRIED.

EDMUND KIRKE.

My chil'ren, lub one anoder ; bar wid one anoder ; be faithful ter one anoder. You hab started on a long journey ; many rough places am in de road ; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside ; but gwo on hand an' hand togedder ; lub one anoder, an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy—for lub will sweeten ebery sor-
 ror, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine in eben de bery cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'se been ober de groun'. Ole Aggy an' I hab trabled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks ; fru de mud ; in de hot burning sand ; been out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, fur nigh onter forty yar, but we hab clung to one anoder ; an' fru ebery ting in de bery darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru de clouds, an' sent him bressed rays inter our hearts. We started jess like two young saplin's you's seed a growin side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed 'way part fur de brambles, an' de tick bushes, an' de ugly forns—[dem war our bad ways]—war atween us ; but lub, like de sun, shone down on us, an' we grow'd. We grow'd till our heads got above de bushes ; till dis little branch, an' dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. An' dough we'm ole trees now, an' sometime de wind blow, an' de storm rage fru de tops, an' freate ter tear off de limbs, an' ter pull up de bery roots, we'm growin closer an' closer, an' nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day—an' soon de ole tops will meet ; soon de ole

branches, all cobered ober wid de gray moss, will twine roun' one anoder; soon de two ole trees will come togeder, an' grow inter *one* foreber—grow inter one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber'll blow, whar de storm neber'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit to de glory ob de Lord, an' in His heabenly kingdom foreber! Amen.

THE BALANCE WHEEL.—E. R. COATES.

THE world, so full of talent,
 Will be nearer full of right,
 When people do the best they can,
 And do it with their might;
 And, while we talk of doing,
 There's a point I would reveal;
 You make an even speed, if you
 Will wear—a *balance wheel*.

Some folks are ever preaching,
 And are ever praying, too;
 They'd have you practice what they say,
 But not as they would do;
 You never see example
 Of the holy things they feel;
 They have no moral power,
 For they have no—balance wheel.

Brown thinks, if he is social,
 That his wealth is sure to grow;
 He button-holes you just the time
 You'd give a V to go;
 He's thick with all the sporting men,
 And bores you till you feel
 That Brown's a *clever* fellow,
 But he lacks—a balance wheel.

Smith tries the game of dignity
 And makes a grand display;
 He freezes ev'ry living thing
 That comes within his way;
 No person will approach him,
 And no person deign to kneel;
 But people very freely say
 He needs—a balance wheel.

Tom vows he will be practical,
 He really labors hard,
 And aims to be a millionaire,
 Like Astor and Girard ;
 He never reads a paper,
 Yet he works away with zeal,
 And loses all, because he failed
 To get—a balance wheel.

A scholar says that learning
 Is the only noble aim ;
 He studies morning, noon, and night,
 Till he is near insane ;
 His head is full of wisdom
 That he never will reveal ;
 So mark him down as nothing
 For he lacks—a balance wheel.

Bill forms a resolution ;
 He is bound "to make a sum,"
 By "giving in" to ev'ry man,
 And *differing* with none ;
 He's never slow with "Yes" and "No,"
 And slip'ry as an eel :
 His neighbors say he is a flat,
 And lacks—a balance wheel.

Sam hates the name of weathercock,
 And would reverse the rule,
 When once he takes a notion,
 There's a notion with a mule ;
 If he should *find* his error,
 'Tis a thing he'll not reveal ;
 The people say—he is a stick,
 And needs—a balance wheel.

No wonder that so many fail
 And fizzle out again ;
 They take the stuff for one great *man*
 And make two little men ;
 Or venturing beyond their depth,
 They drown their fiery zeal ;
 You'll find them known as—*able men*
 Who lack—a balance wheel.

The world, so full of talent,
 Would be nearer full of right,
 If we would run the engine
 With its whole effective might ;
 And though we're doing *wonders*,
 We would *greater* things reveal,
 If on the apparatus
 Each would hang—a balance wheel.

ON THE TOWN.—R. H. STODDARD.

THE lamps are lighted, the streets are full,
 For, coming and going, like waves of the sea,
 Thousands are out this beautiful night ;
 They jostle each other, but shrink from me.
 Men hurry by with a stealthy glance,
 Women pass by with their eyes cast down,
 Even the children seem to know
 The shameless girl of the town.

Hated and shunned, I walk the street,
 Hunting—for what? My prey, 'tis said ;
 I look at it though in a different light,
 For this nightly shame is my daily bread ;—
 My food, my shelter, the clothes I wear ;
 Only for this I might starve or drown ;
 The world has disowned me—what can I do,
 But live and die on the town ?

The world is cruel. It may be right
 To crush the harlot, but grant it so,
 What made her the guilty thing she is ?
 For she was innocent once, you know.
 'Twas love !—that terrible word tells all ;
 She loved a man, and blindly believed
 His vows, his kisses, his crocodile tears—
 Of course, the fool was deceived.

What had I to gain by a moment's sin,
 To weigh in the scale with my innocent years,
 My womanly shame, my ruined name,
 My father's curses, my mother's tears ?
 The love of a man ! It was something to give—
 Was it worth it? The *price* was a *soul* paid down,
 Did I get a soul—his soul—in exchange ?
 Behold me here on the town !

“Your guilt was heavy,” the world will say,
 “And heavy, heavy your doom must be ;
 For, to pity and pardon a woman's fall,
 Is to set no value on chastity.
 You undervalue the virgin's crown,
 The spotless honor that makes her dear ;”—
 But I ought to *know* what the bauble is worth,
 When the *loss* of it brings me here.

HR*

But, pity and pardon! Who are you,
 To talk of pardon, pity, to me?
 What I ask is justice, justice, Sir;
 Let both be punished or both go free.
 If it be in woman a dreadful thing,
 What is it in man, now? Come, be just;
 (Remember she falls through her love for him,
 He, through his selfish lust!)

Tell me what is done to the wretch
 Who tempts and riots in woman's fall?
 His father curses, and casts him off?
 His friends forsake? He is scorned of all?
 Not he; his judges are men like himself,
 Or thoughtless women who humor their whim;
 "Young blood," "wild oats," "better hush it up,"
 They soon forget it—in him!

Even his mother, who ought to know
 The woman-nature and how it is won,
 Frames a thousand excuses for him,
 Because, forsooth, the man is her son.
 You have daughters, madam (he told me so),
 Fair, innocent daughters,—“Woman, what then?”
 Some mother may have a son like yours,
 Bid them *beware* of men.

I saw *his* coach in the street to-day
 Dashing along on the sunny side,
 With a liveried driver on the box;
 Lolling back in her listless pride,
 The wife of his bosom took the air.
 She was bought in the mart where hearts are sold;
 I gave myself away for his love,
 She sold herself for his gold.

He lives, they say, in a princely way,
 Flattered and feasted. One dark night,
 Some devil led me to pass his house;
 I saw the windows a blaze of light;
 The music whirled in a maddening round;
 I heard the fall of the dancers' feet;
 Bitter, bitter, the thoughts I had
 Standing there in the street.

Back to my gaudy den I went,
 Marched to my room in grim despair,
 Dried my eyes, and painted my cheeks,
 And fixed a flower or two in my hair.
 Corks were popping, wine was flowing;
 I seized a bumper and tossed it down;
 One must do something to kill the time,—
 And fit one's self for the town.

I meet his boy in the park sometimes,
 And my heart runs over toward the child ;
 A frank little fellow with fearless eyes,
 He smiles at me as his father smiled—
 I *hate* the man, but I *love* the boy,
 For I think what my own, had he lived, would be—
 Perhaps it is he come back from the dead—
 To his father, alas, not me !

But I stand too long in the shadow here,
 Let me out in the light again !
 Now for insult, blows perhaps,
 And, bitterer still, my own disdain !
 I take my place in the crowded street,
 Not like the simple women I see,—
 You may cheat *them*, *meu*, as much as you please :
 You wear *no masks* with me.

I know ye ! under your honeyed words
 There lurks a serpent ; your oaths are lies ;
 There's a lustful fire in your hungry hearts,
 I see it flaming up in your eyes.
 Cling to them ladies, and shrink from me,
 Or rail at my boldness. Well, have you done ?
 Madam, *your husband* knows me well !
 Mother, I know your *son* !

But go your ways, and I'll go mine,—
 Call me opprobrious names if you will ;
 The truth is bitter—think I have lied—
 “ A harlot ? ” Yes, but a *woman* still.
 God said of old to a woman like me,
 “ Go, sin no more ; ” or your Bibles lie—
 But you, *you* mangle his merciful words
 To “ *Go and sin till you die !* ”

Die—the word has a pleasant sound,
 The sweetest I've heard this many a year ;
 It seems to promise an end to pain,—
 Anyway it will end it here.
 Suppose I throw myself in the street ?
 Before the horses could trample me down,
 Some would-be friend might snatch me up,
 And thrust me back on the town.

But look—the river ! From where I stand
 I see it, I almost hear it flow—
 Down on the dark and lonely pier—
 It is but a step—I can end my woe !
 A plunge, a splash, and all will be o'er,
 The death-black waters will drag me down ;
 God knows where ! But *no matter* where,
 So I am *off the town*.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
 And thought with a nervous dread
 Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
 Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
 There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
 And the children to fix away
 To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churued ;
 And all to be done this day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
 Was wet as it could be ;
 There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
 A loaf of cake for tea.
 And the day was hot, and her aching head
 Throbbled wearily as she said,
 "If *maidens* but knew what *good wives* know,
 They would not be in haste to *wed* !"

"Jennie, what do you think I told *Beu Brown*?"
 Called the farmer from the well ;
 And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
 And his eyes half bashfully fell ;
 "It was this," he said, and coming near
 He smiled, and stooping down,
 Kissed her cheek—" 'twas this, that you were the *best*
 And the *dearest* wife in town !"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife
 In a smiling, absent way
 Sang snatches of tender little songs
 She'd not sung for many a day.
 And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
 Were white as the foam of the sea ;
 Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
 And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
 "Tom Wood has run off to sea !
 He wouldn't, I know, if he'd only had
 As happy a home as we."
 The night came down, and the good wife smiled
 To herself, as she softly said :
 "'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,—
 It's *not* strange that *maids will wed* !"—

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business,
 If a gentleman should choose
 To wait upon a lady,
 If the *lady* don't refuse?
 Or, to speak a little plainer,
 That the meaning all may know,
 Is it anybody's business
 If a lady has a beau?

Is it anybody's business
 When that gentleman doth call,
 Or when he leaves the lady,
 Or if he leaves at all?
 Or is it necessary
 That the curtain should be drawn,
 To save from further trouble
 The outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business,
 But the *lady's*, if her beau
 Rideth out with *other* ladies,
 And doesn't let *her* know?
 Is it anybody's business,
 But the *gentleman's*, if she
 Should accept another *escort*,
 Where *he* doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the side-walk,
 Whether great or whether small,
 Is it anybody's business
 Where that person means to call?
 Or if you see a person
 While he's calling *any* where,
 Is it any of *your* business
 What *his* business may be there?

The substance of our query,
 Simply stated, would be this:
 Is it *any* body's business
 What *another's* business is?
 Whether 'tis or whether 'tisn't
 We should really like to know,
 For we are certain, if it isn't,
 There are *some* who *make it so*.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

STEADY, boys, steady !
 Keep your arms ready,
 God only knows whom we may meet here.
 Don't let me be taken—
 I'd rather awaken
 To-morrow, in—no matter where,
 Than lie in that foul prison-hole—over there.

Step slowly !
 Speak lowly !
 The rocks may have life ;
 Lay me down in the hollow ;
 We are out of the strife.
 By heaven ! the foeman may track me in blood,
 For this hole in my breast is outpouring a flood.
 No ! no surgeon for me ; he can give me no aid ;
 The surgeon I want is a pickaxe and spade.
 What, Morris, a tear ? Why, shame on you, man !
 I thought you a hero ; but since you began
 To whimper and cry, like a girl in her teens,
 By George ! I don't know what the devil it means.

Well ! well ! I am rough, 'tis a very rough school,
 This life of a trooper—but yet I'm no fool !
 I know a brave man, and a friend from a foe ;
 And, boys, that you love me I certainly know.
 But wasn't it grand,
 When they came down the hill over sloughing and sand ?
 But we stood—did we not?—like immovable rock,
 Unheeding their balls and repelling their shock.
 Did you mind the loud cry,
 When, as turning to fly,
 Our men sprang upon them determined to die
 Oh, *wasn't* it grand ?
 God help the poor wretches who fell in the fight ;
 No time was there given for prayers or for flight.
 They fell by the score, in the crash, hand to hand,
 And they mingled their blood with the sloughing and sand.

Huzza !

Great heaven ! this bullet-hole gapes like a grave ;
 A curse on the aim of the traitorous knave !
 Is there never a one of you knows how to pray,
 Or speak for a man as his life ebbs away ?
 Pray ! Pray !

Our Father ! our Father ! why don't you proceed ?
 Can't you see I am dying ? Great God, how I bleed !

Ebbing away !
 Ebbing away ! The light of the day is turning to gray.
 Pray ! Pray !

Our Father in Heaven—boys, tell me the rest,
 While I stanch the hot blood from this hole in my breast.
 There's something about the forgiveness of sin ;
 Put that in ! put that in !—and then
 I'll follow your words and say an *amen*.

Here, Morris, old fellow, get hold of my hand,
 And, Wilson, my comrade—oh ! wasn't it grand
 When they came down the hill like a thunder-charged cloud,
 And were scattered like mist by our brave little crowd ?
 Where's Wilson—my comrade—here, stoop down your head,
 Can't you say a short prayer for the dying and dead ?

“ Christ-God, who died for sinners all,
 Hear thou this suppliant wanderer's cry ;
 Let not e'en this poor sparrow fall
 Unheeded by thy gracious eye ;
 Throw wide thy gates to let him in,
 And take him pleading to thine arms ;
 Forgive, O Lord, his life-long sin,
 And quiet all his fierce alarms.”

God bless you, my comrade, for singing that hymn,
 It is light to my path,—now my sight has grown dim—
 I am dying—bend down—till I touch you once more ;
 Don't forget me, old fellow—God prosper this war !
 Confusion to enemies !—keep hold of my hand—
 And float our dear flag o'er a prosperous land !”

CHAR-CO-O-AL.

THE chimney soot was falling fast,
 As through the streets and alleys passed
 A man who sang, with noise and din,
 This word of singular meanin,
 Char-co-o-al !

His face was grim, his nose upturned,
 As if the very ground he spurned—
 And like a trumpet sound was heard,
 The accents of that awful word,
 Char-co-o-al !

In muddy streets he did descry
 The “moire antiques” held high and dry,
 With feet and ankles shown too well,
 And from his lips escaped a yell !—
 Char-co-o-al !

"Don't go there!" was the warning sound;
 "The pipes have all burst underground,
 The raging torrent's deep and wide;"
 But loud his trumpet voice replied,
 Char-co-o-al!

"Oh stop!" good Biddy cried, "and lave
 A brimful peck upon this pave."
 A smile his inky face came o'er,
 And on he went with louder roar,
 Char-co-o-al!

"Beware of Main street crossing deep,
 Away from Walnut gutter keep!"
 This was the sweeper's only greet,
 A voice replied far up the street,
 Char-co-o-al!

At set of sun, as homeward went,
 The joyous men of cent per cent,
 Counting the dollars in their till,
 A voice was heard, both loud and shrill,
 Char-co-o-al!

A man upon the watchman's round,
 Half-steeped in mud and ice was found,
 Shouting with voice, though not so strong,
 That awful word which heads my song,
 Char-co-o-al!

There in the gaslight, dim and gray,
 Dreaming unconsciously he lay,
 And from his nose, turned up still more,
 Came sounding like a thrilling snore—
 Char-co-o-al!

AMBITION.—LORD BYRON.

HE who ascends to mountain tops shall find
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow:
 He, who surpasses or subdues mankind,
 Must look down on the hate of those below.
 Though high above the sun of glory glow,
 And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
 Contending tempests on his naked head;
 And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

CROSSING THE CARRY.—REV. W. H. H. MURRAY.

SCENE.—The Adirondacks during a shower. A pleasure-seeker and his guide on the road.

"JOHN," said I, as we stood looking at each other across the boat, "this rain is wet."

"It generally is, up in this region, I believe," he responded, as he wiped the water out of his eyes with the back of his hand, and shook the accumulating drops from nose and chin; "but the waterproof I have on has lasted me some thirty-eight years, and I don't think it will wet through to-day."

"Well!" I exclaimed, "there is no use of standing here in this marsh-grass any longer; help me to load up. I'll take the baggage, and you the boat."

"You'll never get through with it, if you try to take it all at once. Better load light, and I'll come back after what's left," was the answer. "I tell you," he continued, "the swamp is full of water, and soft as muck."

"John," said I, "that baggage is going over at one load, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish. I'll make the attempt, swamp or no swamp. My life is assured against accidents by fire, water, and mud; so here goes. What's life to glory!" I exclaimed, as I seized the pork-bag, and dragged it from under the boat; "stand by and see me put my armor on."

Over my back I slung the provision basket, made like a fisherman's creel, thirty inches by forty, filled with plates, coffee, salt, and all the *impedimenta* of camp and cooking utensils. This was held in its place by straps passing over the shoulders and under the arms, like a Jew-pedler's pack. There might have been eighty pounds' weight in it. Upon the top of the basket, John lashed my knapsack, full of bullets, powder, and clothing. My rubber suit and heavy blanket, slung around my neck by a leather thong, hung down in front across my chest. On one shoulder the oars and paddles were balanced, with a frying-pan and gridiron swinging from the blades; on the other was my rifle, from which were suspended a pair of boots, my creel, a coffee-pot, and a bag of flour.

Taking up the bag of pork in one hand, and seizing the stock of the rifle with the other, from two fingers of which hung a tin kettle of prepared trout, which we were loath to throw away, I started. Picture a man so loaded, forcing his way through a hemlock swamp, through whose floor of thin moss he sank to his knees; or picking his way across oozy sloughs on old roots, often covered with mud and water, and slippery beyond description, and you have me daguerretyped in your mind. Well, as I said, I started.

For some dozen rods I got on famously, and was congratulating myself with the thought of an easy transit, when a root upon which I had put my right foot gave way, and, plunging headlong into the mud, I struck an attitude of pettiten; while the frying-pan and gridiron, flung off the oars and forward by the movement, alighted upon my prostrated head. An ejaculation, not exactly religious, escaped me, and with a few desperate flounces I assumed once more the perpendicular. Fishing the frying-pan from the mud, and lashing the gridiron to my belt, I made another start. It was hard work.

The most unnatural adjustment of weight upon my back made it difficult to ascertain just how far behind me lay the centre of equilibrium. I found where it did not lie several times. Before I had gone fifty rods the camp-basket weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. The pork-bag felt as if it had several shoats in it, and the oar-blades stuck out in the exact form of an X. If I went one side of a tree, the oars would go the other side. If I backed up, they would manage to get entangled amid the brush. If I stumbled and fell, the confounded things would come like a goose-poke athwart my neck, pinning me down.

As I proceeded, the mud grew deeper, the roots farther apart, and the blazed trees less frequent. Never before did I so truly realize the aspiration of the old hymn,—

“O, had I the wings of a dove!”

At last I reached what seemed impossible to pass,—an oozy slough, crossed here and there by cedar roots, smooth and slippery, lay before me. From a high stump which I had climbed upon I gave a desperate leap. I struck where I expected, and a little farther. The weight of the basket, which was now something over two hun-

dred pounds was too much for me to check at once. It pressed me forward. I recovered myself, and the abominable oars carried me as far the other way. The mocassins of wet leather began to slip along the roots. They began to slip very often, and at bad times. I found it necessary to change my position suddenly. I changed it. It wasn't a perfect success. I tried again. It seemed necessary to keep on trying.

I suspect I did not effect the changes very steadily, for the trout began to jump about in the pail and fly out into the mud. The gridiron got uneasy, and played against my side like a steam-flapper. In fact, the whole baggage seemed endowed with supernatural powers of motion. The excitement was contagious. In a moment, every article was jumping about like mad. I, in the meantime, continued to dance a hornpipe on the slippery roots.

Now I am conscientiously opposed to dancing. I never danced. I didn't want to learn. I felt it was wicked for me to be hopping around on that root so. What an example, I thought, if John should see me! What would my wife say? What would my deacons say? I tried to stop. I couldn't. I had an astonishing dislike to sit down. I thought I would dance there forever, rather than sit down,—deacons or no deacons.

The basket now weighed any imaginable number of pounds. The trout were leaping about my head, as if in their native element. The gridiron was in such rapid motion that it was impossible to distinguish the bars. There was, apparently, a whole litter of pigs in the pork-bag. I could not stand it longer. I concluded to rest awhile. I wanted to do the thing gracefully. I looked around for a soft spot, and, seeing one just behind me, I checked myself. My feet flew out from under me. They appeared to be unusually light. I don't remember that I ever sat down quicker. The motion was very decided. The only difficulty I observed was, that the seat I had gracefully settled into had no bottom.

The position of things was extremely picturesque. The oars were astride my neck, as usual. The trout-pail was bottom up, and the contents lying about almost anywhere. The boots were hanging on a dry limb overhead. A capital idea. I thought of it as I was in the act of sitting

down. One piece of pork lay at my feet, and another was sticking up, some ten feet off, in the mud. It looked very queer,—slightly out of place. With the same motion with which I hung my boots on a limb, as I seated myself, I stuck my rifle carefully into the mud, muzzle downward. I never saw a gun in that position before. It struck me as being a good thing. There was no danger of its falling over and breaking the stock. The first thing I did was to pass the gridiron under me. When that feat had been accomplished, I felt more composed. It's pleasant for a man in the position I was in to feel that he has something under him. Even a chip or a small stump would have felt comfortable. As I sat thinking how many uses a gridiron could be put to, and estimating where I should then have been if I hadn't got it under me, I heard John forcing his way, with the boat on his back, through the thick undergrowth.

"It won't do to let John see me in this position," I said; and so, with a mighty effort, I disengaged myself from the pack, flung off the blanket from around my neck, and, seizing hold of a spruce limb, which I could fortunately reach, drew myself slowly up. I had just time to jerk the rifle out of the mud, and fish up about half of the trout, when John came struggling along.

"John," said I, leaning unconcernedly against a tree, as if nothing had happened,—“John, put down the boat, here's a splendid spot to rest.

"Well, Mr. Murray," queried John, as he emerged from under the boat, “how are you getting along?”

"Capitally!" said I; “the carry is very level when you once get down to it. I felt a little out of breath, and thought I would wait for you a few moments.”

"What's your boots doing up there in that tree?" exclaimed John, as he pointed up to where they hung dangling from the limb, about fifteen feet above our heads.

"Boots doing!" said I, “why they are hanging there, don't you see? You didn't suppose I'd drop them into this mud, did you?”

"Why, no," replied John, “I don't suppose you would; but how about this?” he continued, as he stooped down and pulled a big trout, tail foremost, out of the soft muck; “how did that trout come there?”

"It must have got out of the pail, somehow," I responded. "I thought I heard something drop just as I sat down."

"What in thunder is that, out there?" exclaimed John, pointing to a piece of pork, one end of which was sticking about four inches out of the water; "is that pork?"

"Well, the fact is, John," returned I, speaking with the utmost gravity, and in a tone intended to suggest a mystery,— "the fact is, John, I don't quite understand it. This carry seems to be all covered over with pork. I wouldn't be surprised to find a piece anywhere. There is another 'junk, now," I exclaimed, as I plunged my moccasin into the mud and kicked a two-pound bit toward him; "it's lying all round here loose."

I thought John would split with laughter, but my time came, for as in one of his paroxysms he turned partly around, I saw that his back was covered with mud clear up to his hat.

"Do you always sit down on your coat, John," I inquired, "when you cross a carry like this?"

"Come, come," rejoined he, ceasing to laugh from very exhaustion, "take a knife or tin plate, and scrape the muck from my back. I always tell my wife to make my clothes a ground color, but the color is laid on a little too thick this time, any way."

"John," said I, after having scraped him down, "take the paddle and spear my boots off from that limb up there, while I tread out this pork."

Plunging into the slough, balancing here on a bog and there on an underlying root, I succeeded in concentrating the scattered pieces at one point. As I was shying the last junk into the bag, a disappointed grunt from John caused me to look around. I took in the situation at a glance. The boots were still suspended from the limb. The paddle and two oars had followed suit, and lay cosily amid the branches, while John, poising himself dexterously on the trunk of a fallen spruce, red in the face and vexed at his want of success, was whirling the frying-pan over his head, in the very act of letting it drive at the boots.

"Go in, John!" I shouted, seizing hold of the gridiron with one hand and a bag of bullets with the other, while tears stood in my eyes from very laughter; "when we've

got all the rest of the baggage up in that hemlock, I'll pass up the boat, and we'll make a camp."

The last words were barely off my lips, when John, having succeeded in getting a firm footing, as he thought, on the slippery bark, threw all his strength into the cast, and away the big iron pan went whizzing up through the branches. But, alas for human calculation! the rotten bark under his feet, rent by the sudden pressure as he pitched the cumbrous missile upward, parted from the smooth wood, and John, with a mighty thump which seemed almost to snap his head off, came down upon the trunk; while the frying-pan, gyrating like a broken-winged bird, landed rods away in the marsh. By this time John's blood was up, and the bombardment began in earnest. The first thing he laid his hand on was the coffee-pot. I followed suit with the gridiron. Then my fishing-basket and a bag of bullets mounted upward. Never before was such a battle waged, or such weapons used. The air was full of missiles. Tin plates, oar-locks, the axe, gridiron, and pieces of pork, were all in the air at once. How long the contest would have continued I cannot tell, had it not been brought to a glorious termination; but at last the heavy iron camp-kettle, hurled by John's nervous wrist, striking the limb fair, crashed through like a forty-pound shot, and down came boots, oars, paddle, and all. Gathering the scattered articles together, we took our respective burdens, and pushed ahead. Weary and hot, we reached at length the margin of the swamp, and our feet stood once more upon solid ground.

From "Adventures in the Wilderness."

Part Sixth.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 6.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

**All's for the best ! be sanguine and cheerful,
Troubles and sorrows are friends in disguise ;
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful—
Courage forever is happy and wise ;
All's for the best—if a man could but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest ;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and all's for the best !**

**All's for the best ! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A wayfaring swallow, or heart-stricken dove.
All's for the best ! be a man, but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of his creatures is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all's for the best.**

**All's for the best ! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and loss in the van,
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
All's for the best ! unbiassed, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west ,
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy, for all's for the best !**

ELOQUENCE.—LEWIS CASS.

WHAT country ever offered a nobler theatre for the display of eloquence than our own? From the primary assemblies of the people, where power is conferred, and may be retained, to the national legislature, where its highest attributes are deposited and exercised, *all* feel and acknowledge its influence.

The master spirits of our father-land, they who guided the councils of England in her career of prosperity and glory, whose eloquence was the admiration of their contemporaries, as it will be of posterity, were deeply imbued with classical learning. They drank at the fountain and not at the stream, and they led captive the public opinion of the empire, and asserted their dominion in the senate and the cabinet.

Nor have we been wanting in contribution to the general stock of eloquence. In our legislative assemblies, at the bar, and in the pulpit, many examples are before us, not less cherishing in the rewards they offer than in the renown which follows them. And if our lamps are lighted at the altar of ancient and modern learning, we may hope that a sacred fire will be kept burning, to shed its influence upon our institutions, and the duration of the Republic.

But after all, habits of mental and moral discipline are the first great objects in any system of instruction, public or private. The value of education depends far less upon varied and extensive acquirements than upon the cultivation of just powers of thought, and the general regulation of the faculties of the understanding. That it is not the amount of knowledge, but the capacity to apply it, which promises success and usefulness in life, is a truth that cannot be too often inculcated by instructors and recollected by pupils.

If youth are taught *how* to think, they will soon learn *what* to think. Exercise is not more necessary to a healthful state of the body than is the employment of the various faculties of the mind to mental efficiency. The practical sciences are as barren of useful products as the speculative, where facts only are the objects of knowledge,

unless the understanding is habituated to a continued process of examination and reflection.

No precocity of intellect, no promise of genius, no extent of knowledge, can be weighed in the scale with those acquisitions. But he who has been the object of such sedulous attention, and the subject of such a course of instruction, may enter upon the great duties of life with every prospect of an honorable and a useful career. His armor is girded on for battle. However difficult the conjuncture in which he may be called on to act, he is prepared for whatever may betide him.

A MINISTER'S QUARTER PAY-DAY.

THE following scene may contain some slight shades and varieties of coloring, but we fear may still be witnessed, in substance, throughout a great portion of our country.

As the Parson sat at his books one day

A rap at his door heard he ;
The Parish Collector had called to pay
The Society's quarter fee.

A hundred dollars, and fifty more,
Were counted the parson's due,
Though small sum this, for half a score,
To victual and clothe and shoe.

But the day had come, and for youthful sport
The parsonage ne'er displayed
A day like that, when this scout support
Was about to be promptly paid.
The children danced, and giggled, and grinned,
And wriggled like eels in oil ;
And smiles broke forth on the visage thinned
By fasting, and tears, and toil.

The Parish Collector sat him down,
And out of his pocket took
The tithes he'd gathered about the town,
Crammed into his pocket-book.
It was not much of a cram at that,
Though honey and milk indeed ;
Not milk enough for a starving cat,
Nor honey enough for need.

But such as it was, without much risk,
 The Collector poured it out ;
 He spread it round on the parson's desk,
 And scattered it all about ;
 But little of shining gold was there,
 And less from the silver mine ;
 And bank bills—they were exceeding rare !
 Alas ! for the poor divine.

First came a note for a little sum,
 Which the poor man late had given
 To a rich parishioner, near his home,
 Whom he *hoped* to meet in heaven ;
 Ten dollars was all—not much, I know,
 But an order followed the note,
 With butchers's bill, and a bill or so
 For butter and bread, to boot.

The doctor had drawn for his small amount
 The grocer had filed his claim,
 And all intended their bills should count
 Whenever his pay-day came.
 The good Collector reckoned them up ;
 The Minister stood aghast !
 'Twas a bitter drug in his brimming cup
 To think he had lived so fast.

Who knows what pain the Parson endures
 As the good man hands them o'er,
 And says with a hem, "Sir, these are yours,
 And they should have been paid *before* ;
 For a scandal it is to religion, sir,
 Which the world can never forget,
 When a man of ease, like a minister,
 Is unable to pay a debt.

"And here, besides, is a lot of cash—
 Three fives and a lusty ten ;
 Your daughters in satin now may dash,
 And your boys dress up like men.
 But allow me to say, good Parson Gay,
 You'd better just lay aside
 A little of this for a rainy day
 By a walk instead of a ride.

"For money is scarce, and the times are hard,
 And you, sir, are getting gray,
 And you may not fare as you *here* have fared
 Should the people turn you away.

We've given you here a large support,
 And the farmers all complain
 That the crops this year will be dreadful short
 If we don't soon have some rain.

"We can't long pay such enormous sums
 As we have to pay you now,
 For you know the pay-day often comes,
 And the Squire has lost a cow ;
 And one of old Goodwin's sheep is dead,
 And *he* feels poor this year ;"
 The tender shepherd here turned his head,
 To drop—for the sheep—a tear !

Of this the Collector no note took ;
 He gabbled his story through,
 Then slowly folded his pocket-book,
 And looked as if he knew.
 He took his hat with a cheerful smile,
 Rejoicing in duty done ;
 Then rode away to his home, a mile,
 At set of December's sun.

The Parson rose as he left the room,
 And bowed with a smile of grace ;
 But his heart resembled a ruined tomb
 In spite of his smiling face.
 He closed his door, and resumed his chair,
 Till, amid his griefs and fears,
 He seemed half choked for a breath of air,
 Then burst in a flood of tears.

He thought of his children's needy feet,
 His barrel of meal was gone ;
 And the question arose, "What shall we eat?
 What raiment shall we put on?"
 He thought of the ravens, how they're fed,
 How the lilies' garments grow ;
 But when was a raven's *rent unpaid* ?
 Or a lily *arrayed* for snow ?

With tender *emotions* all astir
 In the Parson's heaving breast,
 His children's mother—he thought of her—
 How she, who had done her best,
 Still needed a hood, and cloth, and thread,
 A dress, and a thicker shawl ;
 Till, pressed in spirit, he knelt and prayed
 To the glorious Lord of all.

The evening came, and he met his wife,
 And his blooming children nine;
 Yet naught they saw of the inward strife
 That harassed the sad divine.
 He sat serene in the central seat,
 And his wife sewed near his side;
 His children hovered about his feet,
 And he to be cheerful tried.

But when he went to his nightly bed,
 To sleep till the waking morn,
 He felt, as he pillowed his aching head,
 That he wished he had ne'er been born,
 And all that night was his pillow drowned
 With the tears no eye could see,
 But His who once for the thankless groaned,
 And bled upon Calvary's tree.

VAT HAVE I GOT TO PAY?—W. H. FREEMAN.

A SAILOR once, his pockets filled with gold,
 Having once heard the sights of London told,
 Determin'd that the joys of town he'd taste,
 And thither go with all convenient haste;
 But first he says, "Avast, and let me see,
 What though I am inclined a fool to be,
 Shiver my timbers if I throw away
 My cash, and save none for a rainy day;
 In vain to Portsmouth I may try to steer
 Without the comfort of a drop of beer—
 On rocks and quicksands I may chance to run,
 And founder in the midst of all my fun!
 Stop, splice my mainsails, if I've not a thought,
 Which, if I'm cast away, may yield support."
 Inspired by grog, he makes no longer stay,
 But mounts the upper deck and sails away.
 The stage drives on—now, to change horses stays,
 While Jack with pride his purse of gold surveys.
 "Bring me a glass of grog!" he loudly cries,
 The waiter on the errand briskly flies;
 Sly Jack, the landlord takes aside alone,
 And thus begins his tale in under tone:—
 "I'm on a cruise to town, d'ye hear, my friend,
 And to cast anchor some short time intend;
 But should I chance somehow to run a-ground,
 I then immediately am homeward bound;

But that, d'ye see, no evil may betide,
 I for my voyage back will thus provide :—
 I'll pay you double now for all I have,
 And a secure return by this means save ;
 And mark, when back to port I'm on my way,
 I merely ask what have I got to pay—
 And on my stick by twirling thus my hat,
 You surely will the arrangement not forget.”
 Thus 'twas agreed, and at each house he stayed,
 With every landlord this same bargain made.
 In town arrived, poor Jack, on frolic bent,
 Became an easy dupe, his money spent,
 And when he found his only shilling gone,
 Mounted the self-same coach to reach his home.
 One of the tribe of Israel, who sat
 By Jack, and saw the wonders of the hat,
 Felt all his conscience go, and how to obtain
 This wondrous hat, now puzzled much his brain.
 “Vy, plesh my heart,” he cried, in great amaze,
 “Not for one single thing this sailor pays ;
 I do not understand why for is dat,
 Unless dere be some witchcraft in dat hat ;
 If I could get dat hat what would I give,
 'Twould keep me all the days vat I shall live.”
 At length, in undervoice, to Jack he said,
 “Dat is a shabby hat upon your head ;
 Now I'll sell you a new one, if you please,
 If you and I for dat old hat agrees ;
 Vat will you take?”—Jack plainly saw his aim,
 And said, “If you will give what I shall name,
 The hat is yours—you see its use, no doubt—
 So either give my price or go without ;
 You've got a watch, I want one, give me that,
 And for ten pounds beside I'll sell the hat.”
 “What !” cried the Jew, “eh, vere's your conscience gone ?
 Ten pounds for that old shabby hat alone.”
 “Ten pound !” bawls Jack, “and just what I have said,
 Or not for you the hat comes off my head.”
 The Jew then gave the watch, besides ten pounds,
 And scarcely could he keep his joy in bounds ;
 At the first inn' he stops and takes a chair,
 Determined he will end his journey there ;
 “Here, waiter, here !” he bawls, “I want to dine,
 Make haste and bring a bottle of good wine ;
 Bring me Champagne, for I would have you know,
 Dat I can pay, you dog, where'er I go ;
 I've got de cash—dat is, I've bought de hat—
 Look here—l ok here—there, vat d'ye think of dat ?”
 His dinner ended, loud he calls—“I say
 Here, vaiteer, vat have I got to pay ?”

And on his stick twirling the sailor's hat
 Exulting cries—"there—vat do you thunk of dat?
 Eh, eh! dis hat 'twill pay for everything,
 I would not part with it to be a king."
 The waiter wondering at the whim he sees,
 Replies, "Two pounds your reck'ning, if you please."
 "Eh? what! two pounds! what impudence is dat?
 Look here, you dog, d'ye see? Behold the hat!
 Dis hat's mine, now—dis hat is mine, you know;
 Dere, dere, see there—vat have I got to pay now?"
 The waiter, laughing cries—"The sailor's hat,
 Ha, ha, ha, ha! I see now what you are at."
 The Jew enraged, when the *deceit* he knew,
 Straight at the waiter's head the hat he threw,
 And madly from the house he ran away,
 Still bawling out—"Vat have I got to pay?"

WHEN.—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
 That the next sun
 Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
 For any one,
 All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
 What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
 But just go on,
 Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
 Aught that is gone;
 But rise and move and love and smile and pray
 For one more day.

And, lying down at night for a last sleeping,
 Say in that ear
 Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within thy keeping
 How should I fear?
 And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still
 Do Thou Thy will."

I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
 My soul would lie
 All the night long; and when the morning splendor
 Flushed o'er the sky,
 I think that I could smile—could calmly say,
 "It is His day."

But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
 Held out a scroll,
 (On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
 Beheld unroll
 To a long century's end its mystic clue,
 What should I do ?

What *could* I do, oh ! blessed Guide and Master,
 Other than this ;
 Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
 Nor fear to miss
 The road, although so very long it be,
 While led by Thee ?

Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
 Although unseen,
 Through toorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide
 Thee,
 Or heavens serene,
 Assured thy faithfulness cannot betray,
 Thy love decay.

I may not know ; my God, no hand revealeth
 Thy counsels wise ;
 Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
 No voice replies
 To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
 And it is well.

Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing
 Thy will always,
 Through a long century's ripening fruition
 Or a short day's,
 Thou canst not come too soon ; and I can wait
 If thou come late.

DERMOT'S PARTING.

OH, waken up, my darlin'—my Dermot, it is day,—
The day, when from the mother's eyes the real light dies away ;
 For what will daylight be to me that never more will see
 The fair face of my Dermot come smilin' back to me ?
 Arise, my son—the morning red is wearing fast away,
 And through the grey mist I can see the masts rock in the bay.
 Before the sea-fog clears the hill, my darlin' must depart—
 But oh, the cloud will never lift that wraps the mother's heart !

Sure, then, I'm old and foolish ; what's this I'm saying now ?
 Will I see my fair son leave me with a shadow on his brow ?
 Oh, no ! we'll bear up bravely, and make no stir, nor moan ;
 There will be time for weepin' when my fair son shall be gone.
 I've laid the old coat ready, dear ; my pride this day has been
 That on your poor apparel shall no rent nor stain be seen.
 And let me tie that 'kerchief, too ; it's badly done, I fear,
 But my old hands tremble sadly, *with the hurry*, Dermot, dear

And are you ready, darlin' ? Turn round, and bid farewell
 To the roof-tree of the cabin that has sheltered us so well ;
 Leave a blessing on the threshold, and on the old hearth
 stone,—

'Twill be a comfort to my heart when I sit there alone.
 And often at the twilight hour, when day and work are done,
 I'll dream the old time's back again, when you were there, my
 son,—

When you were there, a little thing that prattled at my knee,
 Long ere the evil days had come to part my child and me.

The dear arm is still round me, the dear hand guides me still ;
 'Tis but a little step to go—see, now we've gained the hill ;
 Is that the vessel, Dermot, dear ?—the *mist* my eyesight dims—
 Oh, shame upon me now ! what means this trembling in my
 limbs ?

My child ! my child ! oh, let me weep awhile upon your breast ;
 Would I were in my grave ! for then my heart would be at
 rest ;

But now the hour is come, and I must stand upon the shore,
 And see the treasure of my soul depart for evermore !

I know, my child !—I know it, the folly and the sin,—
 But oh ! I think my heart would burst to keep this anguish in—
 To think how in you sleeping town such happy mothers be,
 Who keep their *many* sons at home, while I—I had but thee !
 But I have done ; I murmur not ; I kiss the chastening rod,
 Upon this hill—as Abraham did—I give my child to God !
 But not, like him, to welcome back the precious thing once
 given ;
 I'll see my fair son's face again—but *not on this side Heaven !*

VOICES OF THE DEAD.—REV. JOHN CUMMING.

We die, but leave an influence behind us that survives
 The echoes of our words are evermore repeated, and re-

flected along the ages. It is what man *was* that lives and acts after him. What he said sounds along the years like voices amid the mountain gorges; and what he did is repeated after him in ever-multiplying and never-ceasing reverberations. Every man has left behind him influences for good or for evil that will never exhaust themselves. The sphere in which he acts may be small, or it may be great. It may be his fireside, or it may be a kingdom; a village, or a great nation; it may be a parish, or broad Europe; but act he does, ceaselessly and forever. His friends, his family, his successors in office, his relatives, are all receptive of an influence, a moral influence which he has transmitted and bequeathed to mankind; either a *blessing* which will repeat itself in showers of benedictions, or a *curse* which will multiply itself in ever-accumulating evil.

Every man is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends and designs it, or not. He may be a blot, radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing, spreading benedictions over the length and breadth of the world; but *a blank he cannot be*. The seed sown in life springs up in harvests of blessings, or harvests of sorrow. Whether our influence be great or small, whether it be for good or evil, it lasts, it lives somewhere, within some limit, and is operative wherever it is. The grave buries the dead dust, but the character walks the world, and distributes itself, as a benediction or a curse, among the families of mankind.

The sun sets beyond the western hills, but the trail of light he leaves behind him guides the pilgrim to his distant home. The tree falls in the forest; but in the lapse of ages it is turned into coal, and our fires burn now the brighter because it grew and fell. The coral insect dies, but the reef it raised breaks the surge on the shores of great continents, or has formed an isle in the bosom of the ocean, to wave with harvests for the good of man. We live and we die; but the good or evil that we do lives after us, and is *not* "buried with our bones."

The babe that perished on the bosom of its mother, like a flower that bowed its head and drooped amid the death-frosts of time—that babe, not only in its image, but in its

influence, still lives and speaks in the chambers of the mother's heart.

The friend with whom we took sweet counsel is removed visibly from the outward eye; but the lessons that he taught, the grand sentiments that he uttered, the holy deeds of generosity by which he was characterized, the moral lineaments and likeness of the man, still survive and appear in the silence of eventide, and on the tablets of memory, and in the light of morn and noon and dewy eve; and, being dead, he yet speaks eloquently, and in the midst of us.

Mahomet still lives in his practical and disastrous influence in the East. Napoleon still is France, and France is almost Napoleon. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenburg, but Martin Luther's accents still ring through the churches of Christendom. Shakspeare, Byron, and Milton, all live in their influence, for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr from his flame-shroud, the statesman from his cabinet, the soldier in the field, the sailor on the deck, who all have passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds that they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons that they left behind them.

"None of us liveth to himself;"—others are affected by that life;—"or dieth to himself;"—others are interested in that death. Our queen's crown may moulder, but she who wore it will act upon the ages which are yet to come. The noble's coronet may be reft in pieces, but the wearer of it is now doing what will be reflected by thousands who will be made and moulded by him. Dignity, and rank, and riches, are all corruptible and worthless; but moral character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy; that ever walks the world and leaves lasting influences behind.

What we do is transacted on a stage of which all in the universe are spectators. What we say is transmitted in echoes that will never cease. What we are is influencing and acting on the rest of mankind. Neutral we cannot be. Living we act, and dead we speak; and the whole universe is the mighty company forever looking, forever listening; and all nature the tablets forever recording the words, the deeds, the thoughts, the passions of mankind!

Monuments, and columns, and statues, erected to heroes, poets, orators, statesmen, are all influences that extend into the future ages. "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle"* still speaks. The Mantuan bard† still sings in every school. Shakspeare, the bard of Avon, is still translated into every tongue. The philosophy of the Stagyrite‡ is still felt in every academy. Whether these influences are beneficent or the reverse, they are influences fraught with power. How blest must be the recollection of those who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way to that rest which remaineth for the people of God!

It is only the pure fountain that brings forth pure water. The good tree only will produce the good fruit. If the centre from which all proceeds is pure and holy, the radii of influence from it will be pure and holy also. Go forth, then, into the spheres that you occupy, the employments, the trades, the professions of social life; go forth into the high places, or into the lowly places of the land; mix with the roaring cataracts of social convulsions, or mingle amid the eddies and streamlets of quiet and domestic life; whatever sphere you fill, carrying into it a holy heart, you will radiate around you life and power, and leave behind you holy and beneficent influences.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPLES.

WHAT is a schoolmaster? Why, can't you tell?

A quizzical old man

Armed with a ratan;

Wears a huge wig,

And struts about;

Strives to look big,

With spectacles on snout,

And most important pout,—

Who teaches little boys to read and spell.

Such my description is, of a man,

If not a clergyman, a layman:—

*Homer.

†Virgil.

‡Aristotle.

So much by way of definition,
And to prevent dull disquisition,
We'll shortly take a new position.

A schoolmaster (it mostly follows)
Who keeps a school, must have some scholars,
Unless, indeed (which said at once is)
Instead of scholars, they are all dunces :
Or if this fancy more should tickle,
Suppose them mixed—like Indian pickle.

One Dr. Larrup, as depicted here,
Who little boys had flogged for many a year—
Not that they wouldn't learn their A B C,
Their *hic, huc, hoc*—Syntax or Prosody,
 But that, despite
 Of all his might,
 And oft enforced rules of right,
 They would contrive, by day or night
 To steal—oh ! *finty*-hearted sparks,
 Worse than to little fish are sharks,—
(Alas ! to tell it my Muse winces,)
To steal—his apples, pears, and quinces.
Put them where'er he would, alike their dooms ;
His efforts proved as *fruitless* as his rooms.
As a pert dunghill cock, inflamed with ire,
Erects his feathers and his comb of fire,
When of some grains, his own by right,
He's robb'd by foes that take to flight,—
 So stood the Doctor :
 With face as red
 As coral bed,
His wig cockt forward in his eye,
As if it there the cause would spy.
 Had his wife been there,
 I do declare,
 It would have shocked her.

After long buffeting in mental storm,
His brain's thermometer fell from hot to warm :
At many plans by turns he grapples,
To save his quinces, pears, and apples :
When luckily, into his noddle
His recollection chanced to *toddle*.
This sage informant told poor Larrup,
If he'd convey his fruit so far up,
That on his house's top there stood,
A room, well floored, I think—with wood.
'Twas what some folks a Loft would call ;
The entrance through a trap-door small,

Fix'd in the ceiling of his chamber,
 To which he up a rope must clamber;
 Unless a ladder was prepared,
 And then the rope's-end might be spar'd;
 But he'd a long, well-practis'd knack,
 Of *sparing* neither rope nor back.

Ye who in proper titles glory,
 Will think, I hope, as I have oft,
 That, as this Story's of a Loft,
 It should be called a 'Lofty Story.'
 Well, Larrup, without more disputing,
 Fix'd on this loft to put his fruit in;
 And quickly had it thither mov'd,
 How far securely, must be prov'd.
 From one apartment so erected
 That with the very trifling risk
 Of dislocating neck or shoulder,
 Which boys ne'er think of in a *frisk*,
 (Nay oft it makes the urchins bolder)
 Advent'rous spirits might contrive
 To reach the Doctor's apple-hive.
 In this room rested four or five
 Of these young pilferers, undetected.

Whilst leaden sleep sat on the Doctor's *shutters*,
 (By shutters I would here imply,
 The lids that shut light from the eye,)
 These daring rogues explor'd the tiles and gutters
 In search of trap or casement—but alack!
 They found not e'en a small, a gracious crack.
 When one, 'gainst ev'ry disappointment proof,
 Propos'd that they should just—until the roof;
 At least, sufficient space t' admit
 A basket, in which one might sit;
 And thus, by rope to handle tied,
 Be lower'd down with gentle ride.
 This being approv'd of, 'twas decided,
 That 'gainst next night, should be provided
 A basket and a rope;
 Which being in due time effected,
 A supercargo was selected,
 Who, *rais'd* by hope,
 Was gradually *lower'd* through the hole,
 From whence he sent up apples by the shoal.
 This plan they often put in force,—
 (Not oft'ner than they could—of course,)
 And when their pilfering job was ended,
 The untiled roof they always mended.

The Doctor frequent visits made,
 And soon perceiv'd his apples stray'd ;
 And oft upon the school-room floor,
 Lay many a pear and apple core :
 With grief he view'd these sad remains
 Of what, to keep, he took such pains.
 Despair now made his heart its prey, —
 When, entering the loft, one day,
 His ears had pretty ample proof
 The rogues were breaking thro' the roof.
 He wisely, then, conceal'd himself, —
 When lo ! down came one little elf ;
 But he no sooner reach the ground did,
 When at him, out the Doctor bounded,
 And threaten'd, if he said a sentence,
 He'd give him cause for years' repentance.
 The boy stood mute as pewter pot,
 While Larrup in the basket got ;
 When being seated snug and steady,
 He made his pris'ner cry, "all's ready."
 The boys above began to pull, —
 "Bless me ! the basket's very full."
 "He's got a swinging lot this time."
 "And I'll be bound he's pick'd the prime."
 "To it again
 With might and main,
 Another haul will do the job."
 "Yo ! yo ho !
 Up we go !"
 When lo ! up popt the Doctor's nob !
 How they all look'd I can't express,
 So leave that part for you to guess ;
 But you, perhaps, may think it right
 To know the end of Larrup's flight.
 Well ! when they'd drawn him to the top,
 Where he, most likely, wish'd to stop,
 The wicked rascals—*let the Doctor drop !*

I AM DYING.

RAISE my pillow, husband dearest,
 Faint and fainter comes my breath,
 And these shadows, stealing slowly,
 Must, I know, be those of death.

Sit down close beside me, darling,
 Let me clasp thy warm, strong hand,
 Thine that ever has sustained me
 To the borders of this land.

For thy God and mine—our Father,
 Thence shall ever lead me on,
 Where upon a throne eternal
 Sits His loved and only Son ·
 I've had visions, and been dreaming
 O'er the past of joy and pain ;
 Year by year I've wandered backward,
 Till I was a child again,—

Dreams of childhood, and the moment
 When I stood thy wife and bride—
 How my heart thrilled with love's triumph
 In that hour of woman's pride !
 Dreams of thee and all the earth cords
 Firmly twined about my heart,—
 Oh, the bitter, burning anguish,
 When first I knew that we must part !

It has passed, and God has promised
 All thy footsteps to attend ;
 He that's more than friend or brother,
 He'll be with thee to the end.
 There's no shadow o'er the portal
 Leading to my heavenly home,—
 Christ has promised life immortal,
 And 'tis He that bids me come.

When life's trials wait around thee,
 And its chilling billows swell,
 Thou'lt thank heaven that I'm spared thee,
 Thou wilt feel that "all is well."
 Bring our boys unto my bedside ;
 My last blessing let them keep—
 But they're sleeping, do not wake them—
 They'll learn soon enough to weep.

Tell them often of their mother,
 Kiss them for me when they wake ;
 Lead them gently in life's pathway,
 Love them doubly for my sake.
 Clasp my hand still closer, darling,
 This, the last night of my life,
 For to-morrow I shall never
 Answer when thou call'st me "wife."

Fare thee well, my noble husband ;
 Faint not 'neath the chastening rod ;
 Throw your strong arms 'round our children,
 Keep them close to thee—and God !

ANSWER TO "I AM DYING."—REV. W. M. LATHRIS.

DEAREST wife, I've raised thy pillow,
 And I watch thy failing breath ;
 O'er my heart fall deep, dark shadows
 As I gaze on thee, and death.
 At thy side I'm seated, darling,
 And I feel thy feeble grasp
 As, in anguish, I release thee
 From my trembling, loving clasp.

I, too, dream of that bright moment
 When thou stood'st my bride and wife ;
 Then thy blessedness I'd purchase,
 Had it cost me e'en my life.
 From that dream here's a rude waking,
 Crushing down both mind and heart ;
 Must I learn this painful lesson ?
 Here and now, Oh, must we part !

Soon my sorrows will not reach thee ;
 Thou'lt be far beyond their power—
 With the God in whom thou trusteth,—
 Ere time marks another hour.
 That thy future's bright and blessed
 Is a daily joy to me ;
 It will lighten every sorrow,
 To know it is not shared by thee.

Round thy bed our boys are gathered,
 And with me they stand and weep ;
 A last blessing give unto them,
 That they evermore may keep.
 In our hearts thou'lt live forever,
 On our lips thou'lt daily be,
 Till we too shall cross the river,
 And with thee our Saviour see.

I shall gaze upon our children,
 Night by night when thou art gone ;
 No one else is left to love them,
 I must guide them all alone.

Night and day from harm I'll shield them,
 And love's vigils I shall keep ;
 Gently through life will I lead them
 Until by thy side I sleep.

Close the hand I'm clasping, darling,
 As I watch thy ebbing life ;
 Shall I no more hear thee answer,
 When I whisper, dearest wife ?
 Life is dark, and bleak, and dreary,
 I am left without a home—
 Broken-hearted, weak, and weary ;
 Oh, that He'd to me say, "Come !"

But our children need my presence,
 And for them I fain would stay
 Till my work in time is finished,
 Till I close life's weary day.
 When 'tis done and Jesus calls me
 To the rest prepared above,
 Oh, the joy that there awaits me,
 Dwelling with thee in His love !

Then we'll have the joy of loving
 "As we never loved before,
 Loving on unchilled, unhindered,
 Loving once and evermore."

NOTHING AT ALL IN THE PAPER TO-DAY.

NOTHING at all in the paper to-day !
 Only a murder somewhere or other—
 A girl who has put her child away,
 Not being a wife as well as a mother.
 Or a drunken husband beating a wife—
 With the neighbors lying awake to listen,—
 Scarce aware he has taken a life
 Till in at the window the dawn-rays glisten.
 But that is all in the regular way—
 There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

Nothing at all in the paper to-day !
 To be sure there's a woman died of starvation,
 Fell down in the street—as so many may
 In this very prosperous Christian nation.

Or two young girls, with some inward grief
 Maddened, have plunged in the inky waters,
 Or a father has learnt that his son's a thief,
 Or a mother been robbed of one of her daughters.
 Things that occur in the regular way—
 There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

There's nothing at all in the paper to-day,
 Unless you care about things in the city—
 How great rich rogues for their crimes must pay,
 (Though all gentility cries out "pity!")
 Like the meanest shop-boy that robs a till—
 There's a case to-day, if I'm not forgetting,
 The lad only "borrowed" as such lads will—
 To pay some money he lost in betting.
 But there's nothing in this that's out of the way—
 There's nothing at all in the paper to-day.

Nothing at all in the paper to-day
 But the births and bankruptcies, deaths and marriages,
 But life's events in the old survey,
 With Virtue begging, and Vice in carriages;
 And kindly hearts under ermine gowns,
 And wicked breasts under hodden gray,—
 For goodness belongs not only to clowns,
 And o'er others than lords does sin bear sway.
 But what do I read?—"drowned! wrecked!" Did I say
 There was nothing *at all* in the paper to-day?

A SKETCH OF THE "OLD COACHING DAYS."

JOHN POOLE.

I do not call him an early riser who, once in his life, may have been forced out of his bed at eight o'clock on a November morning, in consequence of his house having been on fire ever since seven; nor would I attach such a stigma to him who, in the sheer spirit of foolhardiness and bravado, should for once and away "awake, arise," even three or four hours earlier, in the same inclement season: *I, myself, have done it!* But the fact is, that the thing, as a constant practice, is impossible to one who is not 'to the manner born.' He must be taught, as a fish is taught to swim, from his earliest infancy. * *

I know it may be objected to me that chimney-sweepers,

dastmen, ac., are early risers; but this I would rather take to be a vulgar error than admit it as a fact; what proof can you adduce that they have yet been to bed? For my own part, I am unwilling to think so uncharitably of human nature as to believe that any created being would force another to quit his bed at five o'clock on a frosty morning. * *

I have confessed that once, in the sheer spirit of bravado, I myself rose (or promised to rise,) at that ignominious period of the night, known, or rather heard of, by the term, 'four in the morning.' My folly deserved a severe punishment, which, indeed, it received in its own consequences; but since I have lately been informed that 'a good-natured friend' is of opinion that it merits the additional chastisement of public exposure, I will (to spare him the *pain* of bestowing it upon me,) inflict the lash with my own hand.

I had the pleasure of spending, years ago, my Christmas holidays very agreeably with a family at Bristol.

Having an appointment of some importance for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth-night. On the morning of that festive occasion, I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when, walking along Broad-street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach-advertisements which were posted on the walls. The 'Highflyer' announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the 'Magnet' at ten in the morning—somewhat of the earliest; whilst the 'Wonder' was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!!—a glaring impossibility. * * *

We often experience an irresistible impulse to interfere in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of ours; and the case in question being clearly no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach-office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

"So, sir," said I, to the book-keeper, "you start a coach to London at five in the morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied he—and with the most perfect *nonchalance*!

"You understand me? At *five*?—in the MORNING?" said I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

"Yes, sir, five to a minute—two minutes later you'll lose your place."

This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work: so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

"And would you, now, venture to *book* a place for me?"

"Let you know directly, sir.—(Hand down the "Wonder" Lunnun-book there.)—When for, sir?"

I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness.

After a momentary pause, "for to-morrow," said I.

"Full outside, sir; just one place vacant *in*."

The very word "outside," bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark, dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January, confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called a "take-in."

"So you *will* venture, then, to *book* a place for me?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare?"

"If you please, sir—one pound two."

"Well, you are an extraordinary person! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole!"

"If you please, sir—two pound four."

I paid him the money, observing at the same time, and in a tone calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge, and jury—"You shall hear from me again."

"If you please, sir; to-morrow morning, at five *punctual*—start to a minute, sir—thank'ee, sir—good-morning, sir."

And this he uttered without a blush!!!

"To what expedients," thought I, as I left the office, "will men resort, for the purpose of injuring their neighbors! Here is one who exposes himself to the consequences of an action at law, or, at least, to the expense of sending me to town in a chaise and four, at a reasonable

hour of the day; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor—and on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning!”

The first person I met was my friend, Mark Northington, and——

Even now, though years have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered, when assured by him of the frightful fact that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach which, really and truly, would start at five in the morning! * * *

It may be asked why I did not forfeit my forty-four shillings, and thus escape the calamity. No; the laugh would have been too much against me; so, resolving to put a bold face on the matter, I——I will not say I walked—I positively *swaggered* about the streets of Bristol, for an hour or two, with all the self-importance of one who has already performed some extraordinary exploit, and is conscious that the wondering gaze of the multitude is directed towards him. Being condemned to the miseries, it was but fair I should enjoy the honors of the undertaking. To every person I met, with whom I had the slightest acquaintance, I said aloud, “I start at *five* tomorrow morning!” at the same time adjusting my cravat and pulling up my collar; and went into three or four shops and purchased trifles, for which I had no earthly occasion, for the pure gratification of my vain-glory in saying, “Be sure you send them to-night, for I start at *five* in the morning!”

But, beneath all this show of gallantry, my heart, like that of many another hero on equally desperate occasions—my heart was ill at ease.

* * * * *

I returned to Reeves’s Hotel, College Green, where I was lodging. * * *

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of “Boots” at the hotel was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman, who was to go by one of the morning coaches, and who, in consequence of such neglect, missed his journey. This

misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

"Boots," said I, in a mournful tone, "you must call me at four o'clock."

"Do 'ee want to get up, zur?" inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

"Want it, indeed! no; but I must."

"Well, zur, I'll *carl'ee*; if you be as sure to get up as I be to *carl'ee*, you'll not knoa what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I'll hav'ee out, danged if I doan't! Good night, zur;"—and *exit* Boots.

"And now I'll pack my portmanteau."

It was a bitter cold night, and my bed-room fire had gone out. Except the rush-candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment, the walls of which (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rushlight, as they struggled through the holes of the box) were of dark-brown wainscot—but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trousers, linen, books, papers, dressing materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair, I sat me down at the foot of the bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom, I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau; so, resolving to defer the packing till the morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful—disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches each pointing to the hour of **FOUR** passed slowly before me—then, time-pieces—dials of larger size—and at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to **FOUR, FOUR, FOUR.**

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,

and endless processions of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dinning in my ears, "Past four o'clock." At length I was attacked by nightmare. Methought I was an hour-glass—old Father Time bestrode me—he pressed upon me with unendurable weight—fearfully and threateningly did he wave his scythe above my head—he grinned at me, struck three blows, audible blows, with

the handle of his scythe, on my breast, stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear—

“Vore o'clock, zur; I zay it be vore o'clock.”

It was the awful voice of Boots.

“Well, I hear you,” groaned I.

“But I doant hear *you*. Vore o'clock, zur.”

“Very well, very well, that'll do.”

“Beggin' your pardon, but it woan't do, zur. 'Ee must get up—past vore, zur.” * * *

And here he thundered away at the door; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him in order to satisfy him of the fact.

“That'll do, zur; 'ee told I to carl'ee, and I hope I ha' carld'ee properly.”

I lit my taper at the rushlight. On opening a window-shutter, I was regaled with the sight of a fog, a parallel to which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have produced. A dirty drizzling rain was falling. My heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I not to do! The duties of the toilet were indispensable—the portmanteau *must* be packed—and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured; at that villainous hour not a human being in the house (nor, do I firmly believe, in the universe entire,) had risen—my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen; but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair, bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might almost as easily have bent. The tooth-brushes were riveted to the glass in which I had left them, and of which, (in my haste to disengage them from their stronghold,) they carried away a fragment; the soap was cemented to the dish; my shaving-brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. Even

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had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.

"Who's there?"

"Now, if 'ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-five minutes to vive."

I lost my self-possession—I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind.

There was no time for the performance of anything like a comfortable toilet. I resolved, therefore, to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. "I'll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done." In went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of mine host's frozen towels. Everything must come out again.

"Who's there!"

"Now, zur; 'ee'l be too late, zur."

"Coming!"

Everything was now gathered together—the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *deshabille* of straps. Where were my boots? In my hurry I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London on such a day in slippers. Again was everything to be undone.

"Now, zur, coach be going."

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit of the exact length of time he has still to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders.

"I'm coming," again replied I, with a groan. "I have only to pull on my boots."

They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

"Please, zur——"

"What in the name of the——do you want now?"

"Coach be gone, please zur."

"Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?"

"Bless 'eel noa zur; not as Jem Robbins do droive. He be vive mile off by now."

"You are certain of that?"

"I warrant'ee, zur."

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past.

"Boots," said I, "you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept perfectly quiet, and desire the chamber-maid to call me——"

"At what o'clock, zur?"

"This day three months at the earliest!"

HEAVIER THE CROSS.—FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMOLKE.

HEAVIER the cross, the nearer heaven ;
 No cross without, no God within,—
 Death, judgment, from the heart are driven
 Amid the world's false glare and din.
 Oh, happy he with all his loss,
 Whom God hath set beneath the cross !

Heavier the cross, the better Christian ;
 This is the touchstone God applies.
 How many a garden would be wasting,
 Unwet by showers from weeping eyes !
 The gold by fire is purified ;
 The Christian is by trouble tried.

Heavier the cross, the stronger faith,
 The loaded palm strikes deeper root,
 The wine-juice sweetly issueth
 When men have pressed the clustered fruit ;
 And courage grows where dangers come,
 Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

Heavier the cross, the heartier prayer ;
 The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
 If sky and wind were always fair
 The sailor would not watch the star ;
 And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung
 If grief his heart had never wrung.

Heavier the cross, the more aspiring;
 From vales we climb to mountain crest;
 The pilgrim, of the desert, tiring,
 Longs for the Canaan of his rest.
 The dove has here no rest in sight,
 And to the ark she wings her flight.

Heavier the cross, the easier dying,
 Death is a friendlier face to see;
 To life's decay one bids defying,
 From life's distress one then is free.
 The cross sublimely lifts our faith
 To him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry,—
 The longer may it dearer be;
 And lest I faint while here I tarry,
 Implant thou such a heart in me,
 That faith, hope, love, may flourish there,
 Till for the cross my crown I wear!

THE DEACON'S STORY.—N. S. EMERSON.

THE solemn old bells in the steeple
 Are ringin'. I guess you know why,
 No? Well, then, I'll tell you, though mostly
 It's whispered about on the sly.
 Some six weeks ago, a church meetin'
 Was called—for—nobody knew what;
 But we went, and the parson was present,
 And I don't know who or who not.

Some twenty odd members, I calc'late,
 Which mostly was women, of course;
 Though I don't mean to say aught ag'in 'em;
 I've seen many gatherin's worse.
 There, in the front row, sat the deacons,
 The eldest was old Deacon Pryor—
 A man countin' fourscore-and-seven,
 And gin'rally full of his ire.

Beside him, his wife, countin' fourscore,
 A kind-hearted, motherly soul;
 And next to her young Deacon Hartley,
 A good Christian man on the whole.

Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,
 And long ago laid on the shelf,
 Had wedged herself next ; and beside her,
 Was Deacon Munroe—that's myself.

The meetin' was soon called to order,
 The parson looked glum as a text ;
 We gazed at each other in silence,
 And silently wondered "What next !"
 Then slowly uprose Deacon Hartley ;
 His voice seemed to tremble with fear
 As he said : " Boy and man you have known me,
 My good friends, for nigh forty year.

" And you scarce may expect a confession
 Of error from me ; but—you know,
 My dearly loved wife died last Christmas,
 It's now nearly ten months ago.
 The winter went by long and lonely,
 The spring hurried forward a-pace ;
 The farm-work came on, and I needed
 A woman about the old place.

" The children were wilder than rabbits,
 And still growing worse every day ;
 No help to be found in the village,
 Although I was willin' to pay.
 In fact, I was nigh 'bout discouraged
 For everything looked so forlorn ;
 When good little Patience McAlpine
 Skipped into our kitchen, one morn.

" She had only run in of an errand ;
 But she laughed at our miserable plight,
 And set to work, jist like a woman,
 A putting the whole place to right.
 And though her own folks was so busy,
 And illy her helpin' could spare,
 She flit in and out like a sparrow,
 And most every day she was there.

" So the Summer went by sort o' cheerful,
 And one night my baby, my Joe,
 Seemed feverish and fretful, and woke me
 By crying, at midnight, you know.
 I was tired with my day's work and sleepy,
 And couldn't no way keep him still ;
 So, at last I grew angry, and spanked him,
 And then he screamed out with a will.

"Just about then I heard a soft rapping,
 Away at the half-open door;
 And then little Patience McAlpine
 Walked shyly across the white floor.
 Says she: 'I thought Josey was cryin',
 I guess I'd best take him away.
 I knew you'd be gettin' up early
 To go to the marshes for hay,
 So I stayed here to-night to get breakfast;
 I guess he'll be quiet with me.
 Come, Josey, kiss papa, and tell him
 What a nice little man you will be!
 She was stooping low over the pillow,
 And saw the big tears on his cheek;
 Her face was so close to my whiskers,
 I darsn't move, scarcely, or speak;
 Her hands were both holdin' the baby,
 Her eye by his shoulder was hid;
 But her mouth was so near and so rosy,
 I—kissed her. That's just what I did."

Then down sat the tremblin' sinner,
 The sisters they murmured of "shame,"
 And "she shouldn't oughter a let him,
 No doubt she was mostly to blame."
 When straightway uprose Deacon Pryor,
 "Now bretherin *and* sisters," he said,
 (We knowed then that suthin' was comin',
 And all sot as still as the dead),
 You've heard brother Hartley's confession,
 And I speak for myself when I say.
 That if my wife was dead, and my children
 Were all growin' worse every day;
 And if my house needed attention,
 And Patience McAlpine had come
 And tidied the cluttered up kitchen,
 And made the place seem more like home;
 And if I was worn out and sleepy,
 And my Baby wouldn't lie still,
 But fretted and woke me at midnight,
 As babies, we know, sometimes will;
 And if Patience came in to hush him,
 And 'twas all as our good brother sez—
 I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,
 And 'bide by the consequences."

Then down sat the elderly deacon,
 The younger one lifted his face,
 And a smile rippled over the meetin'
 Like light in a shadowy place.

Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters
 Remembered their far-away youth.
 Or the daughters at home by their firesides
 Shrined each in her shy, modest truth ;
 For their judgments grew gentle and kindly,
 And—well—as I started to say,
 The solemn old bells in the steeple
 Are ringin' a bridal to-day.

Appleton's Journal.

LITERARY PURSUITS AND ACTIVE BUSINESS.

A. H. EVERETT.

HEED not the idle assertion that literary pursuits will disqualify you for the active business of life. Reject it as a mere imagination, inconsistent with principle, unsupported by experience. Point out to those who make it the illustrious characters who have reaped in every age the highest honors of studious and active exertion. Show them Demosthenes forging, by the light of the midnight lamp, those thunderbolts of eloquence, which

“Shook the arsenal, fulminated over Greece,
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.”

Ask them if Cicero would have been hailed with rapture as the father of his country, if he had not been its pride and pattern in philosophy and letters. Inquire whether Cæsar, or Frederick, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or Washington, fought the worse because they knew how to write their own commentaries. Remind them of Franklin, tearing at the same time the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from the hands of the oppressors. Do they say to you that study will lead you to scepticism? Recall to their memory the venerable names of Bacon, Milton, Newton, and Locke. Would they persuade you that devotion to learning will withdraw your steps from the paths of pleasure? Tell them they are mistaken. Tell them that the only true pleasures are those which result from the diligent exercise of all the faculties of body, and mind, and heart, in pursuit of noble ends by noble means. Repeat to them the ancient apologue of the youthful Hercules, in the pride of strength and beauty,

giving up his generous soul to the worship of virtue. Tell them your choice is also made. Tell them, with the illustrious Roman orator, you would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with Epicurus. Tell them that a mother in Sparta would have rather seen her son brought home from battle a corpse upon his shield, than dishonored by its loss. Tell them that *your* mother is America, your *battle* the warfare of lips, your *shield* the breastplate of Religion.

ARTEMUS WARD ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—C. F. BROWNE.

I PIGHT tent in a small town in Injiany one day last season, & while I was standin at the dore takin money, a deppytashen of ladies came up and sed they was members of the Bunkumville Female Reformin & Wimmin's Rite's Associashun, and they axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimmin—a tall and feroshus lookin critter,—“do you know who we air, Sir?”

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersory view, that you are shemales."

"We air, Sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong to a society witch beleeves wimmin has rights—witch beleeves in razin her to her proper speer—witch beleeves she is endowed with as much intelleck as man is—which beleeves she is trampled on and aboosed—& who will resist hence4th & forever the incroachments of proud and domineering men."

Durin her discourse, the excentric female grabbed me by the coat kollor & was swinging her umbreller wildly over my head.

"I hope, marm," sez I, starting back, "that your intentions is honorable. I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she

ever dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of tyrinny, & thinkin and votin for herself? Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not bein a natral born fool," sed I, by this time a little railed, "I ken safely say that she dothun't."

"Oh, whot—whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air. "Oh, what is the price that woman pays for her experience!"

"I don't know," sez I, "the price to my show is 15 cents pur individual."

"& cant our society go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil man!" she cried, & burst into tears.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the excentrick wimin, takin me afeckshunately by the hand. "Oh, please let my darter in, shee's a sweet gushin child of nature."

"Let her gush?" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense: "let her gush." Whereupon they all sprung back with the similtanious observashun that I was a Beest.

"My female friends," sed I, "be4 you leeve, I've a few remarks to remark: wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boast. Its onpossible to get along without her. Had there been no female wimin in the world, I shood scarcely be here with my unparaleld show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good at all time. Oh, woman, woman!" I cried, my feelins worked up to a hippoltick pitch, "You air a angle when you behave yourself, but when you take off your proper appariel & (mettyforically speakin)—get into pantyloons—when you desert your firesides, &, with heds full of wimin's rites noshuns go round like roarin lyons, seekin whom you may devour somebody—in short when you undertake to play man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends." I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed!"

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MEMORY'S WILD-WOOD.

THE day, with its sandals dipped in dew,
 Has passed through the evening's golden gates,
 And a single star in the cloudless blue
 For the rising moon in silence waits ;
 While the winds that sigh to the languid hours
 A lullaby breathe o'er the folded flowers.

The lilies nod to the sound of the stream
 That winds along with lulling flow,
 And either awake, or half a-dream,
 I pass through the realms of long ago ;
 While faces peer with many a smile
 From the bowers of Memory's magical isle.

There are joys and sunshine, sorrows and tears
 That check the path of life's April hours,
 And a longing wish for the coming years,
 That hope ever wreathes with the fairest flowers ;
 There are friendships guileless—love as bright
 And pure as the stars in halls of night.

There are ashen memories, bitter pain,
 And buried hopes and a broken vow,
 And an aching heart by the reckless main,
 And the sea-breeze fanning a pallid brow ;
 And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore
 Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong and ambitions wild,
 And the fierce desire to stand in the van
 Of the battle of life—and the heart of the child
 Is crushed in the breast of the struggling man ;
 But short are the regrets and few are the tears,
 That fall at the tomb of the banished years.

There is a quiet and peace and domestic love,
 And joys arising from faith and truth,
 And a truth unquestioning, far above
 The passionate dreamings of ardent youth ;
 And kisses of children on lips and cheek,
 And the parent's bliss which no tongue can speak.

There are loved ones lost ! There are little graves
 In the distant dell, 'neath protecting trees,
 Where the streamlet winds, and the violet waves,
 And the grasses sway to the sighing breeze ;
 And we mourn for the pressure of tender lips,
 And the light of eyes darkened in death's eclipse.

And thus, as the glow of the daylight dies,
 And the night's first look to the earth is cast,
 I gaze, 'neath those beautiful summer skies,
 At the pictures that hang in the hall of the past,
 Oh, Sorrow and Joy, chant a mingled lay
 When to memory's wild-wood we wander away !

A HOME PICTURE.—FRANCIS DANA GAGE.

BEN Fisher had finished his hard day's work,
 And he sat at his cottage door ;
 His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
 And the moon-light danced on the floor—
 The moon-light danced on the cottage floor,
 Her beams were clear and bright
 As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
 Talk'd love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
 And never a dram drank he ;
 So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
 And they chatted right merrily ;
 Right merrily chatted they on, the while
 Her babe slept on her breast,
 While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
 On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast the potatoes grew,
 And the corn in the lower field ;
 And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
 And promised a glorious yield ;—
 A glorious yield in the harvest time,
 And his orchard was doing fair ;
 His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
 His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
 Her fowls and her calves were fat ;
 That the butter that Tommy that morning churned,
 Would buy him a Sunday hat ;
 That Jenny, for Pa, a new shirt had made,
 And 'twas done too by the rule ;
 That Neddy, the garden, could nicely spade ;
 And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly raised his toil-worn hand
 Through his locks of grayish brown—
 "I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he,
 "We're the happiest folks in town."
 "I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
 Work and health go together, I've found;
 For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
 And she's sick the whole year round.

"They're worth their thousands, so people say,
 But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
 'Twould not be me that would take their gold,
 And live in a constant fret;
 My humble home has a light within,
 Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy,
 Six healthy children, a merry heart,
 And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
 The moon shone brighter and clearer,
 I could not tell why the man should cry,
 But he hitched up to Kate still nearer;
 He lean'd his head on her shoulder there,
 And he took her hand in his—
 I guess—(though I look'd at the moon just then,)
 That he left on her lips a kiss.

THE OLD MAN IN THE STYLISH CHURCH.

JOHN. H. YATES.

WELL, wife, I've been to church to-day—been to a stylish one—
 And, seein' you can't go from home, I'll tell you what was done;
 You would have been surprised to see what I saw there to-day;
 The sisters were fixed up so fine they hardly bowed to pray.

I had on these coarse clothes of mine, not much the worse for
 wear,
 But then they knew I wasn't one they call a millionaire;
 So they led the old man to a seat away back by the door—
 'Twas bookless and uncushioned, a reserved seat for the poor.

Pretty soon in came a stranger with gold ring and clothing fine.
 They led him to a cushioned seat far in advance of mine.
 I thought that wasn't exactly right to seat him up so near
 When he was young, and I was old and very hard to hear

But then there's no accountin' for what some people do ·
 The finest clothing' now-a-days oft gets the finest pew,
 But when we reach the blessed home, all undefiled by sin,
 We'll see wealth beggin' at the gate, while poverty goes in.

I couldn't hear the sermon, I sa so far away,
 So, through the hours of service, I could only "watch and
 pray;"
 Watch the doin's of the Christians sitting near me, round
 about;
 Pray God to make them pure within, as they were pure with-
 out.

While I sat there, lookin' 'round upon the rich and great,
 I kept thinkin' of the rich man and the beggar at his gate;
 How, by all but dogs forsaken, the poor beggar's form grew
 cold,
 And the angels boro his spirit to the mansions built of gold.

How, at last, the rich man perished, and his spirit took its flight
 From the purple and fine linen to the home of endless night;
 There he learned, as he stood gazin' at the beggar in the sky,
 "It isn't all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

I doubt not there were wealthy sires in that religious fold
 Who went up from their dwellings like the Pharisee of old;
 Then returned home from their worship, with a head uplifted
 high,
 To spurn the hungry from their door, with naught to satisfy.

Out, out with such professions! they are doin' more to-day
 To stop the weary sinner from the Gospel's shinin' way
 Than all the books of infidels; than all that has been tried
 Since Christ was born at Bethlehem—since Christ was crucified.

How simple are the works of God, and yet how very grand;
 The shells in ocean caverns, the flowers on the land;
 He gilds the clouds of evenin' with the gold right from His
 throne,
 Not for the rich man *only*;—not for the poor alone.

Then why should man look down on man because of lack of
 gold?

Why seat him in the poorest pew because his clothes are old?
 A heart with noble motives—a heart that God has blest—
 May-be beatin' Heaven's music 'neath that faded coat and vest.

I'm old—I may be childish—but I love simplicity;
 I love to see it shinin' in a Christian's piety.
 Jesus told us in His sermons in Judea's mountains wild,
 He that wants to go to Heaven must be like a little child.

Our heads are growin' gray, dear wife ; our hearts are beatin'
slow ;
In a little while the Master will call for us to go.
When we reach the pearly gateways, and look in with joyful
eyes,
We'll see *no stylish worship* in the temple of the skies.

JENKINS GOES TO A PIC-NIC.

MARIA Ann recently determined to go to a pic-nic.

Maria Ann is my wife—unfortunately she had planned it to go alone, so far as I am concerned, on that pic-nic excursion ; but when I heard about it, I determined to assist. She *pretended* she was very glad, I don't believe she was.

"It will do you good to get away from your work a day, poor fellow," she said ; "and we shall so much enjoy a cool morning ride on the cars, and a dinner in the woods."

On the morning of that day, Maria Ann got up at 5 o'clock. About three minutes later she disturbed my slumbers, and told me to come to breakfast. I told her I wasn't hungry, but it didn't make a bit of difference, I had to get up. The sun was up ; I had no idea that the sun began business so early in the morning, but there he was.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must fly around, for the cars start at half-past six. Eat all the breakfast you can for you won't get anything more before noon."

I could not eat anything so early in the morning. There was ice to be pounded to go around the pail of ice cream, and the sandwiches to be cut, and I thought I would never get the legs of the chicken fixed so that I could get the cover on the big basket. Maria Ann flew around and piled up groceries for me to pack, giving directions to the girl about taking care of the house, and putting on her dress all at once. There is a deal of energy in that woman, perhaps a trifle too much.

At twenty minutes past six I stood on the front steps with a basket on one arm and Maria Ann's waterproof on the other and a pail in each hand, and a bottle of vinegar

in my coat-skirt pocket. There was a camp-chair hung on me somewhere, too, but I forget just where.

"Now," said Maria Ann, "we must run or we shall not catch the train."

"Maria Ann," said I, that is a reasonable idea. How do you suppose that I can run with all this freight?"

"You must, you brute. You always try to tease me. If you do not want a scene on the street, you will start, too."

So I ran.

I had one comfort, at least. Maria Ann fell down and broke her parasol. She called me a brute again because I laughed. She drove me all the way to the depot in a brisk trot, and we got on the cars; but neither of us could get a seat, and I could not find a place where I could set the things down, so I stood there and held them.

"Maria," said I in winning accents, "how is this for a cool morning ride?"

Said she, "you are a brute, Jenkins."

Said I, "you have made *that* observation before, my love."

I kept my courage up, yet I knew there would be an hour of wrath when we got home. While we were getting out of the cars, the bottle in my coat-pocket broke, and consequently I had one boot half full of vinegar all day. That kept me pretty quiet, and Maria Ann ran off with a big whiskered music teacher, and lost her fan, and got her feet wet, and tore her dress, and enjoyed herself *eo much*, after the fashion of pic-nic goers.

I thought it would never come dinner time, and Maria Ann called me a pig because I wanted to open our basket before the rest of the baskets were opened.

At last dinner came—the "nice dinner in the woods," you know. Over three thousand little red ants had got into our dinner, and they were worse to pick out than fish bones. The ice cream had melted, and there was no vinegar for the cold meat, except what was in my boot, and of course that was of no immediate use. The music teacher spilled a cup of hot coffee on Maria Ann's head, and pulled all the frizzles out trying to wipe off the coffee with his handkerchief. Then I sat on a piece of raspberry pie, and spoiled my white pants, and concluded I didn't

want anything more. I had to stand up against a tree the rest of the afternoon. The day offered considerable variety, compared to every day life, but there were so many drawbacks that I did not enjoy it so much as I might have done.

THE VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

'Tis the soft twilight. Round the shining sander,—

Two at my feet and one upon my knee.—

Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael.

My fairy, small and slender,

Listen to what befell

Monk Gabriel,

In the old ages ripe with mystery—

Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man with grave, but gentle look—

His silence sweet with sounds

With which the simple-hearted spring abounds;

Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,

Chirping of insect, and the building rock

Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;

Quaint tracery of bird, and branch, and brook,

Flitting across the pages of his book,

Until the very words a freshness took—

Deep in his cell

Sat the monk Gabriel.

In his book he read

The words the Master to His dear ones said:

“A little while and ye

Shall see,

Shall gaze on Me;

A little while again,

Ye shall not see Me then.”

A little while!

The monk looked up—a smile

Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:

“Thou who gracious art

Unto the poor of heart,

O blessed Christ!” he cried,

"Great is the misery
 Of mine iniquity;
 But would I now might see,
 Might feast on Thee!"
 —The blood with sudden start,
 Nigh rent his veins apart—
 (Oh condescension of the Crucified :)
 In all the brilliancy
 Of His Humanity—
 The Christ stood by his side!
 Pure as the early lily was His skin,
 His cheek out-blushed the rose,
 His lips, the glows
 Of autumn sunset on eternal snows;
 And His deep eyes within,
 Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories dwelt,
 The monk in speechless adoration knelt.
 In each fair hand, in each fair foot there shone
 The peerless stars He took from Calvary;
 Around His brows in tenderest lucency
 The thorn marks lingered, like the flash of dawn;
 And from the opening in His side there rilled
 A light, so dazzling, that all the room was filled
 With heaven; and transfigured in his place,
 His very breathing stilled,
 The friar held his robe before his face,
 And heard the angels singing!

'Twas but a moment—then, upon the spell
 Of this sweet presence, lo! a something broke:
 A something trembling, in the belfry woke,
 A shower of metal music flinging
 O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell,
 And through the open windows of the cell
 In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
 Calling monk Gabriel,
 Unto his daily task,
 To feed the paupers at the abbey gate;
 No respite did he ask,
 Nor for a second summons idly wait;
 But rose up, saying in his humble way;
 "Fain would I stay,
 O Lord! and feast alway
 Upon the honeyed sweetness of thy beauty;
 But 'tis *Thy* will, not mine. I must obey.
 Help me to do my duty!"
 The while the Vision smiled,
 The monk went forth, light-hearted as a child.

An hour hence, his duty nobly done
 Back to his cell he came ;
 Unasked, unsought, lo ! his reward was won !
 —Rafters and walls and floor were yet allame
 With all the matchless glory of that sun,
 And in the centre stood the Blessed One
 (Praise be His Holy Name !)
 Who for our sakes our crosses made His own,
 And bore our weight of shame.

Down on the threshold fell
 Monk Gabriel,
 His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay
 And while in deep humility he lay,
 (Tears raining from his happy eyes away)
 "Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.

The Vision only said,
 Lifting its shining head ;
 "If thou hadst staid, O son, I must have fled "

YOUTH AND AGE.

I OFTEN think each tottering form
 That limps along in life's decline,
 Once bore a heart as young, as warm,—
 As full of idle thoughts as mine !
 And each has had its dream of joy,
 Its own unequalled pure romance ;
 Commencing when the blushing boy
 First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth—
 Would think its scenes of love evince
 More passion, more unearthly truth
 Than any tale before or since.
 Yes ! they could tell of tender lay
 At midnight penned in classic shades,
 Of days more bright than modern days ;
 And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear ;
 Of kisses on a blushing cheek ;
 Each kiss, each whisper far more dear
 Our modern lips to give or speak.

Of passions too untimely crossed ;
 Of passions slighted or betrayed ;
 Of kindred spirits early lost,
 And buds that blossom but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
 Elastic form and noble brow,
 Of forms that have all passed away,
 And left them what we see them now.
 And is it thus—is human love
 So very light and frail a thing ?
 And must youth's brightest visions move
 Forever on Time's restless wing ?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
 And all the lips that talk of bliss,
 And all the forms so fair to sight,
 Hereafter only come to this ?
 Then what are earth's best visions worth
 If we at length must lose them thus ;
 If all we value most on earth
 Ere long must fade away from us ?

ROME AND CARTHAGE.—VICTOR HUGO.

ROME and Carthage!—behold them drawing near for the struggle that is to shake the world! Carthage, the metropolis of Africa, is the mistress of oceans, of kingdoms, and of nations; a magnificent city, burthened with opulence, radiant with the strange arts and trophies of the East. She is at the acme of her civilization. She can mount no higher. Any change now must be a decline. Rome is comparatively poor. She has seized all within her grasp, but rather from the lust of conquest than to fill her own coffers. She is demi-barbarous, and has her education and her fortune both to make. All is before her,—nothing behind. For a time these two nations exist in view of each other. The one reposes in the noontide of her splendor; the other waxes strong in the shade. But, little by little, air and space are wanting to each, for her development. Rome begins to perplex Carthage, and Carthage is an eyesore to Rome. Seated on opposite

banks of the Mediterranean, the two cities look each other in the face. The sea no longer keeps them apart. Europe and Africa weigh upon each other. Like two clouds surcharged with electricity, they impend. With their contact must come the thunder-shock.

The catastrophe of this stupendous drama is at hand. What actors are met! Two Races,—that of merchants and mariners, that of laborers and soldiers; two Nations,—the one dominant by gold, the other by steel; two Republics,—the one theocratic, the other aristocratic. Rome and Carthage! Rome with her army, Carthage with her fleet; Carthage, old, rich, and crafty,—Rome, young, poor, and robust; the past, and the future; the spirit of discovery, and the spirit of conquest; the genius of commerce, the demon of war; the East and the South on one side, the West and the North on the other; in short, two worlds,—the civilization of Africa, and the civilization of Europe. They measure each other from head to foot. They gather all their forces. Gradually the war kindles. The world takes fire. These colossal powers are locked in deadly strife. Carthage has crossed the Alps; Rome, the seas. The two Nations, personified in two men, Hannibal and Scipio, close with each other, wrestle, and grow infuriate. The duel is desperate. It is a struggle for life. Rome wavers. She utters that cry of anguish—*Hannibal at the gates!* But she rallies,—collects all her strength for one last, appalling effort,—throws herself upon Carthage, and sweeps her from the face of the earth!

THE QUILTING.—ANNA BACHE.

THE day is set, the ladies met,
 And at the frame are seated,
 In order placed, they work in haste,
 To get the quilt completed;
 While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,
 And animate their labors
 By counting beaux, discussing clothes,
 Or talking of their neighbors.

"Dear ! what a pretty frock you've on ;"
 " I'm very glad you like it ;"
 " I'm told that Miss Micomicon
 Don't speak to Mr. Micate."
 " I saw Miss Belle, the other day,
 Young Green's new gig adorning ;"
 " What keeps your sister Ann away ?"
 " She went to town this morning."

"T's time to roll ; ' my needle's broke ;"
 " So Martin's stock is selling."
 " Louisa's wedding gown's bespoke ;"
 " Lend me your scissors, Ellen ;"
 " That match will never come about ;"
 " Now don't fly in a passion ;"
 " Hair puffs they say are going out ;"
 " Yes, curls are all the fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun,
 The beaux are all collecting ;
 The table's cleared, the music's heard,—
 His partner each selecting ;—
 The merry band in order stand,
 The dance begins with vigor,
 And rapid feet the measure beat,
 And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded fly the minutes by,
 " Old time" himself is dancing,
 Till night's dull eye is op'ed to spy
 The light of morn advancing.
 All closely stowed ; to each abode
 The carriages go tilting ;
 And many a dream has for its theme
 The pleasures of the quilting.

GILES AND ABRAHAM.—ELMER RUAN COATES.

OLD Giles, the undertaker, sat
 In his cosy, village home ;
 He struck a light and lit his pipe
 And puffed and puffed, alone.

He thought of those who'd gone to God—
 Those HE had laid beneath the sod,
 And he quoth : " In the grave we will ALL be laid,
 And there'll ever be some in the coffin trade."

The old grave digger tapped at the door,
 One Abraham by name ;
 Giles gave to him the great arm-chair
 And asked him of his dame.
 Said he : " Well, Giles, has old King Death
 Been robbing any one of breath ?
 At the store, I have purchased a beautiful spade,
 And have come in to talk of the coffin trade."

" Ah, Abraham !" said good old Giles,
 " Just come to the window side ;
 A wedding night across the way—
 Behold the lovely bride ;
 She's danced herself to a fever heat,
 With paper soles on her little feet ;
 With her arms and neck and bosom bare,
 She stands at the door for the cold night air.
 There'll some day be use for that beautiful spade,
 And I'll keep up my stock for the coffin trade."

• Said Abraham : " Our neighbor Brown
 Drinks harder every day."
 Giles said : " I fear for neighbor Brown,
 Rum seems to have its way.
 And thus it is with alcohol—
 It rules, and men will surely fall ;
 Maybe they'll stop a week or so,
 But again they drink and down they go ;—
 And so there is use for that beautiful spade,
 And I buy me new boards for the coffin trade."

" Our merchant wears away his flesh
 And frets himself for gain ;
 Our lawyer is but skin and bone,
 And this for early fame ;
 Our editor will burn his light,
 And tax his power, half the night ;
 Our doctor in his drive for wealth
 Becomes unmindful of his health ;
 Our politician never sees
 A quiet home or day of ease ;
 And others, in a hundred ways,
 Are madly shortening their days."

Said Abraham : " All this is so,
 And, one by one, they're sure to go ;
 So I will have use for my beautiful spade,
 And you will continue the coffin trade.

" Good night to you, my old friend Giles."

" Good night to *you*, friend Lane."

The former dropped a fervent tear,

The latter did the same.

Said Giles, who looked him in the eye,

" Friend Abraham—*we, too, must die!*"

And, here, he firmly held his hand,

And both were lost to self-command.

" Yes, Abraham, we, too, must go

From all we love and prize below.

They'll say, ' Old Lane and Giles are dead ;'

Some tears will flow, some words be said ;

In our village ground we'll BOTH be laid ;

The dirt may be thrown by that beautiful spade,
 And we, in our turn, help the coffin trade."

PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

In the quiet nursery chambers,—

Snowy pillows yet unpressed,—

See the forms of little children

Kneeling, white-robed, for their rest.

All in quiet nursery chambers,

While the dusky shadows creep,

Hear the voices of the children ;

" Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain

Calmly shine the Winter stars,

But across the glistening lowlands

Stand the moonlight's silver bars.

In the silence and the darkness,

Darkness growing still more deep,

Listen to the little children,

Praying God their souls to keep.

" If we die"—so pray the children,

And the mother's head droops low,

One from out her fold is sleeping

Deep beneath the winter's snow—

"Take our souls ;"—and past the casement
 Flits a gleam of crystal light,
 Like the trailing of his garments,
 Walking evermore in white.

Little souls that stand expectant,
 Listening at the gates of life,
 Hearing, far away, the murmur
 Of the tumult and the strife,
 We who fight beneath those banners,
 Meeting ranks of foemen there,
 Find a deeper, broader meaning
 In your simple vesper prayer.

When your hand shall grasp this standard
 Which to-day you watch from far,
 When your deeds shall shape the conflict
 In this universal war :
 Pray to Him, the God of battles,
 Whose strong eyes can never sleep,
 In the warring of temptation,
 Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly
 Clears the smoke from out the skies ;
 When, far down the purple distance,
 All the noise of battle dies ;
 When the last night's solemn shadow
 Settles down on you and me,
 May the love that never faileth
 Take our souls eternally !

PATRIOTISM.—T. F. MEAGHER.

BEREFT of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid ; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul ; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not *dead*. It still lives to console, to *sanctify* humanity. It has its altar in every clime—its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France, in the brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate-Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hand of Geefs has reared a monument, full of glorious meaning, to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

By the soft, blue waters of Lake Lucerne stands the chapel of William Tell. On the anniversary of his revolt and victory, across those waters, as they glitter in the July sun, skim the light boats of the allied cantons. From the prows hang the banners of the republic, and, as they near the sacred spot, the daughters of Lucerne chant the hymns of their old poetic land. Then bursts forth the glad *Te Deum*, and Heaven again hears the voice of that wild chivalry of the mountains which, five centuries since, pierced the white eagle of Vienna, and flung it bleeding on the rocks of Uri.

At Innspruck, in the black aisle of the old cathedral, the peasant of the Tyrol kneels before the statue of Andreas Hofer. In the defiles and valleys of the Tyrol, who forgets the day on which he fell within the walls of Mantua? It is a festive day all through this quiet, noble land. In that old cathedral his inspiring memory is recalled amid the pageantries of the altar—his image appears in every house—his victories and virtues are proclaimed in the songs of the people—and when the sun goes down, a chain of fires, in the deep red light of which the eagle spreads his wings and holds his giddy revelry, proclaims the glory of the chief, whose blood has made his native land a sainted spot in Europe. Shall not all join in this glorious worship? Shall not all have the faith, the duties, the festivities of patriotism?

LL

A CATASTROPHE.

ON a pine woodshed, in an alley dark, where scattered moonbeams, shifting through a row of tottering chimneys and awnings torn and drooping, fell, strode back and forth, with stiff and tense-drawn muscles and peculiar tread, a cat.

His name was Norval; on yonder neighboring sheds his father caught the rats that came in squads from the streets beyond Dupont, in search of food and strange adventure.

Grim war he courted, and his twisted tail and spine upheaving in fantastic curves, and claws distended, and ears, flatly pressed against a head thrown back, defiantly told of impending strife.

With eyes a-gleam and screeching blasts of war, and steps as silent as the falling dew, young Norval crept along the splintered edge, and gazed a moment through the darkness down, with tail awag triumphantly.

Then with an imprecation and a growl—perhaps an oath in direst vengeance hissed—he started back, and crooked his body like a letter S, or like a U inverted (∩) stood in fierce expectancy.

'Twas well. With eyeballs glaring and ears aslant, and open mouth, in which two rows of fangs stood forth in sharp and dread conformity, slap up a post from out the dark below, a head appeared.

A dreadful tocsin of determined strife young Norval uttered, then, with a face unblanched and mustache standing straight before his nose, and tail flung wildly to the passing breeze, stepped back in cautious invitation to the foe.

Approaching each other, with preparations dire, each cat surveyed the vantage of the field. Around they walked, tails uplifted and backs high in air, while from their mouths, in accents hissing with consuming rage, dropped brief but awful sentences of hate.

Twice around they went in circle, each eye upon the foe intently bent, then sideways moving,—as is wont with cats,—gave one long-drawn, *terrific, savage yow*, and buckled in.

Yeow—spit—rip—scratch—there goes an eye! Slap—yeow—spit—rip—there goes an ear! Hirr-ra-rr-oogh—yeow-hay! Curse you—cat you—maul you—kat!

The fur flew. A mist of hair hung o'er the battle field. High above the din of passing wagons rose the dreadful tumult of struggling cats. So gleamed their eyes in frenzy, that to me who saw the conflict from the window near, naught else was plain but gory stars that moved in orbs eccentric.

Silence supervenes! Then a low, tremulous wail, like the expiring note of a wheezy hand-organ, breaks the awful stillness. A shiver—a shake of the tail, a gasp, and the cat-as-trophe is consummated. A cat is in shadow land.

Then went I forth with lantern, and the field surveyed—what saw I?

Six claws, one ear, of teeth, perhaps, a handfull; naught else except a solitary tail. That tail was Norval's; by a ring I knew it. The ear was—but we'll let the matter pass. The tail will do without the ear.

GRADATIM.—J. G. HOLLAND.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound ;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true ;
 That a noble deed is a step toward God—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet :
 By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the *morning* calls us to life and light ;
 But our hearts grow weary, and ere the *night*,
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray ;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in *dreams* is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

MISCHIEF MAKERS.

OH, could there in this world be found
Some little spot of happy ground,
Where village pleasures might go round,
Without the village tattling !
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell in liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossips' endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,
And in it she might fix her throne,
Forever and forever :
There, like a queen, might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis Mischief-Makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove
What gives another pleasure

They seem to take one's part—but when
 They've heard our cares, unkindly then,
 They soon retail them all again,
 Mixed with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
 Of telling ill-meant tales : they say,
 "Don't mention what I've said, I pray,
 I would not tell another ;—"
 Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
 Narrating everything they know ;
 And break the piece of high and low,
 Wife, husband, friend, and brother.

Oh, that the mischief-making crew
 Were all reduced to one or two,
 And they were painted red or blue,
 That every one might know them !
 Then would our villagers forget
 To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
 Or fall into an angry pet,
 With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad, degrading part,
 To make another's bosom smart,
 And plant a dagger in the heart
 We ought to love and cherish.
 Then let us evermore be found
 In quietness with all around,
 While friendship, joy, and peace abound,
 And angry feelings perish !

THE LAST MILE-STONES.—PEARL RIVERA

SIXTY years through shine and shadow—
 Sixty years, my gentle wife,
 You and I have walked together
 Down the rugged road of life.
 From the hills of Spring we started,
 And through all the Summer land,
 And the fruitful autumn country,
 We have journeyed hand in hand.
 We have borne the heat and burden,
 Toiling painfully and slow ;
 We have gathered in our harvest,
 With rejoicing long ago.

Leave the uplands for our children,
 They are strong to sow and reap ;
 Through the quiet Winter lowlands
 Now our level way we keep.

'Tis a dreary country, darling,
 You and I are passing through ;
 But the road lies straight before us,
 And the miles are short and few ;
 No more dangers to encounter,
 No more hills to climb, true friend ;
 Nothing now but simple walking,
 Till we reach our journey's end.

We have had our time of gladness ;
 'Twas a proud and happy day—
 Ah ! the proudest of our journey
 When we felt that we could say,
 Of the children God had given,
 Looking fondly on the ten,
 "Lovely women are our daughters—
 Our sons are noble men !"

We have had our time of sorrow—
 Our time of anxious fears,
 When we could not see the mile-stones
 Through the blindness of our tears.
 In the sunny Summer country,
 Far behind us, little May,
 Then darling Willie, too, grew weary,
 And we left them on the way.

Are you looking backward, mother,
 That you tumble in the snow ?
 I am still your guide and staff, dear,
 Lean your weight upon me, so.
 Our road is growing narrow,
 And—what is it, wife, you say ?
 Yes ! I know our eyes are dim, dear,
 But we have not lost the way.

Cheer thee ! cheer thee ! faithful-hearted !
 Just a little way before
 Lies the great Eternal City
 Of the King that we adore.
 I can see the shining spires ;
 And the King,—the King, my dear !
 We have served him long and humbly,
 He will bless us, do not fear !

Ah! the snow falls fast and heavy;
 How you shiver with the cold!
 Let me wrap your mantle closer,
 And my arm around you fold.
 We are weak and faint and weary,
 And the sun's low in the west,
 We have reached the gates, my darling,
 Let us tarry here and rest.

DEAF AS A POST.

A WESTERN paper tells a capital story of a deaf gentleman's mistake. It seems that in the procession that followed good Deacon Jones to the grave, last summer, the Reverend Mr. Sampler, the new clergyman of East Town, found himself in the same carriage with an elderly man whom he had never met before. They rode in grave silence for a few moments, when the clergyman endeavored to improve the occasion by serious conversation.

"This is a solemn duty in which we are engaged, my friend" he said.

"Hey? what do you say sir?" the old man returned. "Can't you speak louder? I'm hard of hearin'."

"I was remarking," shouted the clergyman, "that this is a solemn road we are traveling to-day."

"Sandy road! You don't call this 'ere sandy, do ye? Guess you ain't been down to the South deestic.—There's a stretch of road on the old pike that beats all I ever see for hard travelin'. Only a week before Deacon Jones was tuk sick, I met him drivin' his ox-team along there, and the sand was pretty nigh up to the hubs of the wheels. The deacon used to get dretful riled 'bout that piece of road, and East Town does go ahead of all creation for sand."

The young clergyman looked blank at the unexpected turn given to his remark; but quickly recovering himself and raising his voice to its highest pitch, he resumed the conversation.

"Our friend has done with all the discomforts of earth," he said, solemnly. "A small spot of ground will soon cover his poor senseless clay."

"*Did you say clay, sir?*" cried the old man, eagerly.

"Tain't nigh so good to cover sand with as medder loam. Sez I to Mr. Brewer, last town-meetin' day, 'if you'd cart on a few dozen loads, there's acres of it on the river bank,' sez I, 'you'd make as pretty a piece of road as there is in Har'ford county.' But we are slow folks in East Town, sir."

It was perhaps fortunate for the clergyman at that moment that the smell of new made hay from a neighboring field suggested a fresh train of thought.

"Look," said he, with a graceful wave of the hand, "what an emblem of the brevity of human life! As the grass of the field, so man flourisheth, and to-morrow he is cut down."

"*I don't calculate to cut mine till next week,*" said his companion. "You musn't cut grass too 'arly; and then again, you musn't cut it too late."

"My friend," shrieked the clergyman, in a last desperate attempt to make himself understood, "this is no place for vain conversation. We are approaching the narrow house appointed for all the living."

They were entering the graveyard, but the old man stretched his neck from the carriage window in the opposite direction.

"*Do you mean Squire Hubbard's over yonder?* 'Tis rather narrer. They build all them new-fangled houses that way now-a-days. To my mind they ain't nigh so handsome nor so handy as the old-fashioned square ones with a broad entry runnin' clear through to the back door. Well, this is the getting-out place, ain't it? Much obleeged to ye, parson, for your *entertaining remarks.*"

THE LAST MAN.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,—
 The Sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of time!
 I saw the last of human mold
 That shall creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,—
 The earth with age was wan;
 The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man!
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands
 Still rusted in their bony hands,—
 In plague and famine some;
 Earth's cities had no sound or tread,
 And ships were drifting with the dead,
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high
 That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
 As if a storm passed by,
 Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun;
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis mercy bids thee go;
 For thee, ten thousand thousand years,
 Hast seen the tide of human tears
 That shall no longer flow.

"This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark;
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
 When thou thyself art dark!
 No! it shall live again, and shine,
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recalled to breath,
 Who captive lead captivity,
 Who robbed the grave of victory,
 And took the sting from death!

"Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up,
 On Nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste.—
 Go, tell that night, that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality
 Or shake his trust in GOD!"

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
 "Only just a child that's dead ;"
 And so they carelessly turned away
 From the mound the spade has made that day.
 Ah ! they did not know how deep a shade
 That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small,
 One yard would have served for an ample pall :
 And one man in his arms could have borne away
 The rosebud and its freight of clay.
 But I know that darling hopes were hid
 Beneath that little coffin lid.

I knew that a mother had stood that day
 With folded hands by that form of clay ;
 I know that burning tears were hid,
 "'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid ;"
 And I knew her lip, and cheek, and brow,
 Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I knew that some things were hid away,
 The crimson frock and wrappings gay,
 The little sock and half-worn shoe,
 The cap with its plumes and tassels blue ;
 An empty crib with its covers spread,
 As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave, but O, beware !
 For world-wide hopes are buried there ;
 And ye perhaps, in coming years,
 May see like her, through blinding tears,
 How much of light, how much of joy,
 Is buried with an only boy !

 DUTY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.—GEO. W. CURTIS.

Do you ask me our duty as scholars? Gentlemen,
 thought, which the scholar represents, is life and liberty
 There is no intellectual or moral life without liberty

Therefore, as a man must breathe and see before he can study, the scholar must have liberty, first of all; and as the American scholar is a man and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. He must build his house before he can live in it. He must be a perpetual inspiration of freedom in politics. He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights, which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his retirement, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of events is incessant, but when the good deed is slighted, the bad deed is done.

Scholars, you would like to loiter in the pleasant paths of study. Every man loves his ease,—loves to please his taste. But into how many homes along this lovely valley came the news of Lexington and Bunker Hill, eighty-years ago, and young men like us, studious, fond of leisure, young lovers, young husbands, young brothers and sons, knew that they must forsake the wooded hillside, the river meadows, golden with harvest, the twilight walk along the river, the summer Sunday in the old church, parents, wife, child, and go away to uncertain war. Putnam heard the call at his plough, and turned to go, without waiting. Wooster heard it, and obeyed.

Not less lovely in those days was this peaceful valley, not less soft this summer air. Life was dear, and love as beautiful to those young men as it is to us who stand upon their graves. But, because they were so dear and beautiful, those men went out, bravely to fight for them and fall. Through these very streets *they* marched, who *never returned*. They fell, and were buried; but they can never die. Not sweeter are the flowers that make your valley fair, not greener are the pines that give your river its name, than the memory of the brave men who died for freedom. And yet no victim of those days, sleeping under the green sod of Connecticut, is more truly a martyr of Liberty than every murdered man whose bones lie bleaching in this summer sun upon the silent plains of Kansas.

Gentlemen, while we read history, we make history. Because our fathers fought in this great cause, we must not hope to escape fighting. Because, two thousand years

ago, Leonidas stood against Xerxes, we must not suppose that Xerxes was slain, nor, thank God, that Leonidas is not immortal. Every great crisis of human history is a pass of Thermopylæ, and there is always a Leonidas, and his three hundred to *die* in it, if they *cannot* conquer. And so long as Liberty has one martyr, so long as one drop of blood is poured out for her, so long from that single drop of bloody sweat of the agony of humanity shall spring hosts as countless as the forest-leaves, and mighty as the sea.

Brothers! the call has come to us. I bring it to you in these calm retreats. I summon you to the great fight of Freedom. I call upon you to say, with your voices, whenever the occasion offers, and with your votes, when the day comes, that upon these fertile fields of Kansas, in the very heart of the continent, the upas-tree of slavery, dripping death-dews upon national prosperity and upon free labor, shall never be planted. I call upon you to plant there the palm of peace, the vine and the olive of a Christian civilization. I call upon you to determine whether this great experiment of human freedom, which has been the scorn of despotism, shall, by its failure, be also our sin and shame. I call upon you to defend the hope of the world.

The voices of our brothers who are bleeding, no less than of our fathers who bled, summon us to this battle. Shall the children of unborn generations, clustering over that vast Western empire, rise up and call us blessed, or cursed? Here are our Marathon and Lexington; here are our heroic fields. The hearts of all good men beat with us. The fight is fierce—the issue is with God. But God is good.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.—WILL. M. CABLETON.

THEY'VE got a bran new organ, Sue,
 For all their fuss and search;
 They've done just as they said they'd do,
 And fetched it into church.

They're bound the critter shall be seen,
 And on the preacher's right,
 They've hoisted up their new machine
 In everybody's sight.
 They've got a chorister and choir,
 Ag'n my voice and vote ;
 For it was never MY desire,
 To praise the Lord by note !

I've been a sister good an' true,
 For five an' thirty year ;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
 I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
 Just as the preacher read ;
 And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
 I took the fork an' led !
 And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
 Is comin' all about ;
 And I, right in my latter days,
 Am fairly crowded out !

To-day, the preacher, good old dea,
 With tears all in his eyes,
 Read—" I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,"—
 I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
 I s'pose I al'ays will ;
 It somehow gratifies my whim,
 In good old Ortonville ;
 But when that choir got up to sing,
 I couldn't catch a word ;
 They sung the most dog-gonedest thing,
 A body ever heard !

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
 An' when I seed them grin,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And boldly waded in.
 I thought I'd chase their tune along,
 An' tried with all my might ;
 But though my voice is good an' strong
 I couldn't steer it right ;
 When they was high, then I was low,
 An' also contra'wise ;
 And I too fast, or they too slow,
 To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know
 They played a little tune ;
 I didn't understand, an' so
 I started in too soon.
 I pitched it pritty middlin' high,
 I fetched a lusty toue,
 But oh, alas! I found that I
 Was singing there alone!
 They laughed a little, I am told;
 But I had done my best ;
 And not a wave of trouble rolled
 A cross my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown—I could but look—
 She sits right front of me ;
 She never was no singin' book,
 An' never meant to be ;
 But then she al'ays tried to do
 The best she could, she said ;
 She understood the time, right through,
 An' kep' it, with her head ;
 But when she tried this mornin', oh,
 I had to laugh, or cough—
 It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
 It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs,—he all broke down,
 As one might well suppose,
 He took one look at sister Brown,
 And meekly scratched his nose.
 He looked his hymn book through and through
 And laid it on the seat,
 And then a pensive sigh he drew,
 And looked completely beat.
 An' when they took another bout,
 He didn't even rise,
 But drawed his red bandanner out,
 An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
 For five an' thirty year ;
 I've done what seemed my part to do,
 An' prayed my duty clear ;
 But death will stop my voice, I know,
 For he is on my track ;
 And some day, I to church will go,
 And never more come back.
 And when the folks get up to sing—
 • Whene'er that time shall be—
 I do not want no PATENT thing
 A squealin' over me !

DEATH OF GAUDENTIS.—HARRIET ANNIE.

THE following inscription was found in the Catacombs by Mr. Perret, upon the tomb of the Architect of the Coliseum.

"Thus thou keepst thy promises O Vespasian! the rewarding with death him, the crown of thy glory in Rome. Do rejoice, O Gaudentis! the cruel tyrant promised much, but Christ gave thee all, who prepared thee such a mansion."—*Professor J. De Launay's Lectures on the Catacombs.*

BEFORE Vespasian's regal throne
 Skilfull Gaudentis stood ;
 "Build me," the haughty monarch cried,
 "A theatre for blood.
 I know thou'rt skilled in mason's work,
 Thine is the power to frame
 Rome's Coliseum vast and wide,
 An honor to thy name.

"Over seven acres spread thy work,
 And by the gods of Rome,
 Thou shalt hereafter by my side
 Have thy resplendent home.
 A citizen of Roman rights,
 Silver and golden store,
 These shall be thine ; let Christian blood
 But stain the marble floor."

So rose the Amphitheatre,
 Tower and arch and tier ;
 There dawned a day when martyrs stood
 Within that ring of fear.
 But strong their quenchless trust in God,
 And strong their human love,
 Their eyes of faith, undimmed, were fixed
 On temples far above.

And thousands gazed, in brutal joy,
 To watch the Christians die.—
 But one beside Vespasian leaned,
 With a strange light in his eye.
 What thoughts welled up within his breast,
 As on that group he gazed,
 What gleams of holy light from heaven,
 Upon his dark soul blazed!

Had he by password gained access,
 To the dark catacomb,
 And learned the hope of Christ's beloved,
 Beyond the rack, the tomb?

The proud **Vespasian** o'er him bends,
 "My priceless architect,
 To-day I will announce to all
 Thy privilege elect,—

A free made citizen of Rome."
 Calmly **Gaudentis** rose,
 And folding, o'er his breast, his arms,
 Turned to the Saviour's foes ;
 And in a strength not all his own,
 With Life and Death in view,
 The fearless architect exclaimed,
 "I am a Christian too."

Only a few brief moments passed,
 And brave **Gaudentis** lay
 Within the amphitheatre,
 A lifeless mass of clay.
Vespasian promised him the rights
 Of proud Imperial Rome ;
 But **Christ** with martyrs crowned him King,
 Beneath Heaven's cloudless dome.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

No. children, my trips are over,
 The Engineer needs rest ;
 My hand is shaky ; I'm feeling
 A tugging pain i' my breast ;
 But here, as the twilight gathers,
 I'll tell you a tale of the road,
 That'll ring in my head forever,
 Till it rests beneath the sod.

We were lumbering along in the twilight,
 The night was dropping her shade,
 And the "Gladiator" labored—
 Climbing the top of the grade ;
 The train was heavily laden,
 So I let my engine rest,
 Climbing the grading slowly.
 Till we reached the upland's crest.

I held my watch to the lamplight—
 Ten minutes behind the time !
Lost in the slackened motion
 Of the up grade's heavy climb ;
But I knew the miles of the prairie
 That stretched a level track,
So I touched the guage of the boiler,
 And pulled the lever back.

Over the rails a-gleaming,
 Thirty an hour, or so,
The engine leaped like a demon,
 Breathing a fiery glow ;
But to me—ahold of the lever—
 It seemed a child away,
Trustful and always ready
 My lightest touch to obey.

I was proud, yon know, of my engine,
 Holding it steady that night,
And my eye on the track before us,
 Ablaze with the Drummound light.
We neared a well-known cabin,
 Where a child of three or four.
As the up train passed, oft called me,
 A playing around the door.

My hand was firm on the throttle
 As we swept around the curve,
When something afar in the shadow,
 Struck fire through every nerve.
I sounded the brakes, and crashing
 The reverse lever down in dismay,
Groaning to Heaven—eighty paces
 Ahead was the child at its play !

One instant—one, awful and only,
 The world flew round in my brain,
And I smote my hand hard on my forehead
 To keep back the terrible pain ;
The train I thought flying forever,
 With mad irresistible roll,
While the cries of the dying, the night wind
 Swept into my shuddering soul.

Then I stood on the front of the engine.—
 How I got there I never could tell,—
My feet planted down on the crossbar,
 Where the cow-catcher slopes to the rail,

One hand firmly locked on the coupler,
 And one held out in the night,
 While my eye gauged the distance, and measured
 The speed of our slackening flight.

My mind, thank the Lord ! it was steady ;
 I saw the curls of her hair,
 And the face that, turning in wonder,
 Was lit by the deadly glare.
 I know little more—but I heard it—
 The groan of the anguished wheels,
 And remember thinking—the engine
 In agony trembles and reels.

One rod ! To the day of my dying
 I shall think the old engine reared back,
 And as it recoiled, with a shudder
 I swept my hand over the track ;
 Then darkness fell over my eyelids,
 But I heard the surge of the train,
 And the poor old engine creaking,
 As racked by a deadly pain.

They found us, they said, on the gravel,
 My fingers enmeshed in her hair,
 And she on my bosom a-climbing,
 To nestle securely there.
 We are not much given to crying—
 We men that run on the road—
 But that night, they said, there were faces,
 With tears on them, lifted to God.

For years in the eve and the morning
 As I neared the cabin again,
 My hand on the lever pressed downward
 And slackened the speed of the train.
 When my engine had blown her a greeting,
 She always would come to the door ;
 And her look with a fullness of heaven
 Blesses me evermore.

THE NOBLE REVENGE.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on the top ; no lining of white satin for the pale brow ; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud.

The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no crimped cap with neat tie beneath the chin. The sufferer from cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot; get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?"

"Only let me see her one minute!" cried the helpless orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, and as he gazed upon the rough box, agonized tears streamed down the cheeks on which no childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was painful to hear him cry the words, "Only once, let me see mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glittered through his eyes as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh, and screamed, "When I am a man, I'll be revenged for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite built in the boy's heart the memory of the heartless deed.

* * * * *

The court-house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the Judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with a haughty reserve upon his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and kindly eye to plead for the erring friendless. He was a stranger but at the first sentence there was silence. The splendor of his genius enhanced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot," he said.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I—I believe you are unknown to me."

"Man, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago,

this day, you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his dear mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned livid.

"Have you rescued me then, to take my life?"

"No, I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnanimity as grand to him as it was incomprehensible.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

THAT certain little hypocrisies are sometimes practiced upon each other by young ladies and gentlemen in the matrimonial mood, is scarcely a matter of doubt; but the appended simple narrative of one of the devices by which an ardent maiden may be able to preserve an appearance of invincible amiability before her lover—although given upon good authority seems almost incredible

WHEN Jacob courted Mary Jane,
 A lass without a fault, he thought her,
 And ev'ry ev'ning, fair or rain,
 Attired in all his best he sought her.
 She's honest, true, and kind, said he,
 As she is pretty in her features;
 And if she'll only marry me,
 We'll be the happiest of creatures.

His parents, hearing how he felt,
 And noticing his eager hurry,
 Said: "Son, be cautious. She won't melt,
 Don't be in such a precious hurry!
 Her family are not renowned
 For being quite as meek as Moses,
 And some who married in it found
 No end of thorns among their roses."

"I'll try her temper," Jacob cried,
 "In all the ways by spite invented;"
 But e'er a dozen tricks he'd tried,
 His own good nature sore repented;
 The more he teased to make her mad,
 Instead of vixen spunk revealing,
 She only seemed as meekly sad
 As comes of wounded, tender feeling.

No longer seeing room to doubt
 That she was mild beyond expression,
 Our Jacob brought the question out,
 And she surrendered at discretion.
 In proper course the wedding came
 With orange blooms and tears and laughter ;
 A bridal tour to crown the same,
 And a pretty cottage home thereafter.

But, ah, alas for Jacob's peace !
 Ere yet the honeymoon was over,
 His Mary's temper broke the lease
 He thought he had on life in clover.
 From being gentle as of old,
 And shedding tears when he'd offend her,
 She turned into a perfect scold,
 As ugly as the Witch of Endor !

Astounded at the fearful change,
 And wond'ring how he had been blinded,
 The hapless man could not arrange
 The question's answer as he minded ;
 Till at her father's house, one day,
 He put the query, quite emphatic ;
 "How did you take me in that way !"
 Said she, "I'll show you in the attic."

And then they climbed the garret stairs,
 Till, standing under beams unnumbered,
 The lady showed, with mocking airs,
 A central post, with braces cumbered ;
 "You see its nearly worn in twain,
 Or seems to be, with weight it's carried ;
 But *with my teeth* I gnawed the grain,
 A fortnight, just,—before we married.

"Whenever you would tease me most,
 And then had gone, and left me beaming,
 I used to come and gnaw that post,
 To keep myself from raging screaming !
 I knew you'd never know your mind,
 If temper I should show forbade you."
 Said Jacob, "that, my dear, was kind ;
 But don't I wish some other had you ?"

THE MYSTIC WEAVER.

WEAVER at his loom is sitting,
 Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
 Foot and treadle,
 Hand and pedal,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,
 How the weaver makes them go .
 As the weaver wills they go .
 Up and down the web is plying,
 And across the woof is flying ;
 What a rattling !
 What a battling !
 What a shuffling !
 What a scuffling !
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

 Threads in single,
 Threads in double ;
 How they mingle !
 What a trouble,
 Every color !
 What profusion,
 Every motion !
 What confusion !
While the web and woof are mingling,
Signal bells above are jingling,—
 Telling how each figure ranges,
 Telling when the color changes,
As the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,
 Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
 'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
 Well the weaver seems to know,
 As he makes his shuttle go,
 What each motion
 And commotion,
 What each fusion
 And confusion,
In the GRAND RESULT will show.
 Weaving daily,
 Singing gaily,
As he makes his busy shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

Weaver at his loom is sitting,
Throws his shuttle to and fro ;
See you not how shape and order
From the wild confusion grow,
As he makes his shuttle go?—
As the web and woof diminish,
Grows beyond the beauteous finish :
 Tufted plaidings,
 Shapes, and shadings ;
 All the mystery
 Now is history :—
And we see the reason subtle,
Why the weaver makes his shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

See the MYSTIC WEAVER sitting
High in Heaven—His loom below,—
Up and down the treadles go :—
Takes for web the world's long ages,
Takes for woof its Kings and Sages,
Takes the noble and their pages,
Takes all stations and all stages,—
Thrones are bobbins in His shuttle ;
Armies make them scud and scuttle.

Web into the woof must flow,
Up and down the nations go,
As the weaver wills they go ;
 Men are sparring,
 Powers are jarring,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,

See how strange the nations go,
Just like puppets in a show.
Up and down the web is plying,
And across the woof is flying,—
 What a battling !
 What a rattling !
 What a shuffling !
 What a scuffling !

As the weaver makes His shuttle
Hither, thither, scud and scuttle.

Calmly see the MYSTIC WEAVER,
Throw His shuttle to and fro ;
'Mid the noise and wild confusion,
Well the weaver seems to know
 What each motion
 And commotion,
 What each fusion
 And confusion,

In the grand result will show,
 As the nations,
 Kings and stations,
 Upward, downward,
 Hither, thither,
 As in mystic dances, go.

In the PRESENT all is mystery ;
 In the PAST, 'tis beauteous history.
 O'er the mixing and the mingling,
 How the signal bells are jingling !
 See you not the weaver leaving
 Finished work behind, in weaving ?
 See you not the reason subtle,
 As the web and woof diminish,
 Changing into beauteous finish,
Why the Weaver makes his shuttle,
 Hither, thither, scud and scuttle ?

GLORIOUS WONDER ! what a weaving !
 To the dull beyond believing !
 Such, no fabled ages know.—
 Only *Faith* can see the mystery,
 How, along the aisle of History
 Where the feet of sages go,
 Loveliest to the purest eyes,
 Grand the mystic tapet lies !
 Soft and smooth, and even spreading
 As if made for angel's treading ;
 Tufted circles touching ever,
 In-wrought figures fading never ;
 Every figure has its plaidings,
 Brighter form and softer shadings
 Each illumined,—what a riddle !
 From a Cross that gems the middle.

'Tis a saying :—some reject it,
 That its light is all reflected ;
 'That the tapet's hues are given
 By a Sun that shines in Heaven !
 'Tis believed, by all believing,
 That great God himself is weaving—
 Bringing out the world's dark mystery,
 In the light of Truth and History ;
 And as web and woof diminish,
 Comes the grand and glorious finish ;
 When begin the golden ages
 Long foretold by seers and sages.

EMBLEMS.—RICHARD COR.

FALSTH now from off a tree,
 A wither'd leaf,
 This the lesson taught to thee,
 Life is brief!—
 Hear it say,
 "Mortal, soon thou'lt follow me
 To decay."

Droppeth now from off my head
 A silver hair ;—
 Plainer, preacher never said,
 "For death prepare."
 Fill'd with gloom
 We follow Time with silent tread
 To the Tomb.

Mounteth now on wings of air
 To the sky,
 A little dew-drop, pure and clear ;—
 Far up on high,
 Hear it say,
 "All above the earth is fair ;
 Watch and pray,
 Night or sorrow come not here,
 'Tis perfect day."

 THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I'd been away from her three years—about that—
 And I returned to find my Mary true ;
 And though I'd question her, I doubt not that
 It was unnecessary so to do.

"Twas by the chimney corner we were sitting:
 "Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"
 "Frankly," says she,—just pausing in her knitting—
 "I don't think I've unfaithful been to you ;
 But for the three years past I'll tell you what
 I've done : then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershott;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new;
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"The next—oh! let me see—was Frankie Phipps,
I met him at my uncle's Christmas-tide;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his 'first kiss'—and here she sighed;
"We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew!
I don't count that unfaithfulness. Do you?"

"Lord Cecil Fossmore, only twenty-one,
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such fun!
And often was his arm around my waist—
That was to lift me up or down. But who
Would count that unfaithfulness? Do you?"

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!
We met—'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather!
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.
Ah, what happy times we spent, we two!
I don't count that unfaithfulness to you.

"I've got another ring from him. D'you see
The plain gold circle that is shining here?"
"I took her hand: "Oh, Mary I can it be
That you"—quoth she, "that I am Mrs. Vere.
I don't count that unfaithfulness? Do you?"
"No," I replied, "FOR I AM MARRIED, TOO."

HARDSHELL SERMON.

TEXT.—"WHERE THE HEN SCRATCHES THERE SHE EXPECTS TO
FIND A BUG."

Fellow sisters, brethern, men, women and children;
generally and particularly speaking. You needn't hustle
any pages for the text, for it ain't there. It is a special
dispensation to your appointed pastor; and he hurls it
at you for what it is worth. "*Where the hen scratches,*

there she expects to find a bug." Did you come from the race track of the world to parade your "trotting harness" before the meek and lowly? Have you dropped the dazzling rattles of business and pleasure to while an idle hour away, listening to the mournful melody that is rung by angel-hands from the sacred harps that hang, forgotten, upon the drooping willows of mortality? Or are you tusseling for the almighty dollar? Verily I say unto you, "*where the hen scratches, there she expects to find a bug.*"

My drowsy hearers, we are a lot of damaged goods, trying to palm ourselves off upon each other for more than our market value; and that old firm of Time, Death & Co., is doing a heavy commission business upon our stock in trade. I hear the mallet of death with its mechanical *tap, tap*, and solid "*going, going*," and the next minute it will come upon some of our unconscious heads, and we shall be folded up like the tents of the Arabs, and as silently borne away to the other side of Jordan, where the dry-goods man refrains from troubling, and the grocer has nothing to say, and the weary hen ceases from scratching, and the precious bug is *found*. In the midst of life we are *in debt*, says a noble prophet, who was near kin to your beloved pastor. If any of you are tempted to tarry in the tavern of life, and fail to settle your accounts with the landlord, may the text rise up before you like a fabulous Arabian hero, only to rest from the rough and tumble giant, and deter you from that of utter depravity where *bummers* lead trustful hens to scratch up the bugs they devour.

Your undivided attention is further solicited to the signification of the text, metaphorically and collectively, in small packages to suit the capacity, from the boy shucking peanuts peacefully in the corner, to the hardened sinner who talks so proudly in your pastor's presence. And woe unto you, young woman, sea-sawing up the broad aisle with your new bonnet, and streamers a flyin', or your fancy neck-cloths! go on until you slip over a bale of cotton, and are left to drift away over the brimstone sea of national disgrace—a by-word and jest that you *loved not wisely, but too well*. No, beloved, I warn you now, if you manifest symptoms of such cowardice as has been handed down to you from high places, the biggest pair

of stogy boots in this congregation will rise up in judgment against you, and kick you out into the broad road that leads to everlasting ruin.

And finally, when you cut out the crust from your brown-bread loaf and scrape the hard beans from the top of your noon-tide pot, if you cut a little below the crisp for the beggar's and outcast's portion, your conscience and digestion will trouble you less; and as you steal out, as some of you will to-night, where the silver moon of memory hangs over the haunted hills of the past, and bow at some hallowed finger-post that points the way a beloved one went over your broken heart to heaven, may the eternal verdure of the evergreen hope spring up in the barren spots trod hard by the busy feet of the absorbing now, and bring you to the sweetness of that peace and the tenderness of that love that overflows continually in deeds and words for the elevation of the rag-a-muffins who march in the rear ranks of the great army of humanity; for the barbarians are not all in ragged file, but "many a gem of purest ray serene" wants but a lifting from the filth to shine. So mote it be.

Brother Slowfast, circulate the platter for the root of evil, until it is all rooted out of this place. For, verily, I say unto you, the hen that scratches here *expects to find a bug*. Shell out.

LIGHT.—WILLIAM PITT PAMMER.

FROM the quickened womb of the primal gloom
 The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
 Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
 Arose on its airy spars,
I penciled the hue of its matchless blue,
 And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
 And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
 Of Eden's virgin queen;

And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart
 Had fastened its mortal spell,
 In the silvery sphere of the first born tear
 To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er the world accurs'd
 Their work of wrath had sped,
 And the Ark's lone few, so tried and true,
 Came forth among the dead ;
 With the wond'rous gleams of my bridal beams,
 I bade their terrors cease,
 As I wrote, on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
 God's covenant of peacel

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
 Night's funeral shadow slept ;—
 Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
 Their lonely vigils kept—
 When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
 Of Heaven's redeeming plan
 As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
 Joy, joy to the outcast man.

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
 On the just and unjust I descend ;
 E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and
 tears,
 Feel my smile, the blest smile of a friend.
 Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embrac'd,
 As the rose in the garden of Kings ;
 At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
 And lo ! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
 Conceals all the pride of her charms,
 Till I bid the bright hours chase night from her flowers,
 And lead the young day to her arms ;
 And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
 And sinks to her balmy repose,
 I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr fanned-west,
 in curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-brooded deep,
 I gaze with unslumbering eye,
 When the cynosure star of the mariner
 Is blotted from out of the sky ;
 And guided by me through the merciless sea,
 Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
 His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark
 To the haven, home, safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
 The birds in their chambers of green,
 And mountains and plain grow with beauty again
 As they bask in matinal sheen.
 Oh, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
 Though fitful and fleeting the while,
 What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
 Ever bright with the Deity's smile !

DIRGE.—CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

SOFTLY !
 She is lying
 With her lips apart.
Softly !
 She is dying
 Of a broken heart.

Whisper !
 She is going
 To her final rest.
Whisper !
 Life is growing
 Dim within her breast.

Gently !
 She is sleeping ;
 She has breathed her last.
Gently !
 While you are weeping,
 She to heaven has passed.

THE SNOW OF AGE.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age ; but none is heavier, for it never melts.

THE figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scriptures represent age by the almond-tree, which bears blossoms

soms of the purest white. "The almond-tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was turning gray, that it looked as if Time had lightly splashed his snows upon it in passing.

"It never melts"—no never. Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward—they know no retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again"—but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy scenes of early years, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, which every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

"It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessings upon the valley and the mountains, but soon the sweet spring comes and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven.

Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old. If any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is the emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and a better.

THE PERVERSE HEN.

ONCE with an honest Dutchman walking,
 About his troubles he was talking—
 The most of which seemed to arise
 From friends' and wife's perversities.
 When he took breath his pipe to fill,
 I ventured to suggest that *will*
 Was oft the cause of human ill ;
 That life was full of self-denials,
 And every man had his own trials.

"'Tis not the will," he quick replied,
 "But it's the *won't* by which I'm tried.
 When people will, I'm always glad ;
 'Tis only when they won't I'm mad !
Contrary folks, like mine old hen,
 Who laid a dozen eggs, and then
 Instead of sitting down to hatch,
 Runs off into mine garden patch !
 I goes and catches her and brings her
 And back into her nest I flings her ;
 But sit she won't, for all I say,
 She's up again and runs away.
 Then I was mad, as mad as fire,
 But once again I thought I'd try her,
 So after her I soon made chase,
 And brings her back to the old place,
 And then I snaps her a great deal,
 And does my best to make her feel
 That she must do as she was bid ;
 But not a bit of it she did.
 She was the most contrariest bird
 Of which I ever saw or heard ;
 Before I'd turn my back again,
 Was running off that wilful hen.
 Thinks I, I'm now a 'used up' man ;
 I must adopt some other plan ;
 I'll fix her now, for if I don't,
 My will is conquered by her won't !
 So then I goes and gets some blocks,
 And with them makes a little box ;
 And takes some straw, the very best,
 And makes the nicest kind of nest ;
 Then in the nest the eggs I place,
 And feel a smile upon my face
 As I thinks, now at last I've got her,
 When in the little box I've sot her ;

For to this little box I did
Consider I must have a lid,
So that she couldn't get away,
But in it, till she hatched must stay.
And then again, once more I chase her,
And catch, and in the box I place her.
Again I snaps her on the head,
Until I fear she might be dead ;
And then, when I had made her sit down,
Immediately I claps the lid on.
And now, thinks I, I've got her fast,
She'll have to do her work at last.
No longer shall I stand the brunt
Of this old hen's confounded won't !
So I goes in and tells mine folks,
And then I takes my pipe and smokes,
And walks about and feels so good
That 'wouldn't' yields at length to 'would.
And as so oft I'd snapped the hen,
I took some 'schnapps' myself, and then
I thought I'd see how the old creature
Was getting on where I had set her ;
The lid, the box so nicely fits on,
I gently raised—dunder and blitzen !
(Give me more schnapps and fill the cup !)
'There she was sitting—standing up !'

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret :
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet ?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee ?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine ?

If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me before all is lost !

Look deeper still : if thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil ?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still ?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit, change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange ?
It may not be thy fault alone,—
But shield my heart against thine own.

Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,—
Not thou,—had been to blame ?
Some soothe their conscience thus ; but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay, answer *not*,—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late ;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So comfort thee, my fate ;
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember, I *would* risk it all !

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.—HORACE SMITH.

AND thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

NUMBER SIX.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
Thou hast a tongue,—come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade, —
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest,—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat ;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled ;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop— if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green ;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent ! incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows ;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen,—what strange adventures num-
bered ?

Since first thy form was in this box extended
 We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
 The Roman empire has begun and ended,—
 New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations ;
 And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
 While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
 When the great Persian conquerer, Cambyses,
 Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,—
 O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis ;
 And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
 When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
 The nature of thy private life unfold :
 A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
 And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled ;
 Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
 What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh,—immortal of the dead !
 Imperishable type of evanescence !
 Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
 And standest undecayed within our presence !
 Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
 When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
 If its undying guest be lost forever ?
 Oh, let us keep the *soul* embalmed and pure
 In living virtue,—that when both must sever,
 Although corruption may our frame consume,
 The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

ANSWER OF THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

CHILD of the later days ! thy words have broken
 A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,—
 For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken
 Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
 Unswathed at length, I "stand at ease" before ye,
 List, then, Oh list, while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birthplace—an unrivalled city
 With many gates,—but here I might declare
 Some strange, plain truths, except that it were pity
 To blow a poet's fabric into air ;
 Oh, I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
 And give a deadly fluish to conjecture.

But then you would not have me throw discredit
 On grave historians,—or on him who sung
 The Iliad,—true it is, I never read it,
 But heard it read when I was very young.
 An old blind minstrel for a trifling profit
 Recited parts,—I think the author of it.

All that I know about the town of Homer
 Is that they scarce would own him in his day,
 Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,
 Because by this they saved their parish pay.
 His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
 Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest !
 He says that men were once more big and bony
 Than now, which is a bouncer at the best ;
 I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
 Near seven feet high ; in truth a lofty figure.
 Now look at me,—and tell me,—am I bigger?

Not half the size, but then I'm sadly dwindled ;
 Three thousand years with that embalming glue
 Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
 My face of all its beauty ; there were few
 Egyptian youths more gay,—behold the sequel.
 Nay, smile not ; you and I may soon be equal.

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
 With mortal aim ; this light, fantastic toe
 Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance ;
 This heart has throbb'd at tales of love and woe ;
 These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion ;
 This withered form inspired the tender passion.

In vain ; the skilful hand and feelings warm,
 The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,
 The palm of genius and the manly form,
 All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,
 Who sealed me up where mummies sound are sleeping,
 In cerecloth and in tolerable keeping ;—

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
 And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,
 Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
 With scarlet frounces, and with varnished faces ;
 Then birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all crammed together,
 With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather ;

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
 And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust,
 Princes and heroes,—men of high renown,
 Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust,
 Their swarthy mummies kicked up dust in number,
 When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumber.

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
 At Dido's table, when the wondrous tale
 Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated ?
 And ever and anon the Queen turned pale.
 Meanwhile the brilliant gaslights, hung above her,
 Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover.

Ay, gaslights ! Mock me not,—we men of yore
 Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention ;
 Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore,
 Her patient toil, acuteness of invention ?
 Survey the proofs,—the pyramids are thriving,
 Old Memnon still looks young, and I'm surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,
 Oh block gigantic, building up her fame,
 Crowded with signs and letters hieroglyphic,
 Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim !
 Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,
 Those blocks were brought on railroads and by steam !

How, when, and why our people came to rear
 The pyramid of Cheops,—mighty pile !—
 This, and the other secrets, thou shalt hear ;
 I will unfold, if thou wilt stay awhile,
 The history of the Sphinx, and who began it,
 Our mystic works, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cæphrenes,
 But ah !—What's this ! the shades of bards and kings
 Press on my lips their fingers ! What they mean is,
 I am not to reveal these hidden things.
 Mortal, farewell ! Till Science' self unbind them,
 Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

MRS CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD.—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

I'M not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like, but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's not getting wet in thin shoes; oh, no! it's my mind, Caudle, my mind that's killing me. Oh, yes! *gruel, indeed*—you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer; but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I—I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean; she can't help it. You've always gone on about my shoes, when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say,—'twould be all the same to you if I put on ploughman's boots; but I'm not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 't isn't likely I should begin now.

No, Caudle; I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you: no, goodness knows, I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world—but the cold I've got I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of; poor souls! They've good cause to do so. Ten years ago, I was sitting up for you—there now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak; ten years ago, I was waiting for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I woke I found I was sitting right in the draught of the key-hole. That was my death, Caudle, though don't let that make you uneasy, love; for I don't think that you meant to do it.

Ha! it's all very well for you to call it nonsense, and to lay your ill-conduct upon my shoes. That's like a man, exactly! There never was a man yet that killed his wife, who couldn't give a good reason for it. No: I don't mean to say that you've killed me, quite the reverse; still, there's never been a day that I haven't felt that keyhole.

What? *Why don't I have a doctor?* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to the expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle; yes, after a very little time, you won't miss me much—no man ever does.

Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called to-day. *What of it?* Nothing, of course. Yes, I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle; she might wait; I shan't be in her way long; she may soon have the key of the caddy now.

Hal Mr. Caudle, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul now? Well, I do,—I believe you. I dare say you do mean it; that is, I *hope* you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can be quiet in this bed, and think of that young woman—not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice towards her, Caudle—not the least. Still I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if—well, I won't say any thing more about her, but you know what I mean.

I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you when I'm gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way, if you desire it. Still, I know I've a dreadful cold; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes—certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they *never* gave me a cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years ago that did it; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

Mother, you see, knows all your little ways; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done—a second wife never does; it isn't likely she should. And after all, we've been *very happy*. It hasn't been my fault, if we've ever had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always—especially men. Still, we've been very happy—*haven't we, Caudle?*

Good-night. Yes—this cold does tear me to pieces; but for all that, it isn't the shoes. God bless you, Caudle; no—it's *not* the shoes. I won't say it's the keyhole; but again I say, it's not the *shoes*. God bless you once more.
—But *never* say it's the shoes

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

WHEN we hear the music ringing
 In the bright celestial dome—
 When sweet angels' voices, singing,
 Gladly bid us welcome home
 To the land of ancient story,
 Where the spirit knows no care
 In that land of life and glory—
 Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
 As we go to join their band,
 Shall we know the friends that greet us
 In that glorious spirit land?
 Shall we see the same eyes shining
 On us as in days of yore?
 Shall we feel the dear arms twining
 Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
 And my weary heart grows light,
 For the thrilling angels' voices
 And the angel faces bright,
 That shall welcome us in heaven,
 Are the loved ones long ago;
 And to them 'tis kindly given
 Thus their mortal friends to know.

Oh ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
 Droop not, faint not by the way!
 Ye shall join the loved and just ones
 In that land of perfect day.
 Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
 Murmured in my rapturous ear;—
 Evermore their sweet song lingers—
 "We *shall* know each other there."

LIFE FROM DEATH.—HORATIUS BONAR.

THE star is not extinguished when it sets
 Upon the dull horizon; it but goes
 To shine in other skies, then reappear
 In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.

The river is not lost, when, o'er the rock,
It pours its flood into the abyss below ;
Its scattered force re-gathering from the shock,
It hastens onward with yet fuller flow.

The bright sun dies not, when the shading orb
Of the eclipsing moon obscures its ray ;
It still is shining on ; and soon to us
Will burst undimmed into the joy of day.

The lily dies not, when both flower and leaf
Fade, and are strewed upon the chill, sad ground ;
Gone down for shelter to its mother-earth,
'Twill rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

The dew-drop dies not, when it leaves the flower,
And passes upward on the beam of morn ;
It does but hide itself in light on high,
To its loved flower at twilight, to return.

The fine gold has not perished, when the flame
Seizes upon it with consuming glow ;
In freshened splendor it comes forth anew,
To sparkle on the monarch's throne or brow.

Thus nothing dies, or only dies to live :
Star, stream, sun, flower, the dew-drop and the gold
Each goodly thing, instinct with buoyant hope,
Hastes to put on its purer, finer mould.

Thus in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell ;
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Softly within that peaceful resting-place
We lay their wearied limbs, and bid the clay
Press lightly on them till the night be past,
And the far east give note of coming day.

The day of re-appearing ! how it speeds !
He who is true and faithful speaks the word.
Then shall we ever be with those we love—
Then shall we be forever with the Lord.

The shout is heard ; the archangel's voice goes forth ;
The trumpet sounds ; the dead awake and sing ;
The living put on glory ; one glad band,
They hasten up to meet their coming King.

Short death and darkness ! Endless life and light !
Short dimming ; endless shining in yon sphere,
Where all is incorruptible and pure—
The joy without the pain, the smile without the tear.

AMERICA.—CHARLES PHILLIPS.

SEARCH creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political-advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate. Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose mysterious Providence may not have designed her! Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have buried all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new! When its temples and its trophies shall have mouldered into dust,—when the glories of its name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of its achievements live only in song; philosophy will revive again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington.

Is this the vision of romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? Is it half so improbable as the events, which, for the last twenty years, have rolled like successive tides over the surface of the European world, each erasing the impressions that preceded it? Many, I know there are, who will consider this supposition as wild and whimsical, but they have dwelt with little reflection upon the records of the past. They have but ill observed the progress of national rise and national ruin. They form their judgment on the deceitful stability of the present hour, never considering the innumerable monarchies and republics, in former

days, apparently as permanent, their very existence become now the subject of speculation—I had almost said of scepticism. I appeal to history! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she! So thought Persepolis, and now—

“Yon waste, where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle, where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode,
Where sceptred once, an earthly god,
His power-clad arm controlled each happier clime,
Where sports the warbling muse, and fancy soars sublime.”

So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality, and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected, in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant.

Such, sir, is the natural progress of human operations and such the unsubstantial mockery of human pride.

PADDY'S EXCELSIOR.

'Twas growing dark so terrible fasht,
 Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
 A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow;
 As he walked, his shillalah he swung to and fro,
 Saying: "It's up to the top I'm bound for to go,
 Be jabbers!"

He looked mortal sad, and his eye was as bright
 As a fire of turf on a cowld winther night;
 And niver a word that he said could ye tell
 As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,
 "It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Unless covered up wid this bodthersome shnow,
 Be jabbers!"

Through the windows he saw, as he thraveled along,
 The light of the candles, and fires so warm,
 But a big chunk of ice hung over his head;
 Wid a shnivel and groan, "By St. Patrick!" he said,
 "It's up to the very *tip-top* I will rush,
 And then if it falls, it's not meself it'll crush,
 Be jabbers!"

"Whisht a bit," said an owld man, whose head was as white
 As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night;
 "Shure, ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad,
 Fur the night is so dark and the walkin' is bad."
 Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
 But he'd go till the top, if he went on his head,
 Be jabbers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as likes to be kissed,
 Axed him wouldn't he stop, and how *could* he resist?
 So, shnapping his fingers and winking his eye,
 While shmilin' upon her, he made this reply—
 "Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
 But, as yer shwate self has axed me, I may as well shtop,
 Be jabbers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day,—
 And ye musn't be axing whin he *did* go away;
 Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
 To be laving his darlint in the swate honey-moon?
 Whin the owld man has peraties enough, and to spare,
 Shure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable there,
 Be jabbers! *Harper's Magazine.*

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.—HORACE SMITH.

DAY-STARS ! that ope your eyes at morn to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation ;
 And dew-drops on her lovely altars sprinkle
 As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers ! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
 Pour from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics ! that with storied beauty
 The floor of nature's temple tessellate—
 What numerous lessons of instructive duty
 Your forms create !

'Neath cloister'd bough each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to those domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the febleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath plann'd ;

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply ;
 Its choir, the wind and waves ; its organ, thunder ;
 Its dome, the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade, I wander
 Through the lone aisles, or stretch'd upon the sod,
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The ways of God.

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,
 Blooming o'er hill and dale, by day and night ;
 On every side your sanction bids me treasure
 Harmless delight !

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preachers ;
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book ;
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
 In loneliest nook.

Floral apostles, that with dewy splendor
Blush without sin, and weep without a crime ;
Oh ! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore divine !

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours ;
How vain your glory—Oh ! how transitory
Are human flowers !"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly artist,
With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all !

Posthumous glories—angel-like collection,
Upraised from seed and bulb interr'd in earth ;
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth !

Ephemeral sages—what instructors hoary
To such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from the voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines !

ONE GLASS MORE.

STAY, mortal, stay ; nor heedless thus
Thy sure destruction seal ;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink shall feel :
Disease and death, forever nigh,
Stand ready at the door,
And eager wait to hear the cry
Of give me "*One glass more.*"

Go, view that prison's gloomy cells,
Their pallid tenants scan ;
Gaze, gaze upon these earthly hells,
And ask whence they began ;

Had these a tongue : O man ! thy cheek
 The answer'd crimson o'er ;
 Had these a tongue they'd to thee speak,
 And cry the "One glass more."

Behold that wretched female form,
 An outcast from her home,
 Bleached in affliction's blighting storm,
 And doomed in want to roam ;
 Behold her—ask that prattler near,
 Why mother is so poor ;
 He'll whisper, in thy startled ear,
 'Twas *father's* "One glass more."

Stay, mortal, stay; repent, return,
 Reflect upon thy fate ;
 The poisonous draught indignant spurn,—
 Spurn, spurn it ere too late !
 Oh, fly the alehouse's horrid din,
 Nor linger at the door,
 Lest thou, perchance, should sip again
 The treacherous "One Glass More."

JAFFAR.—LEIGH HUNT.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good vizier,
 The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
 Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust ;
 And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
 Of what the good, and e'en the bad, might say,
 Ordained that no man living, from that day,
 Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
 All Araby and Persia held their breath ;

All but the brave Mondeer ; he, proud to show
 How far for love a grateful soul could go,
 And facing death for very scorn and grief
 (For his great heart wanted a great relief),
 Stood forth in Bagdad, daily, in the square
 Where once had stood a happy house, and there
 Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
 On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried; the man
 Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
 To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he,
 "From bonds far worse Jaffar delivered me;
 From wants, from shames, from loveliest house-hold fears,
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
 Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
 The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
 Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit!"
 "Gifts!" cried the friend; he took, and holding it,
 High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar!"

THE DIFFICULTY ABOUT THAT DOG.

THIS was the cause of all the trouble:—

Lost.—On the 10th instant, a small Terrier dog, with a brass collar upon his neck, and the tip of his tail gone. Answers to the name of "Jack." Five dollars reward will be given to the person who returns him to John Quill, No. 84 Rickety Row.

I inserted the above in the Daily Flipflap, in the hope that I might recover the animal, to which I was much attached. The Flipflap goes to press at five A.M. At half past six I was awakened by a pull at my door-bell. I got up and opened the window. As I looked out I saw a man standing in my front yard with a mongrel dog tied to a rope. He gazed up and observed:—

"Hello! Are you the fellow who lost a dorg?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, then, I've fetched him," said the man.

I then explained to this wretched human being that my dog was a terrier, while his looked more like a log of

wood with half the bark off, and propped up on four sticks, than a dog of any kind.

"Well, ain't you a going to take him?"

"I wouldn't have him as a gift. And I want you to move off now, or I'll call the police."

"Now, I guess you think you're smart, don't you? I'd bust you over the jaw for five cents, I would. You don't know a good dorg when you see him, you don't," and he went out, after ripping the palings off the fence.

In about a half-hour there was another ring at the bell. I went down. There was a man with six dogs, of a variety of breeds.

"Wh-wh-which of 'em's him, b-b-boss," said this fellow, for he stuttered as if he would strangle on a small syllable.

"Neither of them."

"Y-you said his n-na-name was J-Jack, d-didn't you?"

"Yes, that's it."

"W-well then, wh-wh-what d'ye call th-that?" says he, as he sung out "Jack," and the whole six dogs looked up and wagged their tails like a lot of spavined oxen in fly time.

"Why, I call it confounded nonsense to expect me to take the whole six dogs because they're named Jack. I don't want to start a sausage-mill, you understand. Mince-meat isn't in my line."

"W-w-w-well, ain't you going to take him?"

"Certainly not; do you suppose I am a gibbering idiot?"

"W-w-w-well, you sh-shan't have him now if you want him. I w-w-wouldn't trust a decent d-d-dog with a m-m-man like you, anyway."

And the six canines fell into line, and trotted down the street after him.

I had not got fairly into the house before there was another ring. Seedy-looking man with a semi-decayed yellow dog. His ribs stuck out so, that he looked as if he had gorged himself with a spiral spring.

"You advertise for a dog, I believe. Well, I caught him around here in the alley, after a desperate struggle.

Fine dog, sir."

"Well, I don't think he is. He looks to me as if he wasn't well. He is too ethereal for this world, young man, depend upon it."

"Not at all, sir. Only shedding his coat, sir; all good dogs do at this time of the year. See that, sir," said this seedy Caucasian, holding the dog by the cuff of the neck. "See how he yelps; that's a sign of pluck; that dog would fight a million wild-cats, he would, and lick 'em too, sir."

"Get out!" I exclaimed; and the dog put his tail between his legs and ran for the gate.

"See that, sir? see that?" said the man, as he seized him, "that's a sign he's well trained; no raw dog behaves like that, I want you to know. Now 'spose you fork over that live."

"Not much; I don't want him, my friend."

"You won't do it! Well, then take him for seventy-five cents, and say no more about it. He's a valuable animal. You'll never get another such a chance."

"I tell you I won't have him."

"Well, don't then," said the man, as he kicked the animal over on my flower-pots and broke three of them, while the brute dashed madly down the middle of the street.

Just then a big ruffian in a slouched hat came up with a bull-dog, sprung in the knees, and lamenting the entire loss of his tail. When the ruffian spoke to him he wagged the whole of the last half of him.

"I've brought that there dog," was the observation made by the ruffian, "and I'll finger them there stamps, I reckon."

"My friend," said I, "that is not my dog."

"Yes, it is, though."

"But it is not."

"Don't I tell you it is? Didn't you say the tip of his tail was gone? Well, just look at him, will you?"

"Well, I won't have him, anyhow."

"You want to cheat me, do you? I'll fix you. S-sick him, Bull!" said this outrageous ruffian, as the dog flew at me, giving me barely time to get inside and shut the door on his frontispiece. I guess I squeezed the nose off of that dog. But the man cursed me about five minutes, and then flung a brick at the door and went away.

In less than twenty minutes another ring. A small pock-marked man in a red shirt this time. And a speckled dog

that looked as if he had been out without an umbrella when it was raining ink. Says this victim of the small-pox;—

“You know that dog you advertised for. Well, here he is ”

“Oh, pshaw!” said I, “you know that isn’t my dog.”

“Your name’s Quill, ain’t it?”

“It is,” said I.

“Well, then, this here is the dog. He’s the best ratter you ever seen. Sling them around like he was amusin’ hisself, he docs, and—”

“But he is not my dog.”

“And he’s a bully watch-dog. Look at him! Look at him now,—he’s watching now! Why, he’ll sit there and watch and watch, until he goes stone blind, he will. He’ll watch all night if you only let him. You never see a watcher like him. I’ll jest chain him up while you go in and get the V.”

“No, you needn’t,” said I. I’ll blow his brains out if you don’t take him away.”

“Well, say, stranger, I’m a little strapped to-day; jest lend me five on him till morning, will you? I’ll pay you to-morrow.”

“See here, now, you just get out of here, or I’ll take the hide off of you,” I said, for I began to get excited, you know.

“Aw! you ain’t worth a cent, you actually ain’t,” said the pook-marked man, as he walked off, after clipping the dog over the head with one of my fence-palings, and then putting his fingers up to his nose.

Not a minute after, up comes a man with a mastiff as big as a small horse.

“Say, boss, I want that five,” was all he remarked by way of introducing the subject.

“Well, you can’t get it; and if you don’t leave I’ll call the police,” I exclaimed in despair.

“Watch him, Zip!” said the man, instantly; and the dog flew at me, threw me down, and bit a slice of muscle out of my leg and disfigured my nose for life. Then the assassin who owned him called him off and went away laughing

I didn't answer any more rings that day, but about four o'clock in the afternoon, I looked out of the second-story window, and the yard was full of men with all kinds of dogs,—black dogs, white dogs, yellow dogs, variegated dogs, flea-bitten dogs, dogs with tails, dogs without tails, rat-terriers, bull-pups, poodles, fox-hounds, spaniels, Newfoundlanders, mixed breeds, pointers, setters, and a multitude of other varieties, all growling, yelping, barking, snapping, and jumping about until there wasn't a flower-pot left in the place, and the noise was worse than a menagerie at meal-time.

I haven't got my dog yet. I don't want him either. I don't care if I never see another dog between this and the silent grave. I only wish that all the dogs from here to Alaska were collected into a convention, and had hold of that man with the mastiff, that they might gnaw on him until he hadn't a morsel of meat left on his skeleton. That is all I want in the dog line in this world.

NEW VERSION OF "A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

CHARLES MACKAY.

"A MAN'S a man," says Robert Burns,
 "For a' that and a' that ;"
 But though the song be clear and strong,
 It lacks a note for a' that.
 The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
 Yet claim his pay and a' that,
 Or beg when he might earn his bread,
 Is *not* a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
 Were true and brave, and a' that,
 And none whose garb is "hoddin gray"
 Was fool and knave and a' that,
 The vice and crime that shame our time
 Would fade and fall and a' that,
 And ploughmen be as good as kings,
 And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
 Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
 And thinks because his strong right arm
 Might fell an ox and a' that,
 That he's as noble, man for man,
 As duke or lord and a' that;
 He's but a *brute* beyond dispute,
 And not a *man* for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
 Have palace, park and a' that,
 And not for birth, but honest worth,
 Be thrice a man for a' that;
 And Donald herding on the muir,
 Who beats his wife and a' that,
 Be nothing but a rascal boor,
 Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,—
 The truth is old and a' that—
 "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gold for a' that,"
 And though you'd put the minted mark
 On copper brass and a' that,
 The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
 And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
 'Tis *soul* and *heart* and a' that
 That makes the king a gentleman,
 And not his *crown* and a' that;
 And man with man, if rich or poor,
 The best is he for a' that
 Who stands erect, in self-respect,
 And *acts the man* for a' that.

IF WE HAD BUT KNOWN.

If we had but known, if we had but known,
 Those Summer days together,
 That one would stand *next* year alone,
 In the blazing July weather!
 Why, we trifled away the golden hours,
 With gladness, and beauty, and calm,
 Watching the glory of blossoming flowers,
 Breathing the warm air's balm;

Seeing the children like sunbeams play,
 In the glades of the long, cool wood ;
 Hearing the wild bird's carol gay,
 And the song of the murmuring flood,
 Rich gems to Time's pitiless river thrown,—
 If we had but known, if we had but known !

If we had but known, if we had but known,
 Those Winter nights together,
 How one would sit by the hearth alone,
 In the next December weather ;
 Why, we sped those last hours, each for each,
 With music, and games, and talk,
 The careless, bright, delicious speech,
 With no doubt of fear to baulk,
 Touching on all things, grave and gay,
 With the freedom of two in one,
 Yet leaving, as happy people may,
 So much unsaid, undone,
 Ah ! priceless hours, forever flown,—
 If we had but known, if we had but known !

If we had but known, if we had but known,
 While yet we stood together,
 How a thoughtless look, a slighting touch
 Would sting and jar forever !
 Cold lies the turf for the burning kiss,
 The cross stands deaf to cries,
 Dull, as the wall of silence is,
 Are the gray unanswering skies !
 We can never unsay a thing we said,
 While the weary life drags past,
 We can never staunch the wound that bled,
 Where a chance stroke struck it last.
 Oh ! the patient love 'neath the heavy stone,—
 If we had but known, if we had but known !

If we had but known, if we had but known !
 We had climbed the hill together,
 The path before us seem'd all our own,
 And the glorious Autumn weather.
 We had sown ; the harvest was there to reap,
 We had worked ; lo ! the wages ready.
 Who was to guess that the long, last sleep
 Was closing around one already ?
 With never a warning, sharp and strong,
 Came the bitter wrench of doom,
 And love, and sorrow, and yearning, long
 May wail by the lonely tomb.
 Oh ! keenest of pangs, and the mourner's moan,—
 If we had but known, if we had but known !

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.—CHARLES DICKENS.

AT last, one bitter night, he sunk down on the doorstep, faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home—a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him—so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were, that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again. He rose, and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake and conscious. The well-known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice rich food—they were before him; he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand, and take them—and, though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain-drops as they pattered on the stones; that death was coming upon him by inches—and that there were none to care for or help him. Suddenly he started up in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what or why. Hark! A

groan!—another! His senses were leaving him: half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river side. He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge, down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life, half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved; and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. The rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet,—so quiet, that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges, that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind, urged him onward. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, a desperate leap, and plunged into the water.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—anything but death.

He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom. Again he rose and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast-flying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognized and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since mouldered away!

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE.

“THE snow is deep,” the Justice said;
 “There’s mighty mischief overhead.”
 “High talk, indeed!” his wife exclaimed;
 “What, sir! shall Providence be blamed?”
 The Justice, laughing, said, “Oh no!
 I only meant the loads of snow
 Upon the roofs. The barn is weak;
 I greatly fear the roof will break.
 So hand me up the spade, my dear,
 I’ll mount the barn, the roof to clear.”
 “No!” said the wife; “the barn is high,
 And if you slip, and fall, and die,
 How will my living be secured?—
 Stephen, your life is not insured.
 But tie a rope your waist around,
 And it will hold you safe and sound.”
 “I will,” said he. “Now for the roof—
 All snugly tied, and danger-proof!
 Excelsior! Excel — But no!

The rope is not secured below !”
 Said Rachel, “Climb, the end to throw
 Across the top, and I will go
 And tie that end around my waist.”
 “Well, every woman to her taste ;
 You always would be tightly laced.
 Rachel, when you became my bride,
 I thought the knot securely tied ;
 But lest the bond should break in twain,
 I ’ll have it fastened once again.”

Below the arm-pits tied around,
 She takes her station on the ground,
 While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
 He shovels clear the lower edge.
 But, sad mischance ! the loosened snow
 Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
 And as he tumbles with the slide,
 Up Rachel goes on t’other side.
 Just half-way down the Justice hung ;
 Just half-way up the woman swung.
 “Good land o’ Goshen !” shouted she ;
 “Why, do you see it ?” answered he.

The couple, dangling in the-breeze,
 Like turkeys hung outside to freeze.
 At their rope’s end and wit’s end, too,
 Shout back and forth what best to do.
 Cried Stephen, “Take it coolly, wife ;
 All have their ups and downs in life.”
 Quoth Rachel, “What a pity ’tis
 To joke at such a time as this !
 A man whose wife is being hung
 Should know enough to hold his tongue.”
 “Now, Rachel, as I look below,
 I see a tempting heap of snow.
 Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
 And cut the rope to save my life.”
 She shouted, “Don’t ! ’twould be my death—
 I see some pointed stones beneath.
 A better way would be to call
 With all our might, for Phebe Hall.”
 “Agreed !” he roared. First he, then she
 Gave tongue : “O Phebe ! Phebe ! *Phe-*
be Hall !” in tones both fine and coarse,
 Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
 Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm ;
 But hearing, as she thought, her name,
 Sprang up, and to the rescue came,

Beheld the scene, and thus she thought:
 "If now a kitchen chair were brought,
 And I could reach the lady's foot,
 I'd draw her downward by the boot,
 Then cut the rope, and let him go;
 He cannot miss the pile of snow."
 He sees her moving towards his wife,
 Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
 And, ere he is aware, perceives
 His head ascending to the eaves;
 And, guessing what the two are at,
 Screams from beneath the roof, "Stop that!
 You make me fall too far, by half!"
 But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
 "Please tell a body by what right
 You've brought your wife to such a plight?"
 And then, with well-directed blows,
 She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
 When lo! no Stephen can be found.
 They call in vain, run to and fro;
 They look around, above, below;
 No trace or token can they see,
 And deeper grows the mystery.
 Then Rachel's heart within her sank;
 But, glancing at the snowy bank,
 She caught a little gleam of hope,—
 A gentle movement of the rope.
 They scrape away a little snow;
 What's this? A hat! Ah! he's below.
 Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
 And forth he stalks in tragic style,
 Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
 And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
 The missing found, the fallen rise.

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.—F. BRET HARTE.

HALF an hour till train time, sir,
 An' a fearful dark time, too;
 Take a look at the switch lights, Tom,
 Fetch in a stick when you're through.
 "On time?" well, yes, I guess so—
 Left the last station all right—
 She'll come round the curve a flyin';
 Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! He's engineer,
 Been on the road all his life—
 I'll never forget the mornin'
 He married his chuck of a wife.
 'Twas the summer the mill hands struck—
 Just off work, every one;
 They kicked up a row in the village
 And killed old Donevan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
 Up comes a message from Kress,
 Orderin' Bill to go up there,
 And bring down the night express.
 He left his gal in a hurry,
 And went up on number one,
 Thinking of nothing but Mary,
 And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
 To wait for the night express;
 And, sir, if she had't a' done so,
 She'd been a widow, I guess.
 For it must a' been nigh midnight
 When the mill hands left the Ridge—
 They come down—the drunken devils!
 Tore up a rail from the bridge.
 But Mary heard'em a workin'
 And guessed there was somethin' wrong—
 And in less than fifteen minutes,
 Bill's train it would be along!

She couldn't come here to tell *us*.
 A mile—it wouldn't a' done—
 So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
 And made for the bridge alone.
 Then down came the night express, sir,
 And Bill was makin' her climb!
 But Mary held the lantern,
 A-swingin' it all the time.

Well! by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
 And he stopped the night express,
 And he found his Mary cryin',
 On the track, in her weddin' dress;
 Cryin' an, laughin' for joy, sir,
 An' holdin' on to the light—
 Hello! here's the train—good-bye, sir
 Bill Mason's on time to-night.

INCONSTANT.

INCONSTANT! O, my God!
 Inconstant! When a single thought of thee
 Sends all my shivering blood,
 Back on my heart, in thrills of ecstasy!

Inconstant! When to sleep
 And dream, that thou art near me, is to learn
 So much of heaven, I weep
 Because the earth and morning must return.

Inconstant! Ah! too true!
 Turned from the rightful shelter of thy breast,
 My tired heart flutters through
 The changeful world—a bird without a nest.

Inconstant to the crowd
 Through which I pass, as, to the skies above,
 The fickle summer cloud,
 But not to thee, O, not to thee, dear love!

I may be false to all
 On earth beside, and every tender tie,
 Which seems to hold in thrall
 This weary life of mine, may be a lie;

But true as God's own truth,
 My steadfast heart turns backward evermore,
 To that sweet time of youth
 Whose golden tide beats such a barren shore!

Inconstant! Not my own
 The hand which builds this wall between our lives;
 On its cold shadow, grown
 To perfect shape, the flower of love survives.

God knows that I would give
 All other joys, the sweetest and the best,
 For one short hour to live
 Close to thy heart, its comfort and its rest.

But life is not all dark;
 The sunlight gladdens many a hidden slope,
 The dove shall find its ark
 Of peaceful refuge and of patient hope.

I yet shall be possessed
Of woman's meed—my small world set apart!
Home, love, protection, rest,
And children's voices singing through my heart.

By God's help, I will be
A faithful mother and a tender wife;
Perhaps even more, that He
Has chastened the best glory from my life.

But sacred to this loss,
One white sweet chamber of my heart shall be;
No foot shall ever cross
The silent portal sealed to love and thee.

And sometimes when my lips
Are to my first-born's clinging, close and long,
Draining with bee-like sips
As its sweet lily-heart, will it be wrong,

If, for an instant, wild
With precious pain, I put the truth aside,
And *dream* it is thy child
That I am fondling with such tender pride?

And when another's head
Sleeps on thy heart, if it should ever seem
To be my own, instead,
O, darling, hold it closer for the dream!

God will forgive the sin,
If sin it is, our lives are swept so dry,
So cold, so passion-clear,—
Thank Him death comes at last—and so good-bye.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.—ANNA L. RUTH.

Whist, sir! Would ye plaze to speak aisy,
And sit ye down there by the dure?
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the flure.
What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
For months, and the heat thrives her wild;
The summer has wasted and worn her
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me !
 I'd three little darlints beside,
 As purty as iver yo see, sir,
 But wan by wan dhrooped like, and died.
 What was it that tuk them, ye're asking?
 Why, poverty, sure, and no doubt ;
 They perished for food and fresh air, sir,
 Like flowers dhried up in a drought.

'Twas dreadful to lose them? Ah, was it !
 It seemed like my heart-strings would break ?
 But there's days when wid want and wid sorrow,
 I'm thankful they're gone, for their sake.
Their father? well, sir, saints forgive me !
 It's a foul tongue that lowers its own :
 But what wid the strikes and the liquor
 I'd better be strugglin' alone.

Do I want to kape this wan? The darlint !
 The last and dearest of all !
 Shure you're niver a father yourself, sir,
 Or you wouldn't be askin' at all.
 What is that? Milk and food for the baby !
 A dother and medicine free !
 You're huntin' out all the sick children,
 An' poor, toilin' mothers, like me !

God bless you and thim that have sent you !
 A new life you've given me, so.
 Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
 At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go?
 O, mother o' mercies ! have pity !
 O, darlint, why couldn't you wait !
 Dead ! dead ! an' the help in the dure way !
 Too late ! O, my baby ! Too late !

MARK TWAIN ON JUVENILE PUGILISTS.

S. C. CLEMENS.

"Yes, I've had a good many fights in my time," said old John Parky, tenderly manipulating his dismantled nose, "and it's kind of queer, too, for when I was a boy, the old man was always telling me better. He was a good man and hated fighting. When I would come home with

my nose bleeding or with my face scratched up, he used to call me out in the woodshed, and in a sorrowful and discouraged way say, 'So, Johnny, you've had another fight, hey? How many times have I got to tell ye how disgraceful and wicked it is for boys to fight? It was only yesterday that I talked to you an hour about the sin of fighting, and here you've been at it again. Who was it with this time? *With Tommy Kelly, hey?* Don't you know any better than to fight a boy that weighs twenty pounds more than you do, besides being two years older? Ain't you got a spark of sense about ye? I can see plainly that you are determined to break your poor father's heart by your reckless conduct. What ails your finger? *Tommy bit it?* Drat the little fool! Didn't ye know enough to keep your finger out of his mouth? *Was trying to jerk his cheek off, hey?* Won't you never learn to quit foolin' round a boy's mouth with yer fingers? You're bound to disgrace us all by such wretched behavior. You're determined never to be nobody. Did you ever hear of Isaac Watts—that wrote, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite"—sticking his fingers in a boy's mouth to get 'em bit, like a fool? I'm clean discouraged with ye. Why didn't ye go for his nose, the way Jonathan Edwards, and George Washington, and Daniel Webster used to do, when they was boys? *Couldn't 'cause he had ye down?* That's a purty story to tell me. It does beat all that you can't learn how Socrates and William Penn used to gouge when they was under, after the hours and hours I've spent in telling you about those great men! It seems to me sometimes as if I should have to give you up in despair. It's an awful trial to me to have a boy that don't pay any attention to good example, nor to what I say. What! *You pulled out three or four handfuls of his hair?* H'm! Did he squirm any? Now, if you'd a give him one or two in the eye—but as I've told ye, many a time, fighting is poor business. Won't you—for your father's sake—*won't you* promise to try and remember that? H'm! Johnny, how did it—ahem—which licked? ' *You licked him?* Sho! Really? Well, now, I hadn't any idea you could lick that Tommy Kelly! I don't believe John Bunyan, at ten years old, could have done it. Johnny, my boy, you can't think how I hate to have

you fighting every day or two. I wouldn't have had him lick *you* for five, no, not for ten dollars! Now; sonny, go right in and wash up, and tell your mother to put a rag on your finger. And, Johnny, don't let me hear of your fighting again!"

"I never see anybody so down on fighting as the old man was, but somehow he never could break me from it."

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
 Fades in the western sky,
 And the wee ones, tired of playing,
 Go tripping lightly by,
 I steal away from my husband,
 Asleep in his easy-chair,
 And watch from the open doorway
 Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead
 That once was full of life,
 Ringing with girlish laughter,
 Echoing boyish strife,
 We two are waiting together;
 And oft, as the shadows come,
 With tremulous voice he calls me,
 "It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
 "They're all home long ago;"
 And I sing, in my quivering treble,
 A song so soft and low,
 Till the old man drops to slumber,
 With his head upon his hand,
 And I tell to myself the number
 At Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow
 Shall dim their eyes with tears!
 Where the smile of God is on them
 Through all the summer years!
 I know!—Yet my arms are empty
 That fondly folded seven,
 And the mother heart within me
 Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
 I only shut my eyes,
 And the children are all about me,
 A vision from the skies ;
 The babes whose dimpled fingers
 Lost the way to my breast,
 And the beautiful ones, the angels,
 Passed to the world of the blest.

With never a cloud upon them,
 I see their radiant brows ;
 My boys that I gave to freedom—
 The red sword sealed their vows !
 In a tangled Southern forest,
 Twin brothers, bold and brave.
 They fell ; and the flag they died for,
 Thank God ! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
 Away on wings of light,
 And again we two are together,
 All alone in the night,
 They tell me his mind is failing,
 But I smile at idle fears ;
 He is only back with the children,
 In the dear and peaceful years.

And, still, as the summer sunset
 Fades away in the west,
 And the wee ones, tired of playing,
 Go trooping home to rest,
 My husband calls from his corner,
 " Say, love ! have the children come ?"
 And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
 " Yes, dear ! they are all at home !"

Atlantic Monthly.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore.
 And here his course the chieftain stayed,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the lowland warrior said ;
 " Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich Alpine has discharged his trust.

This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
 See, here all vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand ;
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused : " I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
 Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death :
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved :
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ?" " No, Stranger, none !
 And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead ;
 ' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.'"
 " Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
 " The riddle is already read :
 Seek yonder brake, beneath the cliff,
 There lies Red Murdock, stark and stiff ;
 Thus fate hath solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
 " Soars thy presumption then so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
 Not yet prepared ? By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valor light
 As that of some vain carpet-knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A brand of his fair lady's hair."

" I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain

In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud chief! can courtesy be shown.
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what he ne'er might see again;
 Then, foot and point and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his target he threw,
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside;
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
 He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While, less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain;
 And as firm rock, or castle roof,
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill,
 Till at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand;
 And, backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.
 “Now, yield thee, or, by him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!”
 “Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”—
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;

Received, but recked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round.
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !

They tug ! they strain !—down, down they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted in his breast ;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !
 But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came
 To turn the odds of deadly game ;
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting chief's relaxing grasp :
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

EXAMPLES FOR IRELAND.—T. F. MEAGHER.

OTHER nations, with abilities far less eminent than those which you possess, having great difficulties to encounter, have obeyed with heroism the commandment from which you have swerved, maintaining that noble order of existence, through which even the poorest state becomes an instructive chapter in the great history of the world.

Shame upon you ! Switzerland—without a colony, without a gun upon the seas, without a helping hand from any court in Europe—has held for centuries her footing on the Alps—spite of the avalanche, has bid her little territory sustain, in peace and plenty, the children to whom she has given birth—has trained those children up in the arts that contribute most to the security, the joy,

the dignity of life—has taught them to depend upon themselves, and for their fortune to be thankful to no officious stranger—and, though a blood-red cloud is breaking over one of her brightest lakes, whatever plague it may portend, be assured of this—the cap of foreign despotism will never again gleam in the market-place of Altorff!

Shame upon you! Norway—with her scanty population, scarce a million strong—has kept her flag upon the Cattegat—has reared a race of gallant sailors to guard her frozen soil—year after year has nursed upon that soil a harvest to which the Swede can lay no claim—has saved her ancient laws—and to the spirit of her frank and hardy sons commits the freedom which she rescued from the allied swords, when they hacked her crown at Fredericksstadt!

Shame upon you! Greece—“whom Goth, nor Turk, nor Time hath spared not”—has flung the crescent from the Acropolis—has crowned a King in Athens whom she calls her own—has taught you that a nation should never die—that not for an idle pageant has the blood of heroes flowed—that not to vex a school-boys brain, nor smoulder in a heap of learned dust, has the fire of heaven issued from the tribune's tongue!

Shame upon you! Holland—with the ocean as her foe—from the swamp in which you would have sunk your graves, has bid the palace, and the warehouse costlier than the palace, rear their ponderous shapes above the waves that battle at their base—has outstripped the merchant of the Rialto—has threatened England in the Thames—has swept the channel with her broom—and, though for a day she reeled before the bayonets of Dumouriez, she sprang to her feet again and struck the tri-color from her dykes!

And you—you, who are eight millions strong—you, who boast at every meeting that this island is the finest which the sun looks down upon—you, who have no threatening sea to stem, no avalanche to dread—you, who say that you could shield along your coast a thousand sail, and be the princes of a mighty commerce—you, who by the magic of an honest hand, beneath each summer sky, might cull a plentiful harvest from your soil, and with the sickle strike away the scythe of death—you, who have

no vulgar history to read—you, who can trace, from field to field, the evidences of civilization older than the Conquest—the relics of a religion far more ancient than the Gospel—you, who have thus been blessed, thus been gifted, thus been prompted to what is wise and generous and great—you will make no effort—you will whine, and beg, and skulk, in sores and rags, upon this favored land—you will congregate in drowsy councils, and then, when the very earth is loosening beneath your feet, you will bid a prosperous voyage to your last grain of corn—you will be beggared by the million—you will perish by the thousand, and the finest island which the sun looks down upon, amid the jeers and hootings of the world, will blacken into a plague-spot, a wilderness, a sepulchre.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Och! don't be talkin'. *Is it howld on ye say?* An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager, for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld country! to be bate by the likes o' them! (~~faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks~~) an' is it meself, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och!

sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Ping-Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yaller it 'ud sicken you to see him; an' sorra astich was on him, but a black night-gown over his trowsers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the haythenestest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up stairs before you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', and only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins, and taich 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I could'nt be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do, but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whishkers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, and he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, ~~imitatin' that sharp, you'd be surprisid, an' ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a hurried wid work, yet don't wan't comin' to the knowledge of the family—~~ bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen, an' he a-atin' wid drum sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cat's unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an' afore I could Linder, squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight, as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But 'he worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd

be distracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since iver I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythen would do the same thing after me, whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomatereses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Fair^{ish} an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit, the how it cud-dent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn, the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respect'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar, an' what not, where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chase right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the ~~man~~ forgive me but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore

From "Etchings" in Scribners Monthly.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE'S APOLOGY.—LORD LYTON

PAULINE, by pride

Angels have fallen ere thy time ; by pride,—
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
 The evil spirit of a bitter love
 And a revengeful heart had power upon thee.
 From my first years my soul was filled with thee ;
 I saw thee midst the flowers the lowly boy
 Tended, unmarked by thee.—a spirit of bloom,
 And joy and freshness, as spring itself
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape !
 I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
 Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy ;
 And from that hour I grew—what to the last
 I shall be—thine adorer ! Well, this love,
 Vain, frantic,—guilty, if thou wilt, became
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope ;
 I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
 Old gossips tell,—how maidens sprung from kings
 Have stooped from their high sphere ; how Love, like Death,
 Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
 Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
 In the soft palace of a fairy Future !
 My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,
 Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
 Out of the prison of my mean estate ;
 And, with such jewels as the exploring mind
 Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom
 From those twin jailors of the daring heart,—
 Low birth and iron fortune. Thy bright image,
 Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
 And lured me on to those inspiring toils
 By which man masters men ! For thee, I grew
 A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages !
 For thee, I sought to borrow from each Grace
 And every Muse such attributes as lend
 Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
 And passion taught me poesy,—of thee,
 And on the painter's canvas grew the life
 Of beauty !—Art became the shadow
 Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes !
 Men called me vain,—some, mad,—I heeded not :
 But still toiled on, hoped on,—for it was sweet,
 If not to win, to feel more worthy, thee !

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
 The thoughts that burst their channels into song,

And sent them, to thee,—such a tribute, lady,
 As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
 The name—appended by the burning heart
 That longed to show its idol what bright things
 It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
 That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn !
 That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,
 Resembled hatred most ; when thy disdain
 Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
 The tempters found me a revengeful tool
 For their revenge ! Thou hadst't trampled on the worm,—
 It turned, and stung thee !

CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
 In a place where time had ceased,
 And we talked of my former living
 In the land where the years increased.
 And I felt I should have to answer
 The question it put to me,
 And to face the answer and question
 Throughout all eternity.
 The ghosts of forgotten actions
 Came floating before my sight,
 And things that I thought were dead things
 Were alive with a terrible might,
 And the vision of all my past life
 Was an awful thing to face,—
 Alone with my conscience sitting
 In that solemnly silent place.
 And I thought of a far-away warning,
 Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
 In a land that then was the future,
 But now is the present time.
 And I thought of my former thinking
 Of the judgment-day to be ;
 But sitting alone with my conscience
 Seemed judgment enough for me.
 And I wondered if there was a future
 To this land beyond the grave ;
 But no one gave me an answer,
 And no one came to save.
 Then I felt that the future was present,
 And the present would never go by,—
 For it was but the thought of my past life
 Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
 And the vision passed away,
 And I knew the far-away warning
 Was a warning of yesterday,—
 And I pray that I may not forget it
 In this land before the grave,
 That I may not cry in the future,
 And no one come to save.
 And so I have learned a lesson,
 Which I ought to have known before,
 And which, though I learned it dreaming,
 I hope to forget no more.
 So I sit alone with my conscience,
 In the place where the years increase,
 And I try to remember the future
 In the land where time shall cease ;
 And I know of the future Judgment,
 How dreadful so e'r it be,
**THAT TO SIT ALONE WITH MY CONSCIENCE
 WILL BE JUDGMENT ENOUGH FOR ME !**

THE WANTS OF MAN.—J. Q. ADAMS.

"MAN wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."
 'Tis not with *me* exactly so ;
 But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and, if told,
 Would muster many a score ;
 And were each wish a mint of gold,
 I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread—
 And canvas-backs—and wine—
 And all the realms of nature spread
 Before me, when I dine.
 Four courses scarcely can provide
 My appetite to quell ;
 With four choice cooks from France, beside,
 To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
 Is elegant attire ;
 Black sable furs for winter's frost,
 And silks for summer's fire,

And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
 My bosom's front to deck,—
 And diamond rings my hands to grace,
 And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,—
 Affectionate and fair ;
 To solace all the woes of life,
 And all its joys to share ;
 Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
 Of firm, yet placid mind,—
 With all my faults to love me still
 With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
 And Fortune fills my store,
 I want of daughters and of sons
 From eight to half a score.
 I want (alas ! can mortal dare
 Such bliss on earth to crave ?)
 That all the girls be chaste and fair,—
 The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
 To cheer the adverse hour ;
 Who ne'er to flattery will descend,
 Nor bend the knee to power,—
 A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
 My inmost soul to see ;
 And that my friendship prove as strong
 For him, as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
 The ensigns of command ;
 Charged by the People's unbought grace
 To rule my native land.
 Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask
 But from my country's will,
 By day, by night, to ply the task,
 Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
 To follow me behind,
 And to be thought in future days
 The friend of human-kind,
 That after ages, as they rise,
 Exulting may proclaim,
 In choral union to the skies,
 Their blessings on my name.

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man*,—
 I cannot want them long,
 For life itself is but a span,
 And earthly bliss, a song.
 My last great *Want*, absorbing all—
 Is, when beneath the sod,
 And summoned to my final call,
 The *Mercy of my God*.

A NIGHT WITH A VENTRILOQUIST.—HENRY COCKTON

THERE happened to be only four bedrooms in the house, the best, of course, was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Mr. Plumplee, the third by Mr. Beagle, and the fourth by the servant; but that in which Mr. Beagle slept was a double-bedded room, and Valentine had, therefore, to make his election between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagle himself, they passed the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having his bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, for, as Mr. Jonas Beagle facetiously observed, he had but to shake himself, and everything came off; when, as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might as well amuse his companion for an hour or so as not. He therefore turned the thing seriously over in his mind while Mr. Beagle was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

“Now for a beautiful night’s rest,” observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

“Mew! Mew!” cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagle.

“Hish!—curse that cat!” cried Mr. Beagle. “We must have you out at all events, my lady.” And Mr. Beagle at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door, cried “hish!” again, emphatically, and threw his

smalls towards the spot, as an additional inducement for the cat to "stand not on the order of her going," when, as Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs, Mr. Beagle thanked Heaven that she was gone, closed the door, and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

"Mew! mew! mew!" cried Valentine just as Mr. Beagle had again comfortably composed himself.

"What! are you there still, madam?" inquired that gentleman, in a highly sarcastic tone; "I thought you had been turned out, madam! Do you hear this witch of a cat?" he continued, addressing Valentine, with a view of conferring upon him the honorable office of Tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep, heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out in my reckoning, that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagle, slipping again out of bed. "I don't much like to handle you, my lady, but if I did, I'd of course give you physic;" and he "hished!" again with consummate violence, and continued to "hish!" until Valentine scratched the bed-post sharply,—a feat which inspired Mr. Beagle with the conviction of its being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping,—when he threw his pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph. The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again, he missed the pillow, which he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as that was an article without which he couldn't even hope to go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise certainly is a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this—Why, where have you got to?" he added, addressing the pillow, which, with all the sweeping action of his feet, he was for some time unable to find. "Oh, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search, and gave it several severe blows, when, having reinstated himself between the sheets, he exclaimed, in a subdued tone, "Well, let's try again!"

Now Mr. Jonas Beagle was a man who prided himself

especially upon the evenness of his temper. His boast was, that nothing could put him in a passion; and as he had had less than most of his contemporaries to vex him, he had certainly been able, in the absence of all cause for irritation, to preserve his equanimity. As a perfectly natural matter, he invariably attributed the absence of such cause to the innate amiability of his disposition, and marvelled that men—men of sense and discernment—should so far forget what was justly expected of them as reasonable beings, as to suffer themselves to be tortured by excitement, seeing that, albeit human nature and difficulties are inseparable, human nature is sufficiently potent, not only to battle with those difficulties, but eventually to overcome them. If Mr. Jonas Beagle had had to contend against many of the “ills that flesh is heir to,” he in all probability would have acted like the majority of his fellow men; but as he had met with very few, and those few had not been of a very serious complexion, he could afford to be deeply philosophical on the subject, and felt himself competent, of course, to frame laws by which the tempers of men, in the aggregate, should be governed. He did, however, feel, when he violently smote the pillow, that that little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and had just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried, “Meyow!—pit!—meyow!”

“Hallo!” exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagle, “here again!”

“Mew!” cried Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

“What! another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening!”

“Meyow!—meyow!” cried Valentine, in a key still higher.

“Well, how many more of you?” inquired Mr. Beagle; “you’ll be able to get up a concert by and by;” and Valentine began to spit and swear with great felicity.

“Swear away, you beauties!” cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; “I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you, for your sakes! At it again? Well, this is a blessing. Don’t you hear these devils of cats?” he cried, anxious not to have all the fun to himself; but Valentine recommenced snoring very loudly. “Well, this is particularly pleasant,” he continued, as he

sat up in bed. "Don't you hear? What a comfort it is to be able to sleep soundly!" which remarkable observation was doubtless provoked by the no less remarkable fact, that at that particular moment the spitting and swearing became more and more desperate. "What's to be done?" he inquired very pointedly,—“what's to be done? My smalls are right in the midst of them. I can't get out, now; they'd tear the very flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say you don't hear these cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was not engaged in meowing and spitting, he was diligently occupied in snoring, which had a very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals excellently well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagle began to evaporate, for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore, threw a pillow with great violence at his companion, and shouted so loudly that Valentine, feeling that it would be deemed perfect nonsense for him to pretend to be asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out, "Who's there?"

"'Tis I," shouted Mr. Jonas Beagle. "Don't you hear these witches of cats?"

"Hish!" cried Valentine; "why, there are two of them!"

"Two?" said Mr. Beagle, "more likely two and twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a swarm, a whole colony of them here, and I know no more how to strike a light than a fool."

"Oh, never mind!" said Valentine; "let's go to sleep, they'll be quiet by and by."

"It's all very fine to say 'Let's go to sleep,' but who's to do it?" cried Beagle, emphatically. "Curse the cats! I wish there wasn't a cat under heaven—I do, with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin, too, when they happen to be put out; and there's one of them in a passion, I know by her spitting; confound her! I wish from the bottom of my heart it was the very last spit she had in her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagle was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was laboring with

great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are peculiarly characteristic of the feline race, and for a man who possessed but a very slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must, in justice, be said that he developed a degree of fluency which did him great credit. He purred and mewed, and cried, and spit, until the perspiration oozed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had been "damped for the mangle."

"Well, this is a remarkably nice position for a man to be placed in, certainly," observed Mr. Beagle. "Did you ever hear such wailing and gnashing of teeth? Are you never going to leave off, you devils?" he added, throwing the bolster with great violence under the bed, and therefore, as he fondly conceived, right amongst them. Instead, however, of striking the cats therewith, it passed under the bed with great velocity, making so singular a clatter that he began to "tut! tut!" and to scratch his head audibly.

"Who's there?" demanded Plumplee, in the passage below, for he slept in the room beneath, and the noise had alarmed him! Who's there? d'ye hear? Speak, or I'll shoot you like a dog!" and on the instant the report of a pistol was heard, which in all probability had been fired with the view of convincing all whom it might concern that he had such a thing as a pistol in the house. "Who's there?" he again demanded; "you vagabonds, I'll be at you!"—an intimation that may be held to have been extremely natural under the circumstances, not only because he had not even the slightest intention of carrying so desperate a design into execution, but because he—in consequence of having supped off cucumbers and crabs, of which he happened to be particularly fond, seeing that as they didn't agree with him and invariably made him suffer, they partook of the nature of forbidden fruit—he had singularly enough been dreaming of being attacked by a party of burglars, and of having succeeded in frightening them away by holding out a precisely similar threat.

"Beagle!" he shouted, after waiting in vain for the street door to bang.

"Here!" cried Beagle, "come up here! It's nothing! I'll explain! For Heaven's sake," he added, addressing

Valentine, "open the door;" but Valentine was too much engaged to pay attention to any such request.

At this moment the footsteps of Plumplee were heard upon the stairs, and Mr. Beagle, who then began to feel somewhat better, cried, "Come in! my good friend, come in!"

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired Mr. Plumplee, as he entered the room pale as a ghost, in his night shirt, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

"It's all right," said Beagle; "'twas I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a cohort of cats. They have been at it here making most healthful music under my bed for the last two hours, and in trying to make them hold their peace with the bolster, I upset that noisy affair, that's all."

"Cats!" cried Mr. Plumplee, "cats! you ate a little too much cucumber, my friend! that and the crabs were too heavy for your stomach! you have been dreaming! you've had the nightmare! We haven't a cat in the house; I can't bear them."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Beagle, "they're about here in swarms. If I've turned *one* cat out this night, I'm sure that I've turned out twenty! I've in fact done nothing else since I came up! In and out, in and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that blessed door less than a hundred and fifty times; and that young fellow there has been all the while fast as a church!"

"I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat about the premises."

"Meyow,—meyow!" cried Valentine, quietly.

"Now have I been dreaming?" triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Beagle; "now have I had the nightmare?"

"Bless my life!" cried Mr. Plumplee, jumping upon Mr. Beagle's bed, "they don't belong to me."

"I don't know whom they belong to," returned Mr. Beagle; "nor do I much care; I only know that there they *are*! If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them! only hook 'em this way! —I'll wring their precious necks off!"

"They're out of my reach," cried Mr. Plumplee. "Hish! hish!" Finding, however, that harsh terms had no effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of "Pussy pussy, pussy, pussy! kit, kit, kit!"

"Hish! you devils!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagle, who began to be really enraged.

"Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!—puss, puss, puss!" repeated Mr. Plumplee, in the blandest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock out the brains of the first unfortunate cat that made her appearance; but all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they continued to be invisible, while the mewling proceeded in the most melancholy strain.

"What on earth are we to do?" inquired Plumplee; "I myself have a horror of cats."

"The same to me, and many of 'em!" observed Mr. Beagle. "Let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hollo!" cried Plumplee.

"Hullo!" shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon Valentine, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls, and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertions had made him sweat like a tinker.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Plumplee, "do assist us in turning these cats out."

"Cats! Where are they? Hish!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, that's of no use. I've tried the *hishing* business myself. All the hishing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out; you're not afraid of them, are you?"

"Afraid of them! afraid of a few cats!" exclaimed Valentine, with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity. "Where are they?"

"Under my bed," replied Beagle. "There's a brave fellow! Break their blessed necks!" Valentine leaped out of bed, and, after striking at the imaginary animals very furiously with the bolster, he hissed with great violence, and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very forlorn meowing die gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"Thank Heaven! they are all gone at last!" cried Mr.

Beagle; "we shall be able to get a little rest, now, I suppose;" and after very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lighted his candle, bade Plumplee good night, and begged him to go immediately to Miss Madonna, who had been calling for an explanation very anxiously below.

As soon as Plumplee had departed, Valentine assisted Beagle to re-make his bed; and when they had accomplished this highly important business with the skill and dexterity of a couple of thoroughbred chambermaids, the light was again extinguished, and Mr. Beagle very naturally made up his mind to have a six hours' sound and uninterrupted sleep. He had, however, scarcely closed his eyes, when the mewling was renewed, and as he had not even the smallest disposition to "listen to the sounds so familiar to his ear," he started up at once, and exclaimed, "I wish I may *die* if they're all out now! Here's one of them left!" added he, addressing Valentine; but Valentine, having taken a deep inspiration, answered only with a prolonged gurgling sound. "He's off again, by the living Jove!" continued Beagle; "I *never* heard of any one sleeping so soundly. Hallo! my good fellow! ho! Fast as a four-year-old! Won't you be quiet, you *witch*? Are you determined not to let me have a wink of sleep to-night? She must be in the cupboard. I must have overlooked her; and yet I don't see how I could. Oh, keep the thing up, dear! Don't let me rest!" and he fumbled about for his box, and, having taken a hearty pinch of snuff, began to turn the thing seriously over in his mind, and to make a second person of himself, by way of having, under the circumstances, a companion with whom he could advise and if necessary remonstrate.

"Well, what's to be done, now?" inquired he of the second person thus established. "What's to be the next step, Jonas? It's of no use at all, you know! we can't go to sleep; we may just as well try to get a kick at the moon! nor must we again disturb—*Hish!* you—Jonas! Jonas! keep your temper, my boy! keep your temper! Don't let a contemptible cat put you out!" and Mr. Beagle took another pinch of snuff, from which he apparently derived a great degree of consolation. "What! at it again?"

he continued. "I wish I had the wringing of your neck off, madam! You want to put me in a passion; but you won't! you can't do it! therefore, don't lay that flattering unction to your soul! Well, Jonas, how are we to act? Shall we sit here all night, or take up our bed and walk, Jonas; eh?"

Jonas was so struck with the expediency of the latter course, that he apparently urged its immediate adoption; for Mr. Beagle, in the first place, half dressed himself in bed, and in the next, threw the counterpane, a blanket, and a sheet over his shoulder, when, tucking a pillow and a bolster under his arm, said, "We'll leave you to your own conscience madam? Good night!" and left the room with the view of seeking repose upon the sofa.

Valentine was astonished at the coolness displayed by Mr. Beagle throughout the entire transaction; and after reproaching the spirit of mischief that was within him, and striving, by way of a punishment, to disturb his own repose, and succeeding, too, as well as the monks of old did, when they inflicted the scourge upon themselves, he proceeded to justify himself upon the ground that his object was to learn the true characters of men, and being perfectly satisfied with that justification, went soundly and solemnly to sleep.

HOW'S MY BOY?—SYDNEY DOBELL.

Ho, Sailor of the sea!
 How's my boy—my boy?
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what good ship sailed he?"

My boy John—
 He that went to sea—
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.

You come back from sea,
 And not know my John?
 I might as well have asked some landsman
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But he knows my John.

How's my boy—my boy?
 And unless you let me know
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no,
 Brass button or no, sailor,
 Anchor or crown or no!
 Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton*—
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"

And why should I speak low, sailor?
 About my own boy John?
 If I was loud as I am proud
 I'd sing him over the town!
 Why should I speak low, sailor?—
 "That good ship went down."

How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the ship, sailor,
 I never was aboard her.
 Be she afloat, or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound,
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say, how's my John?—
 "Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."

How's my boy—my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother—
 How's my boy—my boy?
 Tell me of him and no other!
 How's my boy—my boy?

I SUE FOR DAMAGES.

Now, Lawyer, I'll tell you my story—you'll have to be patient
 with me,
 I never went to law before, and it make me nervous, you see;
 For it does not seem a woman's place, and many a time I've
 said
 That nothing would ever take me to court—I'd suffer wrong
 instead.

Not for myself do I come here now; I could suffer on, alone,—
 I come for my fatherless children, helpless and starving at
 home;
 Starving, because their father for liquor sold his life.
 Thank God for the Adair Liquor Law! the friend of the
 drunkard's wife.

These terrible, last few years seem just like a dream to me,
 And I almost think I'll wake and find our home as it used to be,
 My husband happy and loving—our children merry and bright,
 And *now*—Oh, what is the good of the law, if our wrongs it
 does not right !

Little by little the demon crept into this home of ours—
 O, sir! upon your knees thank God, if you never felt it's
 powers—

If you never saw a loved one drawn, as if by a fatal spell,
 Till day after day, and night after night, were spent in a
 drinking hell.

I cannot tell my anguish as those days and nights passed by ;
 I know 'tis the hardest part of life to see one's husband die,—
 But to see him in a *drunkard's* death ! all other deaths seem
 light ;—

I wish a few of our landlords could have stood by him that
 night.

Men in the best society, who blocks of property own,
 Who once had hearts of flesh, which money has turned to stone ;
 Men who own their pews in church—perhaps, if they could be
 At one of the deaths they help to make, their eyes would open
 and see.

Men who roll in money from the rents which they receive,
 Taken from starving families—O sir ! I surely believe
 That God, in righteous judgment—hating oppression and
 wrong,
 Is releasing us from their bondage—this slavery borne so long.

And to-day, in the name of my children who are starving, I
 come to you,
 That you may sue for the money that to them is justly due ;
 I come in the name of the happy home that millions could not
 restore ;
 I come in a murdered husband's name—Oh, what can I say
 more !

I come in the name of a broken heart, that money can never
 heal ;—
 I come in the name of a righteous God, from whom there is no
 appeal—

In the name of all that was dear in life, bitter though I may be
 Sue these property owners for the thousands they owe to me ,

I know there are some of our rich men who think this law is
 wrong,
 Who are trying to have it “ modified,” and plenty will help
 them along.

What to them is a drunkard's life, if his money has helped to
 pay
 The rents which they and their families spend in pleasure
 every day !

Lawyer, I'll not detain you—this story is old to you,
 I'll leave my cause in your hands, sir—please see what you can
 do.

And I'll pay you what I can.—and will bless you all the same,
 If you fail after doing your best to win,—in my little children's
 name.

From the Ohio State Journal.

EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE.—CHARLES SPRAGUE.

WHILE we bring our offerings for the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and woe! Pile to the clouds the majestic column of glory; let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your bold repose; but forget not those who, *with your bold*, went out to battle!

Among these men of noble daring, there was one, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succor were not his people; he knew them only in the melancholy story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valleys yielded him their increase. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked anawed upon kings. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his cold heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood; his kinsmen were about him; his wife was before him.

Yet from all those he turned away and came. Like a lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter's storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride to crusade for Freedom, in Freedom's holy land. He came; but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new-risen sun of Independence

had burst the cloud of time, and carcered to its place in the heavens. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favor of God.

It was then that this one joined the ranks of a revolted people. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage; with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length, kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of Liberty, and, at her pure shrine, the pilgrim warrior, with his adored commander, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length arose, and, crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet toward his long-deserted home.

After nearly fifty years, that one has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it; and the long, loud, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to Freedom's furthest mountains. A congregated nation comes around him. Old men bless him and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him; the learned deck their halls to greet him; the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage. How his full heart labors! He views the rusting trophies of departed days; he treads upon the high places where his brethren moulder; he bends before the tomb of his father; his words are tears, the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks around upon a ransomed land and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings, those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that father lived; and again his words are tears, the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageants that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like

this! Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this! Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drunk his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! Of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for him alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendor; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of Lafayette.

HINTS ON HEALTH.

FIRST of all, see to it that you start right. It is vitally important. Avoid all hereditary taints. Be continually anxious about yourself. Remember we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and this curious mechanism may at any moment get out of repair. It may break down altogether. This is death.

Be on the look out for symptoms. They generally precede a disease. Consult your pulse every half hour, and make sure by frequent personal observation that your tongue isn't coated. You should weigh yourself at least once a day, though it is not necessary to test your lungs more than once a week. Keep your feet and your friendships warm.

Food is very important. No man can live long without it. That Chinamen succeed in doing it, and laying up money besides, proves nothing. Your food should be taken in moderation, avoiding over-eating, to which one is very prone when dining at somebody else's expense; and equally cautious not to eat too little, unless you happen to occupy a seat at a cheap boarding house. A good, plain, nutritious diet is what you want. Mention it to your landlady, and you'll probably get it.

I cannot lay down any special rules as to what you'd

better eat. Breadstuffs are bad. Never eat bread. The process by which the article is rendered light and white is very deleterious to health. Never eat hot-cakes—nor cold ones. Corn bread is fatal. Take to the wheat in grain; carry some in your pockets, and chew the food nature designed for you. If your teeth are bad, or you have none, soak the wheat in castor oil.

For dinner, you want something substantial—pork, for example. If you choose pork, stick to it right through the year; many a man has built himself up in the pork packing business; and then abrupt changes are dangerous.

For tea, something very light should be taken, such as lobsters and milk, cucumbers and ice cream, or cold mince pie, pickles and hard cider. Then for lunch (which is to be eaten, of course, immediately before going to bed,) we have always found plenty of sourkrout, Welsh rabbit, pickled walnuts, hot saleratus biscuit, with London porter and green tea, very agreeable and soothing.

Take plenty of exercise in the open air, or in a treadmill, if well ventilated. Join a circus. Walking is excellent; so running, particularly, if you can run ahead of your ticket.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.—GEORGE ARNOLD.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
 Tall and slender, and sallow, and dry;
 His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
 His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
 But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
 And he sang every night as he went to bed,
 "Let us be happy down here below;
 The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
 Writing, and reading, and history too,
 Taking the little ones on his knee,
 For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
 And the wants of the smallest child he knew:

"Learn while you're young," he often said,
 "There is much to enjoy down here below;
 Life for the living, and rest for the dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,
 Speaking only in gentlest tones;
 The rod was scarcely known in his school;
 Whipping, to him was a barbarous rule,
 And too hard work for his poor old bones;
 "Besides, it was painful,"—he sometimes said,
 "We should make life pleasant here below,
 The living need charity more than the dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
 With roses and woodbine over the door;
 His rooms were quiet and neat and plain,
 But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
 And made him forget he was old and poor.
 "I need so little," he often said,
 "And my friends and relatives here below
 Wont litigate over me when I am dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the most pleasant times that he had, of all,
 Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
 With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
 Making an unceremonious call,
 Over a pipe and a friendly glass;—
 "This was the sweetest pleasure," he said,
 "Of the many I share in here below;
 Who has no cronies, had better be dead,"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
 Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;—
 He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
 Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
 Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles;—
 "I'm a pretty old man,"—he gently said,
 "I've lingered a long while here below,
 But my heart is fresh, if my youth be fled!"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe, in the balmy air,
 Every night when the sun went down,
 While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
 Leaving its tenderest kisses there
 On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;

And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,
 " 'Tis a glorious world down here below ;
 Why wait for happiness till we are dead ?"
 Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door one midsummer night,
 After the sun had sunk in the west,
 And the lingering beams of golden light
 Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
 While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest!"
 Gently, gently he bowed his head.
 There were angels waiting for him, I know ;—
 He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
 This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

UNCLE JO—ALICE CARY.

I HAVE in memory a little story,
 That few indeed would rhyme about but me ;
 'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,
 Although a little colored with the three—
 In very truth, I think as much, perchance,
 As most tales disembodied from romance.

Jo lived about the village, and was neighbor
 To every one, who had hard work to do ;
 If he possessed a genius, 'twas for labor
 Most people thought, but there was one or two,
 Who sometimes said, when he arose to go,
 " Come in again and see us, Uncle Jo !"

The "Uncle" was a courtesy they gave—
 And felt they could *afford* to give to him,
 Just as the master makes of some good slave
 An "Aunt Jemima," or an "Uncle Jim ;"
 And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad—
 Poor fellow, it was all he ever had !

A mile or so away he had a brother—
 A rich, proud man, that people didn't hire,—
 But Jo had neither sister, wife nor mother,
 And baked his corn-cake, at his cabin fire,
 After the day's work, hard for you and me,
 But he was never tired—how could he be ?

They called him dull, but he had eyes of quickness
 For everybody, that he could befriend ;
 Said one and all, "How kind he is in sickness,"
 But there, of course, his goodness had an end.
 Another praise there was, might have been given,
 For, one or more days out of every seven,

With his old pickaxe swung across his shoulder,
 And downcast eyes, and slow and sober tread,
 He sought the place of graves, and each beholder
 Wondered and asked each other, who was dead ?
 But when he digged all day, nobody thought
 That he had done a whit more than he ought.

At length, one winter when the sunbeams slanted
 Faintly and cold across the church-yard snow,
 The bell tolled out—alas ! a grave was wanted,
 And all looked anxiously for Uncle Jo ;
 His spade stood there, against his own roof-tree,
 There was his pickaxe, too, but where was he ?

They called and called again, but no replying ;
 Smooth at the window, and about the door
 The snow in cold and heavy drifts was lying—
 He didn't need the daylight any more.
 One shook him roughly, and another said,
 "As true as preaching, Uncle Jo is dead !"

And when they wrapped him in the linen, fairer
 And finer, too, than he had worn till then,
 They found a picture—haply of the sharer
 Of sunny hope, sometime ; or where or when,
 They did not care to know, but closed his eyes,—
 And placed it in the coffin where he lies !

None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty
 Of the pure love, that reached into the grave,
 Nor how, in unobtrusive ways of duty
 He kept, *despite the dark* ; but men less *brave*
 Have left great *names*, while not a willow bends
 Above *his* dust—poor Jo, he had no friends !

DREAMS AND REALITIES.—PHOEBE CARY.

The following poem is the last one sent by Phoebe Cary to Harper's Bazar. The Bazar says: "It is the song of the dying swan, tender, and sweet, and beautiful."

O ROSAMOND, thou fair and good,
 And perfect flower of womanhood,
 Thou royal rose of June!
 Why did'st thou droop before thy time?
 Why wither in the first sweet prime?
 Why did'st thou die so soon?

For, looking backward through my tears
 On thee, and on my wasted years,
 I cannot choose but say,
 If thou had'st lived to be my guide,
 Or thou had'st lived and I had died,
 'Twere better far to-day.

O child of light, O Golden head!—
 Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
 Upon life's lonely way—
 Why did'st thou vanish from our sight?
 Could they not spare my little light
 From Heaven's unclouded day?

O Friend so true, O Friend so good!—
 Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
 That gave youth all its charms—
 What had I done, or what hadst thou,
 That, through this lonesome world till now,
 We walk with empty arms?

And yet had this poor soul been fed
 With all it loved and coveted,—
 Had life been always fair—
 Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
 That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
 Forever tremble there?

If still they kept their earthly place,
 The friends I held in my embrace,
 And gave to death, alas!
 Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
 That looks beyond the bonds of death,
 And almost longs to pass?

Sometimes, I think, the things we see
 Are shadows of the things to be ;
 That what we plan we build ;
 That every hope that hath been crossed,
 And every dream we thought was lost,
 In heaven shall be fulfilled.

That even the children of the brain
 Have not been born and died in vain,
 Though here unclothed and dumb ;
 But on some brighter, better shore
 They live, embodied evermore,
 And wait for us to come

And when on that last day we rise,
 Caught up between the earth and skies,
 Then shall we hear our Lord
 Say, Thou hast done with doubt and death,
 Henceforth, according to thy faith,
 Shall be thy faith's reward.

DREAM OF THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

I HAD a singular dream last night. "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," and that those halls were thronged with characters whose names are familiar in song. The entertainment was given by the "Old Folks at Home," who had invited a goodly number of the friends of "Auld Lang Syne," as well as distinguished strangers from abroad.

"Rory O'More" was easily distinguished by his jolly, good-natured face, and his manner of "tazing" the girls. He was shortly joined by a fair-haired, ruddy-cheeked youth, who, in reply to a question from the master of ceremonies—he had entered somewhat un-(master of)ceremoniously—replied, proudly,

"Ould Ireland is me country, and
 Me name is Pat Malloy."

Pat and Rory then proceeded to the "Irishman's shanty," there being "Whisky in the Jug."

I knew "Old Uncle Ned," as soon as I saw him scratch his ba'd head with his cane-brake fingers, and as he smiled,

his toothless gums, wholly inadequate for the hoe-cake, confirmed my previous impression. The spruce darkey who followed him, ogling "Lucy Long" through an eye-glass, could be no other than "Dandy Jim of Caroline."

The "Bould Soger Boy" came strutting along, brandishing "The Sword of Bunker Hill," in an audacious manner; and the "Minstrel returned from the War" followed after, sweeping the melancholy strings of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," "The soul of Music under a Shed," or words to that effect.

"Old Dog Tray," barking fiercely at the door, proclaimed that "Somebody's Coming," and in marched "Yankee Doodle" wrapped in the "Star Spangled Banner," and leading by the hand a rare and radiant maiden, known as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean." A noble-looking, well-preserved old gentleman by the name of Columbia, who, on account of his hale and hearty appearance, was called "*Hale* Columbia," followed Mr. Doodle, and kept a bright eye upon the young woman, who was doubtless a relation of his, on her father and mother's side.

A spacious walk back of the mansion, paved with "Shells of Ocean," led to

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The broad, the blue, the ever free,"

and on the beach stood "A Dark Girl Dressed in Blue" wringing her hands in a frantic manner, and crying wildly because "Jamie's on the S-t-o-r-my Sea." As she afterward got into the "Gum Tree Canoe" and signified her intention to cross "Over the Water to Charlie," I concluded that she couldn't be much of a gentleman.

My attention was here directed to a young man who was on his knees before a piratical-looking chap, who was about to pitch him into the sea from a lofty cliff. The young man pleaded—"Bury me not in the deep, deep sea," to which the piratical chap chanted hoarsely "My name is Captain Kidd, as I sailed, as I sailed,"—wholly neglecting to state what his name was when he wasn't sailing,—and pitched him in. Captain Kidd, it will be remembered, acquired some notoriety for taking "Life on the Ocean Wave." 'Tis said he *took life* remarkably easy.

A poor Swiss girl was crying—"Take me back to Switzerland," and "Gaffer Green," standing by, remarked to his particular friend, "Robin Ruff," that *he* would take her back, besides doing a variety of other charitable things—"If I had but a thousand a year." Robin wiped away a tear and said it was *ruff*. That he hadn't a thousand a year must have been "Wearin' of the (Gaffer) *Green*."

As I retraced my steps to the mansion, fearing that they would "Miss me at Home," I was met by a female who began, "I'd offer thee this hand of mine," but I interrupted her by saying—"I'm o'er young to marry yet," and slipped away, quite unmindful of her request to "Meet me by Moonlight Alone."

Arrived at "The halls, the halls of dazzling light," I found "Old Dan Tucker," too late, as usual, for his evening meal, relating his escape from parties who, as he said, were trying to "Carry me back to Old Virginia," in utter defiance of the Freedmen's Bureau. He gave them the slip at the "Camptown Races," where he "Harnessed up the Mules," to the "Low Backed Car," and made his escape from "Way down South in Dixie." Dan wore the "Last Rose of Summer," (or summer before last,) in his button-hole, and created quite a sensation as he went "marching on."

A hall was cleared for the pleasures of the dance, and when music arose from several voluptuous *swells* in the orchestra, soft eyes looked love to softer heads which spake again, and all went merry as a married belle. One man of melancholy aspect and seedy appearance, seated in an obscure corner, was invited to join, but he said he couldn't—he was "Hard up!" He was afterward found cutting it gay in an Irish jig, at "Finnegan's Wake," and singing, "Oh, ain't I Hun ki-do-ri."

During a lull in the dance, "Ben Bolt" amused the company with the Sailor's Hornpipe," which he executed in fine style.

The company broke up in the "Wee sma' hours," and as they sought "Home, sweet Home," oft on that *silly* night would I hear their songs. While a number of jolly fellows a "Coming through the Rye" (put up in quart bottles) were singing, "We won't go home till morning,"—*I awoke.*

PLATONIC.—WILLIAM B. TERRETT.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid,
 For we quite agreed in doubting whether matrimony paid;
 Besides we had our higher loves, fair *science* ruled *my* heart.
 And she said *her* young affections were all wound up in *art*.

So we laughed at those wise men, who say, that friendship can
 not live
 Twixt man and woman, unless each has something more to
 give;
 We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and
 man—
 I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.

We scorned all sentimental trash—vows, kisses, tears and
 sighs;
 High friendship, such as ours, might well such childish arts
 despise;
 We *liked* each other, that was all, quite all there was to say,
 So we just shook hands upon it, in a business sort of way.

We shared our secrets and our joys, together hoped and feared,
 With common purpose, sought the goal that young Ambition
 reared;
 We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to
 come;
 We were strictly confidential, and we called each other
 "chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills,
 I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she, the ruined mills
 And rustic bridges and the like, that picture-makers prize
 To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and summer skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of silent ease,
 We floated down the river, or strolled beneath the trees,
 And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,
 While the western skies and my cigar burned slowly out
 together.

Yet through it all no whispered word, no tell-tale glance or
 sigh,
 Fold aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy—
 We talked of love as coolly as we talked of Nebula,
 And thought no more of being *one* than we did of being *three*

"Well, good-bye, chum!" I took her hand, for the time had come to go—
 My going meant our parting, when to meet, we did not know;
 I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;
 For although we were but *friends*, 'tis hard for honest friends
 to part.

'Good-bye, old fellow! don't forget your friends beyond the sea,
 And some day, when you've lots of time, drop a line or two to me.'
 The words came lightly, gaily, but a great sob, just behind,
 Welled upward with a story of quite a different kind.

And then she raised her eyes to mine—great liquid eyes of blue,
 Filled to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups of dew;
 One long, long glance, and then I did, what I never did before—
 Perhaps the *tears* meant friendship, but I'm sure the *kiss* meant
 more.

I HAVE DRANK MY LAST GLASS.

No, comrades, I thank you—not any for me;
 My last chain is riven—henceforward I'm free!
 I will go to my home and my children to-night
 With no fumes of liquor, their spirits to blight;
 And, with tears in my eyes, I will beg my poor wife
 To forgive me the wreck I have made of her life.
I have never refused you before? Let that pass,
 For I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

Just look at me now, boys, in rags and disgrace,
 With my bleared, haggard eyes, and my red, bloated face;
 Mark my faltering step and my weak palsied hand,
 And the mark on my brow that is worse than Cain's brand;
 See my crownless old hat, and my elbows and knees,
 Alike, warmed by the sun, or chilled by the breeze.
 Why, even the children will hoot as I pass;—
 But I've drunk my last glass, boys,
 I have drunk my last glass.

You would hardly believe, boys, to look at me now
 That a mother's soft hand was pressed on my brow—
 When she kissed me, and blessed me, her darling, her pride,—
 Ere she laid down to rest by my dead father's side;

But with love in her eyes, she looked up to the sky,
 Bidding *me* meet her *there*, and whispered "Good-bye"
 And I'll do it, God helping! Your *smile* I let pass,
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,
 I have drank my last glass.

Ah! I reeled home last night—it was not very late,
 For I'd spent my last sixpence, and landlords won't wait
 On a fellow, who's left every cent in their till,
 And has pawned his last bed, their coffers to fill.
 Oh, the torments I felt, and the pangs I endured!
 And I begged for one glass—just *one* would have cured.—
 But they kicked me out doors! I let that, too, pass,
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,
 I have drank my last glass.

At home, my pet Susie, with her rich golden hair,
 I saw through the window, just kneeling in prayer;
 From her pale, bony hands, her torn sleeves were strung down,
 While her feet, cold and bare, shrank beneath her scant gown;
 And she prayed—prayed for *bread*, just a poor crust of bread,—
 For *one* crust, on her knees my pet darling plead!
 And I *heard*, with no penny to buy one, alas!
 But I've drank my last glass, boys,
 I have drank my last glass.

For Susie, my darling, my wee six-year old,
 Though fainting with hunger and shivering with cold,
 There, on the bare floor, asked God to bless *me*!
 And she said, "Don't cry, mamma! He will; for you see,
 I *believe* what I ask for." Then sobered, I crept
 Away from the house; and that night, when I slept,
 Next my heart lay the PLEDGE! You smile! let it pass,
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,
 I have drank my last glass.

My darling child saved me! Her faith and her love
 Are akin to my dear sainted mother's above!
 I will my make words true, or I'll die in the race,
 And sober I'll go to my last resting place;
 And she shall kneel *there*, and, weeping, thank God
 No *drunkard* lies under the daisy-strewn sod!
 Not a drop more of poison my lips shall e'er pass.
 For I've drank my last glass, boys,
 I have drank my last glass.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HIS CHILD-WIFE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

ALL this time I had gone on loving Dora harder than ever. If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was not merely over head and ears in love with her, I was saturated through and through. I took night walks to Norwood where she lived, and perambulated round and round the house and garden for hours together, looking through crevices in the palings, using violent exertions to get my chin above the rusty nails on the top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows, and romantically calling on the night to shield my Dora,—I don't exactly know from what,—I suppose from fire, perhaps from mice, to which she had a great objection.

Dora had a discreet friend, comparatively stricken in years, almost of the ripe age of twenty, I should say, whose name was Miss Mills. Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora. Happy Miss Mills!

One day Miss Mills said: "Dora is coming to stay with me. She is coming the day after to-morrow. If you would like to call, I am sure papa would be happy to see you."

I passed three days in a luxury of wretchedness. At last, arrayed for the purpose, at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mills's, fraught with a declaration. Mr. Mills was not at home. I didn't expect he would be. Nobody wanted *him*. Miss Mills was at home. Miss Mills would do.

I was shown into a room, up stairs, where Miss Mills and Dora were. Dora's little dog Jip was there. Miss Mills was copying music, and Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings when I recognized flowers I had given her!

Miss Mills was very glad to see me, and very sorry her papa was not at home, though I thought we all bore that with fortitude. Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes, and then laying down her pen, got up and left the room.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when he got

home at night from that picnic," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it to-day.

"It was a long way for *him*, for *he* had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes, he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near to you."

I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot.

"I don't know why you should care for being near me," said Dora, "or why you should call it a happiness. But, of course, you don't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it, but I did it in a moment.

I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms. I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshipped her. Jip barked madly all the time. My eloquence increased, and I said, if she would like me to die for her, she had but to say the word, and I was ready. I had loved her to distraction every minute, day and night, since I first set eyes upon her. I loved her at that minute to distraction. I should always love her, every minute, to distraction. Lovers had loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should ever love, as I loved Dora. The more I raved, the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way got more mad every moment.

Well, Well! Dora and I were sitting on the sofa, by and by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged.

Being poor, I felt it necessary the next time I went to my darling to expatiate on that unfortunate drawback. I soon carried desolation into the bosom of our joys—not that I meant to do it, but that I was so full of the subject—by asking Dora, without the smallest preparation, if she could love a beggar.

"How can you ask me anything so foolish? Love a beggar!"

"Dora, my own dearest, I am a beggar!"

"How can you be such a silly thing," replied Dora, slapping my hand, "as to sit there, telling such stories? I'll make Jip bite you, if you are so ridiculous."

But I looked so serious that Dora began to cry. She did nothing but exclaim, Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And Oh, she was so frightened! And where was Julia Mills? And Oh, take her to Julia Mills, and go away, please! until I was almost beside myself.

I thought I had killed her. I sprinkled water on her face; I went down on my knees; I plucked at my hair; I implored her forgiveness; I besought her to look up; I ravaged Miss Mills's work-box for a smelling-bottle, and, in my agony of mind, applied an ivory needle-case, instead, and dropped all the needles over Dora.

At last I got Dora to look at me, with a horrified expression which I gradually soothed until it was only loving, and her soft, pretty cheek was lying against mine.

"Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?"

"Oh yes! Oh yes! it's all yours. Oh, don't be dreadful."

"My dearest love, the crust well earned—"

"Oh, yes; but I don't want to hear any more about crusts. And after we are married, Jip must have a mutton chop every day at twelve, or he'll die."

I was charmed with her childish, winning way, and I fondly explained to her that Jip should have his mutton chop with his accustomed regularity.

When we had been engaged some half-year or so, Dora delighted me by asking me to give her that cookery book I had once spoken of, and to show her how to keep accounts, as I had once promised I would. I brought the volume with me on my next visit (I got it prettily bound first, to make it look less dry and more inviting), and showed her an old housekeeping book of my aunt's, and gave her a set of tablets, and a pretty little pencil-case, and a box of leads, to practise housekeeping with.

But the cookery-book made Dora's head ache, and the figures made her cry. They wouldn't add up she said.

So she rubbed them out, and drew little nosegays, and likenesses of me and Jip, all over the tablets.

Time went on, and at last, here in this hand of mine, I held the wedding license. There were the two names in the sweet old visionary connection,—David Copperfield and Dora Spenlow; and there in the corner was that parental institution, the Stamp Office, looking down upon our union; and there, in the printed form of words, was the Archbishop of Canterbury, invoking a blessing on us, and doing it as cheap as could possibly be expected.

I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about keeping house than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant, of course. *She* kept house for us.

We had an awful time of it with Mary Anne.

Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written character, as large as a proclamation, and according to this document could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She was a woman in the prime of life; of a severe countenance, and subject (particularly in the arms) to a sort of perpetual measles. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else. She was warranted sober and honest; and I am therefore willing to believe that she was in a fit when we found her under the boiler, and that the deficient teaspoons were attributable to the dustman. She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

“My dearest life,” I said one day to Dora, “do you think that Mary Anne has any idea of time?”

“Why, Doady?”

“My love, because its five, and we were to have dined at four.”

My little wife came and sat upon my knee, to coax me to be quiet, and drew a line with her pencil down the middle of my nose; but I couldn't dine off that, though it was very agreeable.

“Don't you think, my dear, it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Anne?”

“Oh, no, please! I couldn't, Doady!”

“Why not, my love?”

"Oh, because I am such a little goose, and she knows I am!"

I thought this sentiment so incompatible with the establishment of any system of check on Mary Anne, that I frowned a little.

"My precious wife, we must be serious sometimes. Come! sit down on this chair, close beside me! Give me 'be pencil! There! Now let us talk sensibly. You know, dear,"—what a little hand it was to hold, and what a tiny wedding ring it was to see,—“you know, my love it is not exactly comfortable to have to go out without one's dinner. Now is it?"

"N-n-no!" replied Dora, faintly.

"My love, how you tremble!"

"Because, I know you're going to scold me."

"My sweet, I am only going to reason."

"Oh, but reasoning is worse than scolding! I didn't marry to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little thing as I am, you ought to have told me so, you cruel boy!"

"Dora, my darling!"

"No, I am not your darling. Because you *must* be sorry that you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me!"

I felt so injured by the inconsequential nature of this charge, that it gave me courage to be grave.

"Now, my own Dora, you are childish, and are talking nonsense. You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over; and that, the day before, I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry; to-day, I don't dine at all, and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast, and *then* the water didn't boil. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable.

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!"

"Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that!"

"You said I wasn't comfortable!"

"I said the housekeeping was not comfortable!"

"It's exactly the same thing! and I wonder, I do, at

you are making such ungrateful speeches. When you know that the other day, when you said you would like a little bit of fish, I went out myself, miles and miles, and ordered it to surprise you."

"And it was very kind of you, my own darling; and I felt it so much that I wouldn't on any account have mentioned that you bought a salmon, which was too much for two; or that it cost one pound six, which was more than we can afford."

"You enjoyed it very much," sobbed Dora. "And you said I was a Mouse."

"And I'll say so again, my love, a thousand times!"

I said it a thousand times and more, and went on saying it until Mary Anne's cousin deserted into our coal-hole, and was brought out, to our great amazement, by a picket of his companions in arms, who took him away handcuffed in a procession that covered our front garden with disgrace.

Everybody, we had anything to do with, seemed to cheat us. Our appearance in a shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately. If we bought a lobster, it was full of water. All our meat turned out tough, and there was hardly any crust to our loaves.

As to the washerwoman pawning the clothes, and coming in a state of penitent intoxication to apologize, I suppose that might have happened several times to anybody. Also the chimney on fire, the parish engine, and perjury on the part of the beadle. But I apprehend we were personally unfortunate in our case, whose principal function was to quarrel with the cook. We wanted to get rid of him, but he was very much attached to us, and wouldn't go, until one day he stole Dora's watch, then he went.

"I am very sorry for all this, Doady," said Dora. "Will you call me a name I want you to call me?"

"What is it, my dear?"

"It's a stupid name,—Child-wife. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'It's only my Child-wife.' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew a long time ago, that she would make but a Child-wife.' When you miss what you would like me to be, and what

I should like to be, and what I think I never can be, say,
‘Still my foolish Child-wife loves me.’ For indeed I do.”

I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly loved to come
out of the mists and shadows of the past, and to turn its
gentle head towards me once again, and to bear witness
that it was made happy by what I answered.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.—J. G. WHITTIER.

STILL sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago, a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves's icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes, full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
 The soft hands' light caressing,
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing

" I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
 I hate to go above you,
 Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
 " Because, you see, I love you !"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing.
 Dear girl ! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her—because they love him.

From " Our Young Folks."

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.—N. P. WILLIAMS.

The night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
 And the old shutters of the turret swung
 Creaking upon their hinges ; and the moon,
 As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
 Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
 So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
 Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.
 The fire beneath his crucible was low,
 Yet still it burned ; and ever, as his thoughts
 Grew insupportable, he raised himself
 Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
 With difficult energy ; and when the rod
 Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
 Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
 Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
 Muttered a curse on death !

The silent room,
 From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
 His rattling breath ; the humming in the fire
 Had the distinctness of a knell ; and when
 Duly the antique horologe beat one,

He drew a phial from beneath his head,
 And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
 And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
 He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
 Upright, and communed with himself :

“ I did not think to die
 Till I had finished what I had to do ;
 ‘ thought to pierce th’ eternal secret through
 With this my mortal eye ;
 I felt,—Oh, God ! it seemeth even now—
 This cannot be the death-dew on my brow ;

“ And yet it is,—I feel,
 Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid ;
 And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade,
 And something seems to steal
 Over my bosom like a frozen hand,—
 Binding its pulses with an icy band.

“ And this is death ! But why
 Feel I this wild recoil ? It cannot be
 Th’ immortal spirit shuddereth to be free :
 Would it not leap to fly,
 Like a chained eaglet at its parent’s call ?
 I fear.—I fear,—that this poor life is all !

“ Yet thus to pass away !—
 To live but for a hope that mocks at last,—
 To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
 To waste the light of day ;
 Night’s better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
 All that we have and are,—for this,—for naught !

“ Grant me another year,
 God of my spirit !—but a day,—to win
 Something to satisfy this thirst within !
 I would *know* something here !
 Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !
 Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !

“ Vain,—vain,—my brain is turning
 With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
 And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
 And I am freezing,—burning,—
 Dying ! Oh, God ! if I might only live !
 My phial——Ha ! it thrills me,—I revive.

“ Aye,—were not man to die,
 He were too mighty for this narrow sphere !
 Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,—
 Could he but train his eye,—

Might he but wait the mystic word and hour.—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

“Earth has no mineral strange,—
Th’ illimitable air no hidden wings,—
Water no quality in covert springs,
 And fire no power to change,
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

“Oh, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky,—
To see th’ invisible spirits, eye to eye,
 To hurl the lightning back,—
To tread unhurt the sea’s dim-lighted halls,—
To chase day’s chariot to the horizon-walls,—

“And more, much more,—for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move,—
To nurse and purify this human love,—
 To clear the God-like brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much-loved one,—

“This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream,—
To live,—Oh, God! that life is but a dream!
 And death——Aha! I feel.—
Dim,—dim,—I faint, darkness comes o’er my eye,—
Cover me! save me!—God of heaven! I die!”

’Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th’ expression wore
Of his death-struggle. His long, silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throes
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutter swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on,—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,

Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire.—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
From his high soaring, down,—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked,—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

SOLILOQUY OF KING RICHARD III.—SHAKSPEARE.

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu!—soft : I did but dream.
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I *fear*? Myself! There's none else by.
Richard loves *Richard* : that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No : yes ; I am.
Then fly. What! From myself? Great reason : why!
Lest I revenge. *What?* Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
Oh, no : alas ! I rather *hate* myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain : yet I *lie* : I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well—fool, do not flatter—
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues ;
And every tongue brings in a several tale ;
And every tale condemns me for a *villain*.
Perjury, perjury in the highest degree ;
Murder, stern murder in the direst degree,
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, *Guilty! guilty!*
I shall despair. There is no creature *loves* me,
And, if I die, no soul will *pity* me ;
Nay ; wherefore should they ; since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?—
Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

THE SILVER WEDDING.—Mrs. C. M. STOWN.

Did you think I could forget it,
 Five and twenty years a-gone?
On a beautiful May morning,
 Flowers were blooming on the lawn;
My heart was filled with gladness,
 And my cheeks were flushed with pride
While I waited for your coming—
 I was soon to be a bride.

Five and twenty years, my darling,
 Since that morn, have passed away;
Let us count them, looking backward;
 Till we reach our wedding day.
 Do you see the sun above us,
 And the blue and cloudless sky,
And remember how that morning,
 We were happy, you and I?

Do you see the low-roofed dwelling,
 With its white and shining floor,
And the hewed logs matched so nicely,
 And the rose-tree by the door?
And the wedding guests, I see them
 Through the five and twenty years,
Sitting quietly around us,
 Smiling fondly through their tears.

They were only those who loved us,
 As we stood there, you and I,
Looking forward to the future,
 Through a clear and cloudless sky.
 Ah, to-day in looking backward,
 I can see you standing there,
In your pride of youthful manhood,
 With your brow unmarked by care!

And I stood that day beside you,
 In my robe of simple white,
 Without gems or costly jewels,
 Flashing in the morning light.
Just a loving heart I gave you,
 As our hands were clasped that day,
With no cloud upon our future—
 Only sunshine in our way.

Five and twenty years, my darling,
 Through the sunshine and the shade,
We have walked beside each other,
 In the path our love has made.
But the clouds have gathered o'er us,
 Drifting down the stream of life,
And our hearts have throbb'd with sorrow,
 Since you claimed me as a wife.

But to-night, in looking backward,
 Looking backward all the way,
Through the clouds, the storms, the sunshine,
 That have gathered since that day,
There is more of good than evil,
 Though our feet have tired grown ;
Five and twenty years, my darling,
 Since our wedding day has flown.

CALIFORNIA OBITUARY.

BOODLEPOPSTER is dead ! The bare announcement will plunge the city into unspeakable gloom. The death of Boodlepopster was most untimely ; he should have died twenty years ago. Probably no man of his day has exerted so peculiar an influence upon society as the deceased. Ever foremost in every good work out of which anything could be made, an unstinted dispenser of every species of charity that paid a commission to the disburser, Mr. Boodlepopster was a model of generosity, and weighed at the time of his death one hundred and ninety odd pounds. Originally born in Massachusetts, but for ten years a resident of California, and partially bald, possessing a cosmopolitan nature that loved a York shilling as well, in the proportion to its value, as a Mexican dollar, the subject of our memoir was one whom it was an honor to know, and whose close friendship was a luxury that only the affluent could afford. It shall ever be the writer's proudest boast that he enjoyed it at less than half the usual rates. Mr. B., was the founder of the new, famous Boodlepopster Institute, and for some years preceding his death suffered severely from a soft corn, which has probably done as much for agriculture as any similar

concern in the foothills of our State. In 1868, he was elected an honorary member of the Society for the Prevention of Humanity to Mongolians, and but for the loss of an eye in carrying out its principles, would have been one of the handsomest whites that ever resided among them. But there is little doubt that he might have aspired to any office in the gift of the people, so universal was the esteem in which he was held by those he voted for. In an evil moment he was induced to associate himself in business with the Rev. Albert Williams, and though he speedily withdrew from the firm, he was never able wholly to eradicate the disgrace from his constitution, and it finally carried him to his grave. His last words, as he was snuffed out, were characteristic of the man; he remarked: "Fetch me the *catnip tea!*" The catnip consolation arrived too late to be of any use; he had gone where the woodbine twineth. Farewell, noble heart, my soul, bright intellect! We shall meet again.

WHERE MAN SHOULD DIE.

How little reck's it where men die, when once the moment's
 past
 In which the dim and glazing eye has looked on earth its last;
 Whether beneath the sculptured urn, the confined form shall
 rest,
 Or, in its nakedness, return back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe, as different men may hold,
 And at its summons each must go, the timid and the bold;
 But when the spirit, free and warm, deserts it, as it must,
 What matter where the lifeless form dissolves again to dust?

'Twere sweet, indeed, to close our eyes with those we cherish
 near,
 And, wafted upwards by their sighs, soar to some calmer
 sphere;
 But whether on the scaffold high, or in the battle's van,
 The fittest place where man can die is where he dies for man.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,
 And sifting snows fall white and fast,
 Mark Haley drives along the street,
 Perched high upon his wagon seat;
 His sombre face the storm defies,
 And thus from morn till eve he cries,—

“Charco’! charco’!”

While echo faint and far replies,—

“Hark, O! hark, O!”

“Charco’!”—“Hark, O!”—Such cheery sounds
 Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
 His coat is darker far than that;
 ’Tis odd to see his sooty form
 All speckled with the feathery storm;
 Yet in his honest bosom lies
 Nor spot, nor speck,—though still he cries,—

“Charco’! charco’!”

And many a roguish lad replies,—

“Ark, ho! ark, ho!”

“Charco’!”—“Ark, ho!”—Such various sounds
 Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
 He labors much for little pay;
 Yet feels no less of happiness
 Than many a richer man, I guess,
 When through the shades of eve he spies
 The light of his own home, and cries,—

“Charco’! charco’!”

And Martha from the door replies,—

“Mark, ho! Mark, ho!”

“Charco’!”—“Mark, ho!”—Such joy abounds
 When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright
 And while his hand, washed clean and white,
 Holds Martha’s tender hand once more,
 His glowing face bends fondly o’er
 The crib wherein his darling lies,
 And in a coaxing tone he cries,
 “Charco’! charco’!”

And baby with a laugh replies,—

“Ah, go! ah, go!”

“Charco’!”—“Ah, go!”—while at the sounds
 The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the charcoal man !
 Though dusky as an African,
 'Tis not for you, that chance to be
 A little better clad than he,
 His honest manhood to despise,
 Although from morn till eve he cries,—
 “Charco’ ! charco’ !”
 While mocking echo still replies,—
 “Hark, O ! hark O !”
 “Charco’ !”—“Hark, O !”—Long may the sounds
 Proclaim Mark Haley’s daily rounds !
 From “*Our Young Folks*”

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.—B. DISRAELI.

THE broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers, and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts.

The broad steep of Sion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah’s chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda’s pool; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though ’tis the noon of night, traces with ease the Street of Grief, a long, winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame, which is now throughout

all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is now worshipped before every altar in Rome.

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe.

Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the law-giver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modelled civilized Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David

merges into obscurity ; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar ; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon-light.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN TYPE.—O. W. HOLMES.

AN, here it is ! I'm famous now ;
 An author and a poet,
 It really is in print. Hurrah !
 How proud I'll be to show it.
 And gentle Anna ! what a thrill
 Will animate her breast,
 To read these ardent lines, and know,
 To whom they are addressed.

Why, bless my soul ! here's something wrong ;
 What can the paper mean,
 By talking of the "graceful brook,"
 That "*ganders* o'er the green ?"
 And here's a *t* instead of *r*,
 Which makes it "tippling rill,"
 We'll seek the "shad" instead of "shade,"
 And "hell" instead of "hill."

"Thy looks so"—what ?—I recollect,
 'Twas "sweet," and then 'twas "kind ;"
 And now, to think,—the stupid fool—
 For "bland" has printed "blind."
 Was ever such provoking work ?
 ('Tis curious, by the by,
 That any thing is rendered blind
 By giving it an *i*.)

The color of the "rose" is "nose,"
 "Affection" is "Affliction."
 I wonder if the likeness holds
 In fact as well as fiction ?
 "Thou art a friend." The *r* is gone ;
 Whoever could have deemed
 That such a trifling thing could change
 A friend into a fiend,

"Thou art the same," is rendered "lame,"
 It really is too bad!
 And here because an *i* is out
 My lovely "maid" is mad.
 They drove her blind by poking in
 An *i*—a process new—
 And now they've gouged it out again,
 And made her crazy, too.

I'll read no more. What shall I do?
 I'll never dare to send it.
 The paper's scattered far and wide,
 'Tis now too late to mend it.
 Oh, fame! thou cheat of human life,
 Why did I ever write!
 I wish my poem had been burnt,
 Before it saw the light.

Was ever such a horrid hash,
 In poetry or prose?
 I've said she was a "fiend!" and praised
 The color of her "nose."
 I wish I had the printer here
 About a half a minute,
 I'd bang him to his heart's content,
 And with an *h* begin it.

HELVELLYN.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful dog, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide;
 All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
 And, starting around me, the echoes replied.
 On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
 And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
 One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
 When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the broad mountain heather,
 Where the pilgrim of Nature lay stretched in decay,
 Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.

Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
 For, faithful in death, his mute favorite attended,
 The much-loved remains of her master defuded,
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long did'st thou think that his silence was slumber?
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft did'st thou
 start?

How many long days and long weeks did'st thou number,
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
 And, Oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him—
 Unhonored the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
 With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleam-
 ing;
 In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming;
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
 Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
 When 'wildered he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
 And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,
 Thy obsequies sung by the gray plover flying,
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam.

DEACON HEZEKIAH.

OH! Hezekiah's a pious soul,
 With his phiz as long as a hickory pole,
 And he wouldn't smile if you'd give him the whole
 Of the gold in California.
 There he sits, like a cloud, in his Sunday pew,
 With his book in his hand, in his long-tailed blue,
 And you'd better take care, or he'll look you through,
 With a glance that says, 'I scorn ye.'

He is very straight, and narrow, and tall,
 From the crown to the hem of his over-all ;
 And he sings the psalm with a woeful drawl,
 And a mouth like a clam's when it's crying ;
 But when Monday comes he is up with the sun ;
 His *religion* is over, his work begun,
 And you'd think that there wasn't a world but one,
 And he hadn't a thought of dying.

You would think he was sorry he'd lost a day,
 As he rushes and rattles and drives away,
 As he gives the poor orphan a crusty "nay,"
 And the widow a vinegar greeting ;
 And he bargains, and sells, and collects his rent,
 Nor tears nor petitions can make him relent,
 Till he gets in his pocket each doubtful cent,
 Though he wouldn't be *seen* a-cheating !

And Tuesday, and Wednesday, and all the week,
 He doesn't know Gentile, nor Jew, nor Greek,
 Nor care whom he robs of the last beef-steak,
 Nor the last poor hope of fire.
 But Hezekiah is pious, *very* !
 For who in the world ever saw him merry ?
 And he looks as forlorn as a dromedary,
 And his voice, of itself, is a choir.

THE NATIONAL BANNER.—EDWARD EVERETT.

ALL hail to our glorious ensign ! courage to the heart,
 and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be
 intrusted ! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory,
 and patriotic hope, on the dome of the capitol, on the
 country's stronghold, on the extended plain, on the wave-
 rocked topmast !

Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the Amer-
 ican shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it ! On
 whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a
 foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an
 altar ! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause,
 may it never in any cause, be stained with shame !

Alike, when its gorgeous folds shall wanton in lazy
 holiday-triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered

fragments be dimly seen through the clouds of war, may it be the joy, and pride of the American heart! First raised in the cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming blazonry to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way!

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight,
 Passing to town from Dover, in the night,
 Near the roadside an alehouse chanced to spy,
 And being rather tired as well as dry,
 Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
 In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
 He enters; "Hallo! Garçon, if you please,
 Bring me a leetel bit of bread and cheese,
 And hallo! Garçon, a pot of porter, too!" he said,
 "Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
 Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
 Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
 To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept—
 For on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
 To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
 Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
 Put on his cap and bade the world good-night;
 But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
 Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,
 And on the flour-sacks greedily began;
 At which they gorged themselves; then smelling round,
 Under the pillow soon the cheese they found;
 And while at this they all regaling sat,
 Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap;
 Who, half-awake, cries out, "Hallo! hallo!
 Vat is dat nibble at my pillow so?
 Ah! 'tis one big—one very big, huge rat!
 Vat is it that he nibble—nibble at?"

In vain our little hero sought repose ;
 Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose ;
 And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
 That he, on end—antipodes upright
 Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
 "Hallo ! Maison ! Gargon, I say !
 Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay !"
 The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
 Ten shillings was the charge : he scarce believed his eyes
 With eager haste, he quickly runs it o'er,
 And every time he viewed it thought it more.

"Vy, zounds and zounds !" he cries, "I sall no pay ;
 Vat I charge ten shelangs for what I have mangé ?
 A leetel sop of portar, dis vile bed,
 Vare all de rats do run about my head ?"
 "Plague on those rats !" the landlord muttered out ;
 "I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout :
 I'll pay him well that can." "Vats dat you say ?"
 "I'll pay him well that can." "Attend to me, I pray :
 Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
 If from your house I drive away de rat ?"
 "With all my heart," the jolly host replies.
 "Ecoutez donc, ami ;" the Frenchman cries.
 "First den—Regardez, if you please,
 Bring to dis spot a leetel bread and cheese :
 Eh bien ! a pot of porter, too ;
 And den invite de rats to sup vid you :
 And after dat—no matter dey be villing—
 For vat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang :
 And I am sure, veu dey behold de score,
 Dey'll quit your house, and never come no more."

Part Seventh.

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CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 7.

CHEER UP.

Cheer up and bear up! life should be gay,
Not marred by trouble and sorrow,
Think not of the misery clouding to-day,
But think of a brighter to-morrow.
Cheer up, and remember for one who is brave,
And cheerful and honest and true,
Earth has no sorrow this side of the grave;
She may crush, but she cannot subdue!

Cheer up and bear up! friends may deceive you,
Poverty, even, may knock at your door;
Heaven, perhaps, in her wisdom bereave you,
As mortal was never afflicted before;
Your future may seem to you dreary and wild
As a bark on a tempest-tossed ocean;
But bravely bear up, and Heaven her child
Will guard with a mother's devotion!

Then cheer up and bear up, and laugh at old Fate;
Let her wreak on your head what she will;
With noble and fearless forbearance await
Every blow, every loss, every ill.
Hope on, and remember the dreariest way
Has nothing of sadness or sorrow
For the brave heart that smiles at the ills of to-day,
And hopes for a brighter to-morrow!

qq*

BY THE SHORE OF THE RIVER.—C. P. CRANCH.

Through the gray willows the bleak winds are raving
 Here on the shore with its driftwood and sands;
 Over the river the lilies are waving,
 Bathed in the sunshine of Orient lands;
 Over the river, the wide, dark river,
 Spring-time and Summer are blooming forever.

Here, all alone on the rocks I am sitting,
 Sitting and waiting—my comrades all gone—
 Shadows of mystery drearily flitting
 Over the surf with its sorrowful moan,
 Over the river, the strange, cold river,
 Ah! must I wait for the Boatman forever?

Wife and children and friends were around me;
 Labor and rest were as wings to my soul;
 Honor and love were the laurels that crowned me;
 Little I recked how the dark waters roll.
 But the deep river, the gray, misty river,
 All that I lived for has taken forever!

Silently came a black boat o'er the billows;
 Stealthily grated the keel on the sand;
 Rustling footsteps were heard through the willows,
 There the dark Boatman stood, waving his hand,
 Whisp'ring, "I come, o'er the shadowy river;
 She who is dearest must leave thee forever."

Suns that were brightest and skies that were bluest,
 Darkened and paled in the message he bore.
 Year after year went the fondest, the truest,
 Following that beckoning hand to the shore,
 Down to the river, the cold, grim river,
 Over whose waters they vanished forever.

Yet not in visions of grief have I wandered;
 Still have I toiled, though my ardors have flown.
 Labor is manhood, and life is but squandered
 Dreaming vague dreams of the future alone.
 Yet from the tides of the mystical river
 Voices of spirits are whispering ever.

Lonely and old in the dusk I am waiting,
 Till the dark Boatman, with soft, muffled oar,
 Glides o'er the waves, and I hear the keel grating,
 See the dim, beckoning hand on the shore,
 Wooing me over the welcoming river
 To gardens and homes that are shining forever!

Atlantic Monthly

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ELOQUENCE AND LOGIC.—W. C. PRESTON.

Our popular institutions demand a talent for speaking, and create a taste for it. Liberty and eloquence are united, in all ages. Where the sovereign power is found in the public mind and the public heart, eloquence is the obvious approach to it. Power and honor, and all that can attract ardent and aspiring natures, attend it. The noblest instinct is to propagate the spirit,—“to make our mind the mind of other men,” and wield the sceptre in the realms of passion. In the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed, is the true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil,—too little, also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter; the other may exhaust attention, or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on, is that of abundance,—as profusion is better than poverty; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape than by the weariness of a desert.

It is commonly, but mistakenly supposed, that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic; but the subtleties of dialectics and the forms of logic may play as fantastic tricks with truth, as the most potent magic of Fancy. The attempt to apply mathematical precision to moral truths is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially masses of men, were purely intellectual, then cold reason alone would be influential to convince; but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know, are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses, and our passions. Even in regard to the highest and holiest of all truth, to know which concerns us here and hereafter, we are not permitted to approach its investigation in the confidence of proud and erring reason, but are taught to become as little children, before we are worthy to receive it.

It is to this complex nature that the speaker addresses himself, and the degree of power with which all the elements are evoked, is the criterion of the orator. His business, to

be sure, is to convince, but more to persuade; and, most of all, to inspire with noble and generous passions. It is the cant of criticism, in all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, eloquence gives it momentum. The difference is between the *vis inertiae* of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion,—the statue of Pygmalion inspired with vitality.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."—W. S. GILBERT.

'Twas on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been
drinking,
And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which
 Is a trick all seamen larn,
 And having got rid of a thumping quid,
 He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas on the good ship *Nancy Bell*,
 That we sailed to the Indian sea,
 And there on a reef we came to grief,
 Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned,
 (There was seventy-seven o' soul,
 And only ten of the Nancy's men
 Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,
 And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
 Till a hungry we did feel,
 So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot
 The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
 And a delicate dish he made;
 Then our appetite with the midshipmite
 We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
 And he much resembled pig;
 Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
 On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
 And the delicate question, 'Which
 Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
 And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
 And the cook he worshipped me;
 But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
 In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
 'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be,—
 'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
 And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
While I can—and will—cook *you!*'

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true,
(Which he ne'er forgot,) and some chopped shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his
squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And—as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have, which is to say:

"'Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!'"

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.*

JOHN H. YATES.

Well, wife, I've found the *model* church—I worshipped there
to-day!
It made me think of good old times before my hair was
gray.

*See "The Old Man in the Stylish Church," No. 6, page 42.

The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years
^{ago,}
 But then I felt when I went in it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door;
 He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor;
 He must have been a Christian, for he led me through
 The long aisle of that crowded church, to find a place and
 pew.

I wish you'd heard that singin'—it had the old-time ring;
 The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the people
 sing!"
 The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled,
 Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of
 gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the
 fire;
 I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious
 choir,
 And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;
 I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of
 shore;

I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,
 And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all the preacher said;
 I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't read;
 He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' of his eye
 Went flashin' along from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner
 by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple gospel truth;
 It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth.
 'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed;
 'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews;
 He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews,
 And—though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear
 That told me hell was someways off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!
 How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every hap-
 py face!

Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet
with friend,
"Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no
end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's
blue.

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be won;
The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run.
O'er the river we are nearin', they are thringin' to the shore
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

NOW.

Arise! for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining a hard-fought field,
Of storming the airy fortress,
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor; (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now,—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storm forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day!

Arise! for the hour is passing;
 The sound that you dimly hear
 Is your enemy marching to battle;
 Rise! rise! for the foe is near.
 Stay not to brighten your weapons,
 Or the hour will strike at last,
 And from dreams of a coming battle
 You will wake and find it past.

JOHNNY BARTHOLOMEW.—THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

The journals this morning are full of a tale
 Of a terrible ride through a tunnel by rail;
 And people are called on to note and admire
 How a hundred or more, through the smoke-cloud and fire,
 Were borne from all peril to limbs and to lives,—
 Mothers saved to their children, and husbands to wives.
 But of him who performed such a notable deed,
 Quite little the journalists give us to read.
 In truth, of this hero so plucky and bold,
 There is nothing except, in few syllables told,
 His name, which is *Johnny Bartholomew*.

Away in Nevada—they don't tell us where,
 Nor does it much matter—a railway is there,
 Which winds in and out through the cloven ravines,
 With glimpses at times of the wildest of scenes—
 Now passing a bridge seeming fine as a thread,
 Now shooting past cliffs that impend o'er the head,
 Now plunging some black-throated tunnel within,
 Whose darkness is roused at the clatter and din;
 And ran every day with its train o'er the road,
 An engine that steadily dragged on its load,
 And was driven by Johnny Bartholomew.

With throttle-valve down, he was slowing the train,
 While the sparks fell around and behind him like rain,
 As he came to a spot where a curve to the right
 Brought the black, yawning mouth of a tunnel in sight,
 And peering ahead with a far-seeing ken,
 Felt a quick sense of danger come over him then.
 Was a train on the track? No! A peril as dire—
 The further extreme of the tunnel on fire!
 And the volume of smoke, as it gathered and rolled,
 Shook fearful dismay from each dun-colored fold,
 But daunted not Johnny Bartholomew.

Beat faster his heart, though its current stood still,
 And his nerves felt a jar but no tremulous thrill;
 And his eyes keenly gleamed through their partly closed
 lashes,

And his lips—not with fear—took the color of ashes.

“If we falter, these people behind us are dead!
 So close the doors, fireman—we’ll send her ahead!
 Crowd on the steam till she rattles and swings!
 Open the throttle-valve! Give her her wings!”
 Shouted he from his post in the engineer’s room,
 Driving onward perchance to a terrible doom,
 This man they call Johnny Bartholomew.

Firm grasping the bell-rope and holding his breath,
 On, on through the Vale of the Shadow of Death,
 On, on through that horrible cavern of hell,
 Through flames that arose and through timbers that fell,
 Through the eddying smoke and the serpents of fire
 That writhed and that hissed in their anguish and ire,
 With a rush and a roar like the wild tempest’s blast,
 To the free air beyond them *in safety they passed!*
 While the clang of the bell and the steam pipe’s shrill yell
 Told the joy at escape from that underground hell,
 Of the man they called Johnny Bartholomew.

Did the passengers get up a service of plate?
 Did some oily-tongued orator at the man prate?
 Women kiss him? Young children cling fast to his knees?
 Stout men in their rapture his brown fingers squeeze?
 And where was he born? Is he handsome? Has he
 A wife for his bosom, a child for his knee?
 Is he young? Is he old? Is he tall? Is he short?
 Well, ladies, the *journals* tell naught of the sort,
 And all that they give us about him to-day
 After telling the tale in a commonplace way,
 Is—the man’s *name* is Johnny Bartholomew.

Heath and Home.

IMITATION.

When I was the dirtiest little towhead—and I am sure
 that dirt is no disgrace—that tramped to the village school,
 a traveling phrenologist declared that my bump of imitation
 covered two-thirds of my cranium, and as the days waned

the afore said bump fully developed itself. My father used to tell me that

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,"

and I at once proceeded to imitate great men, that my existence might be as sublime as anybody's.

I began on Washington, upon whose acts I enlarged somewhat. I took my little hatchet, crept to the young orchard of cherry and peach, and leveled it to the ground. My bump of imitation was at work. My sire discovered the deed, and when he asked me regarding the authorship, I forgot a portion of the Washington story, and swore I didn't know anything about it. But my "little hatchet" condemned me. Particles of the soft young bark adhered to it, and you wouldn't take the application of peach and cherry that I got for all the lives of G. W. published since the death of old Weems.

Then I resolved to imitate Alexander. We had a fine colt, as fiery as Vesuvius, and as untamed as Mazeppa's Tartar. He should be Bucephalus, I his Alexander. While the old folks were absent, I bridled the colt with difficulty, led him from the stable, and drove my spurs into his flanks. He snorfed; his posterior extremities shot upward at the sun, and I described a faultless parabola over his head. Bucephalus had conquered his Alexander. Ancient history had been reversed. An hour afterward they picked me up with a broken arm, a dislocated collar-bone, almost scalped, and a nose knocked forty miles for Sunday. The physicians hoped, for my own good, that the bump of imitation had been spoiled, but subsequent actions declared its faculties unimpaired.

When quite young, father had impressed upon my childish mind the life of Benjamin Franklin, how worthy of imitation it was, and when I recovered from the Bucephalian exploit, I resolved to please the old man by imitating Ben. I made a kite, painted B. F.'s nice sayings all over it, stole the door key and went out into the fields to jerk the lightning from the clouds. I succeeded; a little flash of fire ran down the string and knocked me senseless. For hours they

thought me dead; but I recovered with a hairless cranium I wasn't done with Franklin yet. You know he walked through Philadelphia once with six loaves of bread under his arm, three loaves in his mouth, and a handful of ginger cakes. I resolved to thus imitate the postmaster sage: I got my sister to stand in the door and play the young lady who laughed at Ben. But where was I to get the bread? Our cupboard happened to be as bare as Mother Hubbard's famous larder. A lucky thought struck me. I resorted to the bakery, sent the baker into the oven to see if the mince pies were done, gobbled my paraphernalia and started. I tell you I cut a figure going down town with six loaves of bread under my arms, and sister shamed me just like the girl shamed Franklin. Suddenly somebody cried "Stop Thief," and I saw the baker coming at me. I ran under the bed and let the curtain down, but it was no use. The brute broke up the didactic entertainment, and it cost our folks about fifty dollars to keep me from going with the sheriff. It taught them a lesson, however, to furnish their offspring with bread. That moral saved me a birching. The bump of imitation was still "up to snuff."

Then I fell back on Columbus for want of modern examples. I read how he made the egg stand on end. It was near Easter, and the boys had laid in the usual supply of ovate "bivalves." I bet that I could make an egg stand on its beam ends. They staked a dozen of bivalves on the proposition. I simply played Columbus, and the little rascals swore it wasn't fair. I reached for the stakes, and got them, too—all over me. I was a walking specimen of unadulterated egg-nog. Then they licked me, and that dilapidated ear had been whole were it not for Columbus' foolishness. The imitation bump will never leave me.

THE WEAVER.—WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Ceaselessly the weaver, Time,
Sitting at his mystic loom,
Keeps his arrowy shuttle flying,
Every thread anears our dying—

And, with melancholy chime,
 Very low and sad withal,
 Sings his solemn madrigal
 As he weaves our web of doom.

"Mortals!" thus he, weaving, sings,
 "Bright or dark the web shall be,
 As ye will it; all the tissues
 Blending in harmonious issues,
 Or discordant colorings;
 Time the shuttle drives; but you
 Give to every thread its hue,
 And elect your destiny.

"God bestowed the shining warp,
 Fill it with as bright a woof;
 And the whole shall glow divinely,
 As if wrought by angels finely,
 To the music of the harp;
 And the blended colors be
 Like perfected harmony,
 Keeping evil things aloof.

"Envy, malice, pride, and hate,—
 Foulest progeny of sin—
 Let not these the web entangle,
 With their blind and furious wrangle,
 Marring your diviner fate;
 But with love and deeds of good
 Be the web throughout endued,
 And the perfect ye shall win."

Thus he singeth very low,
 Sitting at his mystic loom;
 And his shuttle still is flying—
 Thread by thread anears our dying,
 Grows our shroud by every throw;
 And the hues of woe or heaven
 To each thread by us are given,
 As he weaves our web of doom.

A PASTOR WANTED.

We have been without a pastor
 Some eighteen months or more;
 And though candidates are plenty,—
 We've had at least a score,

All of them "tip-top" preachers,
 Or so their letters ran—
 We're just as far as ever
 From settling on the man.

The first who came among us
 By no means was the worst,
 But then we didn't think of him,
 Because he was the *first*.
 It being quite the custom
 To sacrifice a few
 Before the Church in earnest
 Determines what to do.

There was a smart young fellow,
 With serious, earnest way,
 Who, but for one great blunder,
 Had surely won the day;
 Who left so good impression,
 On Monday one or two
 Went round among the people
 To see if he would do.

The pious, godly portion
 Had not a fault to find;
 His clear and searching preaching
 They thought the very kind;
 And all went smooth and pleasant
 Until they heard the views
 Of some influential *sinners*
 Who rent the highest pews.

On these his pungent dealing
 Made but a sorry hit;
 The coat of Gospel teaching
 Was quite too tight a fit.
 Of course his fate was settled;—
 Attend, ye parsons all!
 And preach to please the sinners,
 If you would get a *call*.

Next came a spruce young dandy;
 He wore his hair too long;
 Another's coat was shabby,
 And his voice not over strong;
 And one New Haven student
 Was worse than all of those,—
 We couldn't hear the sermon
 For thinking of his *nose*.

Then, wearying of candidates,
 We looked the country through
 Mid doctors and professors,
 To find one that would do.
 And after much discussion
 On who should bear the ark,
 With *tolerable* agreement
 We fixed on Dr. Parke.

Here then we thought it settled,
 But were amazed to find
 Our flattering invitation
 Respectfully declined.
 We turned to Dr. Hopkins
 To help us in the lurch,
 Who strangely thought that *college*
 Had claims above the Church.

Next we dispatched committees,
 By twos and threes, to urge
 The labors for a Sabbath
 Of the Rev. Shallow Splurge.
 He came—a marked sensation,
 So wonderful his style,
 Followed the creaking of his boots
 As he passed up the aisle.

His tones were so affecting,
 His gestures so divine,
 A lady fainted in the hymn
 Before the second line.
 And on that day he gave us,
 In accents clear and loud,
 The greatest prayer e'er addressed
 To an enlightened crowd.

He preached a double sermon,
 And gave us angel's food
 On such a lovely topic,
 "The joys of solitude,"—
 All full of sweet descriptions
 Of flowers and pearly streams,
 Of warbling birds and moonlit groves
 And golden sunset beams.

Of faith and true repentance
 He nothing had to say;
 He rounded all the corners,
 And smoothed the rugged way;

Managed with great adroitness
 To entertain and please,
 And leave the sinner's conscience
 Completely at its ease.

Six hundred is the salary
 We gave in former days;
 We thought it very liberal,
 And found it hard to raise;
 But when we took the paper
 We had no need to urge
 To raise a cool *two thousand*
 For the Rev. Shallow Splurge.

In vain were all our efforts—
 We had no chance at all—
 We found ten city churches
 Had given him a call;
 And he, in prayerful waiting,
 Was keeping all in tow;
 But where they bid the highest
 'Twas *whispered* he would go.

And now, good Christian brothers,
 We ask your earnest prayers
 That God may send a shepherd
 To guide our church affairs.
 With this clear understanding:
 A man to meet our views
 Must preach to please the sinners,
 And fill the vacant pews.

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.—ELIHU BURRITT.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of un-hewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sung together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular balwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall be lost in oblivion. It was the name of Washington.

Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasped his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands.

'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into that flinty album.

His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts

another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now, for the first time, cast a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is half worn away to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hand into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche,

and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is

within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words God—Mother—whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

KATE KETCHEM.—PHŒBE CARY.

Kate Ketchem, on a winter's night,
Went to a party, dressed in white.

Her chignon in a net of gold
Was about as large as they ever sold.

Gayly she went because her "pap"
Was supposed to be a rich old chap.

But when by chance her glances fell
On a friend who had lately married well,

Her spirits sunk, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish she wouldn't have had made known,
To have an establishment of her own.

Tom Fudge came slowly through the throng,
With chestnut hair, worn pretty long.

He saw Kate Ketchem in the crowd,
And, knowing her slightly, stopped and bowed.

Then asked her to give him a single flower,
Saying he'd think it a priceless dower.

Out from those with which she was decked
She took the poorest she could select,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
To call attention to her gown.

"Thanks," said Fudge, and he thought how dear
Flowers must be at this time of year.

Then several charming remarks he made,
Asked if she sang, or danced, or played;

And being exhausted, inquired whether
She thought it was going to be pleasant weather.

And Kate displayed her jewelry,
And dropped her lashes becomingly;

And listened, with no attempt to disguise
The admiration in her eyes.

At last, like one who has nothing to say,
He turned around and walked away.

Kate Ketchem smiled, and said "You bet
I'll catch that Fudge and his money yet.

"He's rich enough to keep me in clothes,
And I think I could manage him as I chose.

"He could aid my father as well as not,
And buy my brother a splendid yacht.

"My mother for money should never fret,
And all that it cried for the baby should get;

"And after that, with what he could spare,
I'd make a show at a charity fair."

Tom Fudge looked back as he crossed the sill,
And saw Kate Ketchem standing still.

"A girl more suited to my mind
It isn't an easy thing to find;

"And every thing that she has to wear
Proves her as rich as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and that I to-day
Had the old man's cash my debts to pay;

"No creditors with a long account,
No tradesmen waiting 'that little amount;'

"But all my scores paid up when due
By a father-in-law as rich as a Jew!"

But he thought of her brother, not worth a straw,
And her mother, that would be his, in law;

So, undecided, he walked along,
And Kate was left alone in the throng.

But a lawyer smiled, whom he sought by stealth,
To ascertain old Ketchem's wealth;

And as for Kate, she schemed and planned
Till one of the dancers claimed her hand.

He married her for her father's cash—
She married him to cut a dash.

But as to paying his debts, do you know
The father couldn't see it so;

And at hints for help Kate's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

And when Tom thought of the way he had wed,
He longed for a single life instead,

And closed his eyes in a sulky mood,
Regretting the days of his bachelorhood;

And said in a sort of reckless vein,
"I'd like to see her catch me again,

"If I were free as on that night
I saw Kate Ketchem dressed in white!"

She wedded him to be rich and gay;
But husband and children didn't pay.

He wasn't the prize she hoped to draw,
And wouldn't live with his mother-in-law.

And oft when she had to coax and pout
In order to get him to take her out,

She thought how very attentive and bright
He seemed at the party that winter's night,

Of his laugh, as soft as a breeze of the south,
('Twas now on the other side of his mouth:)

How he praised her dress and gems in his talk,
As he took a careful account of stock.

Sometimes she hated the very walls—
Hated her friends, her dinners, and calls:

Till her weak affections, to hatred turned,
Like a dying tallow candle burned.

And for him who sat there, her peace to mar,
Smoking his everlasting segar—

He wasn't the man she thought she saw.
And grief was duty, and hate was law.

So she took up her burden with a groan,
Saying only, "I might have known!"

Alas for Kate! and alas for Fudge!
Though I do not owe them any grudge;

And alas for any that find to their shame
That two can play at their little game!

For of all hard things to bear and grin,
The hardest is knowing you're taken in.

Ah well! as a general thing we fret
About the one we didn't get;

But I think we needn't make a fuss
If the one we don't want didn't get us.

Harper's Bazar.

BORRIOBOOLA GHA.—ORRIN GOODRICH.

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came
To hear a two hours sermon
On a theme I scarce can name;

'Twas all about some heathen,
 Thousands of miles afar,
 Who live in a land of darkness,
 Called Borrioboola Gba.

So well their wants he pictured,
 That when the box was passed,
 Each listener felt his pocket,
 And goodly sums were cast;
 For all must lend a shoulder
 To push the rolling car
 That carries light and comfort
 To Borrioboola Gha.

That night their wants and sorrows
 Lay heavy on my soul,
 And deep in meditation,
 I took my morning stroll,
 When something-caught my mantle
 With eager grasp and wild,
 And, looking down in wonder,
 I saw a little child:

A pale and puny creature,
 In rags and dirt forlorn;
 "What do you want?" I asked her,
 Impatient to be gone;
 With trembling voice she answered,
 "We live just down the street,
 And mamma, she's a-dying,
 And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a dark, damp cellar,
 With mould o'er all the walls,
 Through whose half-buried windows
 God's sunlight never falls;
 Where cold and want and hunger
 Crouched near her as she lay,
 I found that poor child's mother,
 Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,
 A bed of mouldy straw,
 A hearth all dark and fireless,—
 But these I scarcely saw,
 For the mournful sight before me,
 So sad and sickening,—oh,
 I had never, never pictured
 A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
 The babe that pined for bread,
 The squalid group that huddled
 Around that dying bed;
 All this distress and sorrow
 Should be in lands afar;
 Was I suddenly transported
 To Borrioboola Gha?

Ah, no! the poor and wretched
 Were close beside my door,
 And I had passed them heedless
 A thousand times before.
 Alas, for the cold and hungry
 That met me every day,
 While all my tears were given
 To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians
 In distant lands, we know,
 Our Lord commands his servants
 Through all the world to go,
 Not only to the *heathen*;
 This was his command to them,
 "Go, preach the Word, beginning
 Here, at Jerusalem."

O Christian! God has promised,
 Whoe'er to such has given
 A cup of pure, cold water,
 Shall find reward in heaven.
 Would you secure this blessing?
 You need not seek it far;—
 Go find in yonder hovel
 A Borrioboola Gha!

THROUGH TRIALS.—ROSEGARTEN.

Through night to light. And though to mortal eyes
 Creation's face a pall of horror wear,
 Good cheer, good cheer! The gloom of midnight flies,
 Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

RR*

Through storm to calm. And though his thunder car
 The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,
 Good cheer, good cheer! The elemental war
 Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring. And though the biting blast
 Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,
 Good cheer, good cheer! When winter's wrath is past,
 Soft murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace. And though with bristling front,
 A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,
 Good cheer, good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt,
 For the peace march and song of victory.

Through cross to crown. And though thy spirit's life
 Trials untold assail with giant strength,
 Good cheer, good cheer! Soon ends the bitter strife,
 And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through death to life. And through this vale of tears,
 And through this thistle-field of life, ascend
 To the great supper in that world, whose years
 Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

WILLIAM TELL.

"Place there the boy," the tyrant said;

"Fix me the apple on his head.

Ha! rebel, now!

There's a fair mark for your shaft:

To yonder shining apple waft

An arrow." And the tyrant laughed.

With quivering brow

Bold Tell looked there; his cheek turned pale,

His proud lips throbbed as if would fail

Their quivering breath.

"Ha! doth he blanch?" fierce Gesler cried,

"I've conquered, slave, thy soul of pride."

No voice to that stern taunt replied—

All mute as death.

"And what the meed?" at length Tell asked.

"Bold fool, when slaves like thee are tasked,

It is my will.

But that thine eye may keener be,
And nerved to such nice archery,
If thou cleav'st yon, thou goest free.

What! pause you still?

Give him a bow and arrow there—
One shaft—but *one*." Gleams of despair
Rush for a moment o'er the Switzer's face;
Then passed away each stormy trace,
And high resolve came in their place.

Unmoved, yet flushed,
"I take thy terms," he muttered low,
Grasped eagerly the proffered bow,
The quiver searched,

Sought out an arrow keen and long,
Fit for a sinewy arm, and strong,
And placed it on the sounding thong
The tough yew arched.

He drew the bow, whilst all around
That thronging crowd there was no sound,
No step, no word, no breath.

All gazed with an unerring eye,
To see the fearful arrow fly;
The light wind died into a sigh,
And scarcely stirred.

Afar the boy stood, firm and mute;
He saw the strong bow curved to shoot,
But never moved.

He knew the daring coolness of that hand,
He knew it was a father scanned
The boy he loved.

The Switzer gazed—the arrow hung,
"My only boy!" sobbed on his tongue;
He could not shoot.

"Ha!" cried the tyrant, "doth he quail?
Mark how his haughty brow grows pale!"
But a deep voice rung on the gale—
"Shoot, in God's name!"

Again the drooping shaft he took,
And turned to heaven one burning look,
Of all doubts reft.

"Be firm, my boy," was all he said.
The apple's left the stripling's head;
Ha! ha! 'tis cleft!

And so it was, and Tell was free.
Quick the brave boy was at his knee,
With rosy cheek.

His loving arms his boy embrace;
But again that tyrant cried in haste,
"An arrow in thy belt is placed;
What means it? Speak!"

The Switzer raised his clenched hand high,
 Whilst lightning flashed across his eye
 Incessantly,
 "To smite thee, tyrant, to the heart,
 Had heaven willed it that my dart
 Had touched my boy."
 "Rebellion! treason! chain the slave!"
 A hundred swords around him wave,
 Whilst hate to Gesler's features gave
 Infuriate joy.
 But that one arrow found its goal,
 Hid with revenge in Gesler's soul;
 And Lucerne's lake
 Heard his dastard soul outmoan
 When Freedom's call abroad was blown,
 And Switzerland, a giant grown,
 Her fetters brake.
 From hill to hill the mandate flew,
 From lake to lake the tempest grew,
 With wakening swell,
 Till proud oppression crouched for shame,
 And Austria's haughtiness grew tame;
 And Freedom's watchword was the name
 Of William Tell.

A STRUGGLE WITH A STOVE-PIPE.—JAMES M. BAILEY.

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove with all the care in the world, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe, and the chair, and here she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is pinned over her waist, and her hands rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents' worth of pot black on her nose, and a lot of flour on her

ain, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrariness of the pipe, and telling her that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such domestic mottoes as—"What's the use of swearing so?" "You know no one has touched that pipe." "You ain't got any more patience than a child." "Do be careful of that chair." And then she goes off and reappears with an armful more of pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem no two pieces are alike.

You join the ends and work them to and fro, and to and fro again, and then you take them apart and look at them. Then you spread one out and jam the other together, and mount them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pieces are inspired with life, and ache to kick them through the window. But *she* doesn't lose her patience. She goes around with that awful exasperating rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm and a long-handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is some people never have any trouble putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You stare into the pipe along the mantel, and down the stove, and off to the floor. Your wife watches you, and is finally thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after; and on learning, pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go out doors and swear a hole twelve feet square through a block of brick buildings, but she merely observes, "Why on earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare around like a dummy."

When that part of the pipe which goes through the wall is up, she keeps it up with the broom, while you are making the connection, and stares at it with an intensity that is entirely uncalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together, of course. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms were slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets.

Here your wife comes to the rescue by inquiring if you are

going to be all day doing nothing, and if you think *her* arms are made of cast iron; and then the broom slips off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the chin with the handle, and the pipe comes down on your head with its load of fried soot, and then the chair tilts forward enough to discharge your feet, and you come down on the wrong end of that chair with a force that would bankrupt a pile driver. You don't touch that stove again. You leave your wife examining the chair and bemoaning its injuries, and go into the kitchen and wash your skinned and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes over to the neighbor's with her chair, and tells them about its injuries, and drains the neighborhood dry with its sympathy long before you get home.

From "Life in Danbury."

THE FACTORY GIRL'S LAST DAY.

Robert Dale Owen, in one of the chapters of his autobiography, published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, reproduces the following poem, written many years ago to illustrate an incident of English factory life.

"Twas on a winter morning,
The weather wet and wild,
Two hours before the dawning
The father roused his child;
Her daily morsel bringing,
The darksome room he paced,
And cried, "The bell is ringing;
My hapless darling, haste!"

"Dear father, I'm so sorry!
I scarce can reach the door;
And long the way and dreary;
Oh, carry me once more!"
Her wasted form seems nothing;
The load is on his heart;
He soothes the little sufferer,
Till at the mill they part.

The overlooker met her
As to her frame she crept;
And with his thong he beat her,
And cursed her when she wept.
It seemed, as she grew weaker,
The threads the oftener broke;
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.

She thought how her dead mother
Blessed her with latest breath,
And of her little brother,
Worked down, like her, to death;
Then told a tiny neighbor
A half-penny she'd pay
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she lay.

The sun had long descended
Ere she sought that repose;
Her day began and ended
As cruel tyrants chose.
Then home! but oft she tarried;
She fell, and rose no more;
By pitying comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortured feeling,
He watched his sleepless child;
Though close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the factory's ringing
Her last perceptions tried;
Up from her straw-bed springing,
"It's time!" she shrieked, and died.

That night a chariot passed her.
While on the ground she lay;
The daughters of her master
An evening visit pay.
Their tender hearts were sighing,
As negro's wrongs were told,
While the *white* slave was dying
Who gained their father's gold.

ERIN'S FLAG.—FATHER RYAN.

Unroll Erin's flag! fling its folds to the breeze!
 Let it float o'er the land, let it wave o'er the seas;
 Lift it out of the dust—let it wave as of yore,
 When its chiefs with their clans stood around it and swore
 That never, no, never, while God gave them life,
 And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
 That never, no, never, that banner would yield,
 As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield;—
 While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
 And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field!

Lift it up! wave it high!—'tis as bright as of old;
 Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
 Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
 Have drenched Erin's Sunburst with blood and with tears;
 Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
 And around it the thunders of tyranny boom,
 Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the cloud's drifting by,
 There's a gleam through the gloom, there's a light in the sky.
 'Tis the Sunburst resplendent—far, flashing on high;
 Erin's dark night is waning, her day-dawn is nigh.

Lift it up! lift it up! the old Banner of Green;
 The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen.
 What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
 Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
 What though for ages it droops in the dust,
 Shall it droop thus forever? No! no! God is just!
 Take it up! take it up from the tyrant's foul tread,
 Lest he tear the Green Flag, we will snatch its last shred,
 And beneath it we'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
 And we'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead;
 And we'll swear by the blood that the Briton has shed,
 And we'll vow by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
 And we'll swear by the thousands who famished, unfed,
 Died down in the ditches—wild howling for bread;
 And we'll vow by our heroes, whose spirits have fled,
 And we'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed
 That we'll battle the Briton through danger and dread;
 That we'll cling to the cause which we glory to wed
 Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
 Shall prove to the foe that we meant what we said—
 That we'll lift up the Green, and we'll tear down the Red.

Lift up the Green Flag! oh! it wants to go home,
 Full long has its lot been to wander and roam:

It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled;
Like a weary-winged bird, to the East and the West
It has flitted and fled, but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shore of its old home again,
Where its fetterless folds o'er each mountain and plain
Shall wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! bear it back from afar!
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightning of war;
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your eyes to the sky,
And swear that you'll bear it triumphant or die;
And shout to the clans scattered far o'er the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the Exiles, 'neath heaven's broad dome,
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam,
They'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam
They'll march to the music of "Home, sweet Home."

THE MAD ENGINEER.

This thrilling story is furnished by a Prussian railroad conductor.

My train left Dantzic in the morning generally about eight o'clock; but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from the hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not perform his work. A railway carriage had run over him, and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine-house to procure another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there, but I was disappointed. I inquired for Westphal, but was informed that he had gone to Sreegen to see his mother. Gondolpho had been sent to Konigsberg on the road. But where was Mayne? He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guards and asked them if they knew where there was

an engineer, but they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked them if any one of them felt competent to run the engine to Bromberg. No one dared to attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer stopped at the wharf, and those who were going on by rail came flocking to the station. They had eaten breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready for a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages assigned to the various classes of passengers, and the passengers themselves seated. The train was in readiness in the long station-house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing-house.

It was past nine o'clock.

"Come, why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled to downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected that he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief officer of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle-aged man, tall and stout, with a face of great energy and intelligence. His eye was black and brilliant,—so brilliant that I could not for the life of me gaze steadily into it; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was black throughout, and not only set with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said in a low, cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within twenty miles of this place."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bromberg: I must go, and I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "are you an engineer?"

"I am, sir,—one of the oldest in the country,—and am now on my way to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented for the application of steam to a locomotive. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run as far as Bromberg; and I will show you running that is running."

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and a smile. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed him. I had never seen a man betray such a peculiar aptness amid machinery as he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up to the baggage-carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave my engine up to the new man, and then hastened away to the office. Word was passed for all the passengers to take their seats, and soon afterward I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff,—a groaning of the heavy axletrees,—a trembling of the building,—and the train was in motion. I leaped upon the platform of the guard-carriage, and in a few minutes more the station-house was far behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dirsham, where we took up the passengers that had come on the Königsberg railway. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it very much.

"But," he added, with a strange sparkling of the eye, "wait until I get my improvement, and then you will see traveling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four-and-twenty hours."

I smiled at what I thought his enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Königsberg passengers were all on board, and their baggage-carriage attached, we started on again. Soon after, I went into the guard-carriage, and sat down. An early train from Königsberg had been through two hours before reaching Bromberg, and

that was at Little Oscue, where we took on board the Western mail.

"How we go," uttered one of the guards, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirsham.

"The new engineer is trying the speed," I replied, not yet having any fear.

But ere long I began to apprehend he was running a little too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear exclamations of fright from the passengers.

"Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming in at that moment, "what is that fellow doing? Look, sir, and see how we are going."

I looked at the window, and found that we were dashing along at a speed never before traveled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks, and trees flew by in one undistinguished mass, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I started to my feet, and met a passenger on the platform. He was one of the chief owners of our road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited.

"Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! didn't you know him?"

"Know?" I repeated, somewhat puzzled; what do you mean? He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—"

"You took *him!*" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be! He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but did not fully recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of your passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one that was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man whom I had seen was Martin Kroller. He had escaped from the hospital at Stettin. You must get him off somehow."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing every moment, and I knew that a few more miles per hour would launch us all into destruction. I called to the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the after tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine-board,

his hat and coat off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the front, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman, who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed till the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine was quivering and swaying as though it would shiver to pieces.

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. Oh, how those great black eyes glared, and how ghastly and frightful the face looked!

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion.

"They swore that I could not make it! But see! see! See my new power! See my new engine! I made it, and they are jealous of me! I made it, and when it was done, they stole it from me. But I have found it! For years I have been wandering in search of my great engine, and they swore it was not made. But I have found it! I knew it this morning when I saw it at Dantzic, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're on the way to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we'll be in the moon in four-and-twenty hours. Down, down, villain! If you move, I'll shoot you."

This was spoken to the poor fireman, who at that moment attempted to rise, and the frightened man sank back again.

"Here's Little Oscue just before us," cried out one of the guard. But even as he spoke the buildings were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed that we were now gone. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurled into eternity in one fearful crash. I saw a flash,—it was another engine,—I closed my eyes; but still we thundered on! The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we would not head up in that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we went forward.

* But there was sure death ahead, if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles from us was the town of Schwartz, on the Vistula; and at the rate we were going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile. The

shrieks of the passengers now rose above the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heavens!" gasped the guardsman, "there's not a moment to lose; Schwartz is close. But hold," he added; "let's shoot him."

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over the platform where we stood, and we saw that the madman had his heavy pistol aimed at us. He grasped a huge stick of wood, and, with a steadiness of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's hand. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell I sprang forward, and the German followed me. I grasped the man by the arm; but I should have been nothing in his mad power, had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform, had not the student at that moment struck him upon the head with a stick of wood which he caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and on the next instant I shut off the steam and opened the valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed began to decrease, and in a few minutes more the danger was passed. As I settled back, entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the river; and before I was fairly recovered, the fireman had stopped the train in the station-house at Schwartz.

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform; and, as we carried him to the guard-room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near by was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We sent for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way; but he was more cautious at Dantzie."

At Schwartz we found an engineer to run the engine to Bromberg; and having taken out the Western mail for the

next Northern mail to carry along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to, and then started on.

The rest of the trip we ran in safety, though I could see the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railway. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude, and I was glad of it; for the current of gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current of feeling which might have poured upon my head for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of the blow nearly two weeks; and when he recovered from that, he was sound again, his insanity was all gone. I saw him about three weeks afterward, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year, not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, and I remember it still; and the people need never fear that I shall be imposed upon again by a *crazy engineer*.

ANSWER TO "FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING."

It is all very well for the poets to tell,
 By way of their songs' adorning,
 Of milkmaids who rouse to manipulate cows,
 At five o'clock in the morning;
 And of moony young mowers who bundle out doors,
 The charms of their straw beds scorning,
 Before break of day, to make love and hay
 At five o'clock in the morning!

But, between me and you, it is all untrue;
 Believe not a word that they utter;
 To no milkmaid alive does the finger of five
 Bring beaux—or even bring butter;
 The poor sleepy cows, if told to arouse,
 Would do so, perhaps, in a horning,
 But the sweet country girls, would they show their curls
 At five o'clock in the morning?

It may not be wrong for the man in the song,
 Or the moon—if anxious to settle,—
 To kneel in wet grass and pop, but alas!
 What if he popped down on a nettle?
 For how could he see what was under his knee,
 If, in spite of my friendly warning,
 He went out of bed, and his house, and his head,
 At five o'clock in the morning?

It is all very well such stories to tell,
 But if I were a maid all forlorn,
 And a lover should drop in the clover to pop
 At five o'clock in the morning,
 If I liked him, you see, I'd say, "Please call at three;"
 If not, I'd turn on him with scorning,
 "Don't come here, you flat, with *conundrums* like that,
 At five o'clock in the morning."

A MIDSUMMER DAY SCENE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
 Smoking his pipe of clay,
 While his hale old wife, with busy care,
 Was clearing the dinner away;
 A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
 On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,
 With a tear on his wrinkled face;
 He thought how often her mother, dead,
 Had sat long ago in that place.
 As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
 "Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog slumbered upon the floor,
 Where the sun, after noon, would steal;
 The busy old wife, by the open door,
 Was turning the spinning-wheel;
 And the old brass clock on the mantel-tree
 Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
 While close to his heaving breast
 The moistened brow and the head so fair
 Of his dear grandchild were pressed.
 His frosty locks 'mid her soft hair lay—
 Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!

LEONA.—JAS. G. CLARKE.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
 The hour we've awaited so long,
 For the angel to open a door through the sky,
 That my spirit may break from its prison, and try
 Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now, as the slumbers of night
 Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
 The curtain half lifted, revealed to my sight
 Those windows which look on the kingdom of light
 That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell, solemn and sweet,
 Bringing gleams of a morning-lit land;
 I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
 And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
 Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
 To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
 When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
 And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
 In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
 And lay your dear hand on my brow;
 The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
 And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
 Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart,
 And your trust was too generous and true
 For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
 Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
 I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the great Father for this,
 That our love is not lavished in vain;
 Each germ in the future will blossom to bliss,
 And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
 Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
 That my labor is only begun;

In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
 With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
 The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth, and behold
 From headland, from hillside, and deep,
 The day-king surrenders his banners of gold,
 The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
 And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
 Down the broad-breasted mountains away;
 Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
 On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
 I shall rise in a limitless day.

Oh! come not in tears to my tomb,
 Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
 There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
 And life where the lilies eternally bloom
 In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
 Which bind me to you and to earth,
 And I sometimes have thought that my being would yearn
 In the bowers of its beautiful home to return,
 And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay,
 And walk by your side to the last;
 But the land-breeze of Heaven is beginning to play,—
 Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
 And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good bye; should the grief
 That is gathering now, ever be
 Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
 And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief,
 Over lowland and river to me.

ANSWER TO "LEONA."

My darling, I'm close to your bed,
 My hand is still laid on your brow,
 And I feel that love's magic forever has fled,
 That I must resign you, my beautiful dead,
 And my life seems all desolate now.

Oh, speak to me, darling, once more!
 Once more lift your eyes to my face,
 With the same trusting glance that so blessed me of yore,
 And the same tender smile that to greet me you wore,
 When I thrilled at your loving embrace.

Let me feel the caress of your hand,
 Hear your voice in its sweet melody,
 Teach me more of that home in the "morning-lit land,"
 Before you cross o'er to the "beautiful strand,"
 Leaving time and its trials to me.

* * * * *

All alone in the darkness I weep,
 But you heed not my tears as they fall;
 'Tis Leona who calls, but you slumber so deep,
 That only the angels can waken your sleep,
 And I cannot hear their soft call.

"Leona,"—the whisper comes low,
 Like the soft summer wind through the trees,
 And I listen to catch the faint murmurous flow
 Of the musical words that are rippling so low,
 While my spirit is fanned by the breeze

That is wafted on angels' white wings
 From the "balm-breathing gardens" above;
 And sweet melody floats o'er my broken heart-strings
 As some magical power back the dim curtain flings,
 And shows me the form that I love.

Oh, friend of my youth's happy hours!
 Oh, love of my life's later years!
 As I gaze on you now, in those heavenly bowers,
 Where angels have welcomed and crowned you with flowers
 Enchanted I smile through my tears.

But the mist from life's river will rise
 And hide the dear vision from view;
 I shall call in the night, when no echo replies,
 And pray for the dawn to transfigure the skies,
 And light me o'er lowland to you.

BROTHER WATKINS.

A CAPITAL STORY AS TOLD BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

We have the subjoined discourse, delivered by a Southern divine, who had removed to a new field of labor. To his new flock, on the first day of his ministration, he gave some reminiscences of his former charge, as follows:

"My beloved brethering, before I take my text I must tell you about my parting with my old congregation. On the morning of last Sabbath I went into the meeting-house to preach my farewell discourse. Just in front of me sat the old fathers and mothers in Israel; the tears coursed down their furrowed cheeks; their tottering forms and quivering lips breathed out a sad—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sat the middle-aged men and matrons; health and vigor beamed from every countenance; and as they looked up I could see in their dreamy eyes—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Behind them sat the boys and girls that I had baptized and gathered into the Sabbath-school. Many times had they been rude and boisterous, but now their merry laugh was hushed, and in the silence I could hear—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* Around, on the back seats, and in the aisles, stood and sat the colored brethering, with their black faces and honest hearts, and as I looked upon them I could see a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* When I had finished my discourse and shaken hands with the brethering—*ah!* I passed out to take a last look at the old church—*ah!* the broken steps, the flopping blinds, and moss-covered roof, suggested only—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I mounted my old gray mare, with my earthly possessions in my saddle-bags, and as I passed down the street the servant-girls stood in the doors, and with their brooms waved me a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* As I passed out of the village the low wind blew softly through the waving branches of the trees, and moaned—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I came down to the creek, and as the old mare stopped to drink I could hear the water rippling over the pebbles a—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* And even the little fishes, as their bright fins glistened in the sunlight, I

thought, gathered around to say, as best they could—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I was slowly passing up the hill, meditating upon the sad vicissitudes and mutations of life, when suddenly out bounded a big hog from a fence-corner, with aboo! aboo! and I came to the ground with my saddle-bags by my side. As I lay in the dust of the road my old gray mare run up the hill; and as she turned the top she waved her tail back at me, seemingly to say—*fare ye well, brother Watkins—ah!* I tell you, my brethering, it is affecting times to part with a congregation you have been with for over thirty years—ah!”

NOT VERY FAR.—HORATIUS BONAR.

Surely yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
 Is not so distant as we deem
 From this low earth. 'Tis but a little space,
 The narrow crossing of a slender stream;
 'Tis but a veil which winds might blow aside.
 Yes; these are all that us of earth divide
 From the bright dwelling of the glorified,—
 The land of which I dream.

These peaks are nearer heaven than earth below,
 These hills are higher than they seem;
 'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow
 Of the o'erbending azure, as we deem.
 'Tis the blue floor of heaven that they upbear,
 And, like some old and wildly rugged stair,
 They lift us to the land where all is fair,—
 The land of which I dream.

These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,
 Are brighter, bluer than they seem;
 True image here of the celestial deep,
 Fed from the fulness of the unfauling stream—
 Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,
 With not a breath to stir its silent breast—
 The sea that laves the land where all are blest,—
 The land of which I dream.

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of night,
 Are purer, lovelier than they seem;
 Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,
 They pour down heaven's own beam;
 Clear speaking from their throne of glorious blue,
 In accents ever ancient, ever new,
 Of the glad home above, beyond our view,—
 The land of which I dream.

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth,
 Are briefer, swifter than they seem;
 A little while, and the great second birth
 Of time shall come,—the prophet's ancient theme.
 Then He, the King, the Judge, at length shall come,
 And for this desert, where we sadly roam,
 Shall give the kingdom for our endless home,—
 The land of which I dream.

GRIPER GREG.

Griper Greg, of the village of Willoughby Waterless,
 A miserly hunk who was sonless and daughterless,
 Nieceless and nephewless, why did he haste to lay
 Gold in queer corners, for strangers to waste away?

Were there no claimants upon his cold charity—
 Poor fellow-creatures heart-void of hilarity—

Fatherless, motherless,
 Sisterless, brotherless,
 Husbandless, wifeless,
 Forkless and knifeless,

Dinnerless, supperless wretches to pray or beg—
 None in his neighborhood, loudly to say to Greg:
 "Stone-hearted miser, behold you, we perish!
 Give us some victuals our faint frames to cherish?"

Yes, there were orphans, Tom, Jack, Dick, and Ned,
 Lean, tiny creatures, ill clothed and worse fed;
 Widows there were, Dinah, Ruth, Prue, and Kate,
 Bearers alike of the hard blows of Fate;
 Old pauper Will, too, who traveled on crutches,
 With mouth pulled aside by neuralgical clutches,
 And limbs drawn awry by rheumatical twitches,
 Bewrapped in old blankets, without coat or breeches—

No sister, no daughter, no wife, to take care of him;
The very dogs barked "Bow-wow! Beggar! beware of him!"

And many more hunger-bit, tatter-clad sorrowers
Fain would have been relieved, beggars or borrowers
At Griper Greg's door, where they often cried piteously;
But Greg—he grinned fiercely, and frowned on them viciously.

One day the snow fell thick and fast,
One drear mid-winter's day;
And Greg was out upon the waste
That round his cottage lay.

No sight was there, except the snow,
Upon the wild, wide moor;
And in Greg's heart began to grow
Stern, deadly self-accusings, how
He'd used the houseless poor.
"If I die here," Greg wildly cried,
"My soul's forever lost!
Had I my gold here by my side,
It would not pay the cost
To ransom me from endless pain!
Oh! could I reach my home again,
I'd give to every suffering fellow
Whiskey enough to make him mellow."

"They are good words ye've said!" cried beggar-man Pat,
Who wandered, all weathers, without coat or hat,
Upon the wide waste, and now chanced to be near
Enough to the miser his heart-grief to hear:
"They are good words ye've said; and no better by preacher
Were ever delivered about the dear crayture;
Make me mellow with him, and no ill shall betide ye,
For to Willoughby Waterless safely I'll guide ye!"

"Oh, joy!" shouted Greg, "guide me home from the waste,
And the sweetest of mutton this night ye shall taste!"
"Bad luck to your mutton! be't sweeter than candy,
'Tis wormwood compared with strong whiskey or brandy!"
"Then I'll fill ye with brandy," cried Greg, in grim fear
That if he refused he would perish, left here.
So home sped the miser, by beggar Pat guided,
And home safely reached—but there, ill Greg betided.

Griper Greg, all a-cold, shared the brandy with Pat,
Till discretion and safety he wholly forgot;
And joked of his gold nuddled up in sly corners,
To hide it from burglars, by night, and day-sorners.

Sleep seized him so nimbly, he stopped in his story,
 And Pat—wide awake then—was quite in his glory,
 And soon picked the locks and was off with the plunder!
 Greg waked the next morning with sore grief and wonder
 To find the noon passed while he had been sleeping;
 Then looked for his gold, and forthwith fell to weeping.
 'Oh, it's gone—it's all gone! and the curses it's brought me
 Might all have been saved if I'd only bethought me
 Of sweet love and kindness, and had friends about me,
 For then on the heath they would surely have sought me!
 But to scrape and to save has been always my plan,
 And so nobody loves me—a wretched old man!"

Meanwhile the thief-beggar-man far off was drinking
 With horrid companions, and, cunningly winking,
 Said, "Look here, my boys! when you handle yer tools,
 Always try 'em on misers, for *misers are fools!*"

'BIAH CATHCART'S PROPOSAL.—H. W. BEECHER.

They were walking silently and gravely home one Sunday afternoon, under the tall elms that lined the street for half a mile. Neither had spoken. There had been some little parish quarrel, and on that afternoon the text was, "A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another." But after the sermon was done the text was the best part of it. Some one said that Parson Marsh's sermons were like the meeting-house,—the steeple was the only thing that folks could see after they got home.

They walked slowly, without a word. Once or twice 'Biah essayed to speak, but was still silent. He plucked a flower from between the pickets of the fence, and unconsciously pulled it to pieces, as, with a troubled face, he glanced at Rachel, and then, as fearing she would catch his eye, he looked at the trees, at the clouds, at the grass, at everything, and saw nothing,—nothing but Rachel. The most solemn hour of human experience is not that of Death, but of Life,—when the heart is born again, and from a natural heart becomes a heart of Love! What wonder that it is a silent hour and perplexed?

Is the soul confused? Why not, when the divine Spirit, rolling clear across the aerial ocean, breaks upon the heart's shore with all the mystery of heaven? Is it strange that uncertain lights dim the eye, if above the head of him that truly loves hover clouds of saintly spirits? Why should not the tongue stammer and refuse its accustomed offices, when all the world—skies, trees, plains, hills, atmosphere, and the solid earth—springs forth in new colors, with strange meanings, and seems to chant for the soul the glory of that mystic Law with which God has bound to himself his infinite realm,—the law of Love? Then, for the first time, when one so loves that love is sacrifice, death to self, resurrection, and glory, is man brought into harmony with the whole universe; and, like him who beheld the seventh heaven, hears things unlawful to be uttered.

The great elm-trees sighed as the fitful breeze swept their tops. The soft shadows flitted back and forth beneath the walker's feet, fell upon them in light and dark, ran over the ground, quivered and shook, until sober Cathcart thought that his heart was throwing its shifting network of hope and fear along the ground before him.

How strangely his voice sounded to him, as, at length, all his emotions could only say, "Rachel,—how did you like the sermon?"

Quietly she answered,—

"I liked the text."

"A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another." Rachel, will you help me keep it?"

At first she looked down and lost a little color; then, raising her face, she turned upon him her large eyes, with a look both clear and tender. It was as if some painful restraint had given way, and her eyes blossomed into full beauty.

Not another word was spoken. They walked home hand in hand. He neither smiled nor exulted. He saw neither the trees, nor the long level rays of sunlight that were slanting across the fields. His soul was overshadowed with a cloud as if God were drawing near. He had never felt so solemn. This woman's life had been intrusted to him!

Long years,—the whole length of life,—the eternal years beyond, seemed in an indistinct way to rise up in his imagi-

nation. All that he could say, as he left her at the door, was,—

“Rachel, this is forever—forever.”

She again said nothing, but turned to him with a clear and open face, in which joy and trust wrought beauty. It seemed to him as if a light fell upon him from her eyes. There was a look that descended and covered him as with an atmosphere; and all the way home he was as one walking in a luminous cloud. He had never felt such personal dignity as now. He that wins such love is crowned, and may call himself king. He did not feel the earth under his feet. As he drew near his lodgings, the sun went down. The children began to pour forth, no longer restrained. Abiah turned to his evening chores. No animal that night but had reason to bless him. The children found him unusually good and tender. And Aunt Keziah said to her sister,—

“Abiah’s been goin’ to meetin’ very regular for some weeks, and I shouldn’t wonder, by the way he looks, if he had got a hope. I trust he ain’t deceivin’ himself.”

He had a hope, and he was not deceived; for in a few months, at the close of the service one Sunday morning, the minister read from the pulpit: “Marriage is intended between Abiah Cathcart and Rachel Liscomb, both of this town, and this is the first publishing of the banns.”

LOST MR. BLAKE.—W. S. GILBERT.

Mr. Blake was a regular out-and-out hardened sinner,
 Who was quite out of the pale of Christianity, so to speak.
 He was in the habit of smoking a long pipe and drinking a
 glass of grog on Sunday after dinner,
 And seldom thought of going to church more than twice
 or—if Good Friday or Christmas Day happened to
 come in it—three times a week.

He was quite indifferent as to the special kinds of dresses
 That the clergyman wore at the church where he used to
 go to pray,

And whatever he did in the way of relieving a chap's distresses,
 He always did in a sneaking, underhanded, hole-and-corner sort of way.

I have known him indulge in profane, ungentlemanly emphatics,
 When the Protestant Church has been divided on the subject of the proper width of a chasuble's hem;
 I have even known him to sneer at albs—and as for dalmatics,
 Words can't convey an idea of the contempt he expressed for *them*.

He didn't believe in persons who, not being well off themselves, are obliged to confine their charitable exertions to collecting money from wealthier people,
 And looked upon individuals of the former class as ecclesiastical hawks;
 He used to say that he would no more think of interfering with his priest's robes than with his church or his steeple,
 And that he did not consider his soul imperilled because somebody over whom he had no influence whatever, chose to dress himself up like an exaggerated Guy Fawkes.

This shocking old vagabond was so unutterably shameless
 That he actually went a-courting a very respectable and pious middle-aged sister, by the name of Biggs.
 She was a rather attractive widow, whose life as such had always been particularly blameless;
 Her first husband had left her a secure but moderate competence, owing to some fortunate speculations in the matter of figs.

She was an excellent person in every way—and won the respect even of Mrs. Grundy,—
 She was a good housewife, too, and wouldn't have wasted a penny if she had owned the Koh-i-noor.
 She was just as strict as he was lax in her observance of Sunday,
 And being a good economist, and charitable besides, she took all the old bones and cold potatoes and broken pie-crusts and candle-ends, (when she had quite done with them,) and made them into an excellent soup for the deserving poor.

I am sorry to say that she rather took to Blake—that outcast
of society,—

And when respectable brothers who were fond of her be-
gan to look dubious and to cough,

She would say, “Oh, my friends, its because I hope to bring
this poor benighted soul back to virtue and propriety,”

And besides, the poor benighted soul, with all his faults
was uncommonly well off.

And when Mr. Blake’s dissipated friends called his attention
to the frown or the pout of her,

Whenever he did anything which appeared to her to savor
of an unmentionable place,

He would say she would be a very decent old girl when all
that nonsense was knocked out of her,—

And his method of knocking it out of her is one that cover-
ed him with disgrace.

She was fond of going to church services four times every
Sunday, and four or five times in the week, and never
seemed to pall of them,

So he hunted out all the churches within a convenient dis-
tance that had services at different hours, so to speak;

And when he had married her he positively insisted upon
their going to all of them,

So they contrived to do about twelve churches every Sun-
day, and, if they had luck, from twenty-two to twenty-
three in the course of the week.

She was fond of dropping his sovereigns ostentatiously into
the plate, and she liked to see them stand out rather
conspicuously against the commonplace half-crowns
and shillings,

So he took her to all the charity sermons, and if by any
extraordinary chance there wasn’t a charity sermon
anywhere, he would drop a couple of sovereigns (one
for him and one for her,) into the poor-box at the
door;

And as he always deducted the sums thus given in charity
from the housekeeping money, and the money he
allowed her for her bonnets and frillings,

She soon began to find that even charity, if you allow it
to interfere with your personal luxuries, becomes an
intolerable bore.

On Sundays she was always melancholy and anything but
good society,

For that day in her household was a day of sighings and
sobblings and wringing of hands and shaking of heads;

She wouldn't hear of a button being sewn on a glove, because it was a work neither of necessity nor of piety, And strictly prohibited her servants from amusing themselves, or indeed doing anything at all except dusting the drawing-rooms, cleaning the boots and shoes, cooking the parlor dinner, waiting generally on the family, and making the beds.

But Blake went even further than that, and said that people should do their own works of necessity, and not delegate them to persons in a menial situation,

So he wouldn't allow his servants to do so much as even answer a bell.

Here he is making his wife carry up the water for her bath to the second floor, much against her inclination,—

And why in the world the gentleman who illustrates these ballads has put him in a cocked hat is more than I can tell.

After about three months of this sort of thing, taking the smooth with the rough of it,

(Blacking her own boots and peeling her own potatoes was not her notion of connubial bliss,)

Mrs. Blake began to find that she had pretty nearly had enough of it,

And came, in course of time, to think that Blake's own original line of conduct wasn't so much amiss.

And now that wicked person—that detestable sinner (“Belial Blake” his friends and well-wishers call him for his atrocities,)

And his poor deluded victim, whom all her Christian brothers dislike and pity so,

Go to the parish church only on Sunday morning and afternoon and occasionally on a week-day, and spend their evenings in connubial fondlings and affectionate reciprocities,

And I should like to know where in the world (or rather, out of it) they expect to go.

SHALL THE BABY STAY?

In a little brown house,
With scarce room for a mouse,
Came with morning's first ray,
One remarkable day,

(Though who told her the way,
 I am sure I can't say)
 A young lady so wee
 That you scarcely could see ;
 Her small speck of a nose ;
 And, to speak of her toes,—
 Though it seems hardly fair,
 Since they surely were there,
 Keep them covered we must ;—
 You must take them on trust.

Now this little brown house,
 With scarce room for a mouse,
 Was quite full of small boys,
 With their books and their toys,
 Their wild bustle and noise.

"My dear lads," quoth papa,
 "We've too many by far ;
 Tell us, what can we do
 With this damsel so new?
 We've no room for her here,
 So to me 'tis quite clear,
 Though it gives me great pain,
 I must hang her again
 On the tree whence she came,
 (Do not cry, there's no blame)
 With her white blanket round her,
 Just as Nurse Russell found her."

Said stout little Ned,
 "I'll stay all day in bed,
 Squeezed up nice and small,
 Very close to the wall."
 Then spoke Tommy, "I'll go
 To the cellar below ;
 I'll just travel about,
 But not try to get out ;
 Till you're all fast asleep ;
 And so quiet I'll be
 You'll not dream it is me."
 Then flaxen-haired Will,
 "I'll be dreadfully still ;
 On the back stairs I'll stay,
 Way off, out of the way."

Master Johnny, the fair,
 Shook his bright, curly hair,
 "Here's a nice place for me,
 Dear papa, do you see?"

I just fit in so tight
 I could stand here all night."
 And a niche in the wall
 Held his figure so small.

Quoth the father, "Well done,
 My brave darlings, come on!
 Here's a shoulder for Will,
 Pray sit still, sir, sit still!
 Valiant Thomas, for thee,
 A good seat on my knee,
 And Edward, thy brother,
 Can perch on the other;
 Baby John, take my back;
 Now, who says we can't pack?"

"So love gives us room,
 And our birdie shall stay.
 We'll keep her, my boys,
 Till God takes her away."

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.—ALICE ROBBINS.

What did you say, dear—breakfast?
 Somehow I've slept too late;
 You are very kind, dear Effie;
 Go tell them not to wait.
 I'll dress as quick as ever I can,
 My old hands tremble sore,
 And Polly, who used to help, dear heart,
 Lies t'other side of the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary,
 I couldn't smoke to-day;
 I'm sort o' dazed and frightened,
 And don't know what to say.
 It's lonesome in the house here,
 And lonesome out o' door—
 I never knew what lonesome meant
 In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
 And the first June rose has blown;
 And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
 Too old to be left alone!

Oh, heart of love! so still and cold,
 Oh, precious lips so white!
 For the first sad hours in sixty years,
 You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower. You're very kind;
 She rooted it last May.
 It was only a slip; I pulled the rose,
 And threw the stem away.
 But she, sweet, thrifty soul, bent down,
 And planted it where she stood;
 "Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said,
 "Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, dear—I cannot rest;
 Let the old man have his will,
 And wander from porch to garden-post—
 The house is so deathly still;—
 Wander, and long for a sight of the gate
 She has left ajar for me;
 We had got so used to each other, dear,
 So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
 She made me a better man;
 From the moment I kissed her fair, young face,
 Our lover's life began.
 And seven fine boys she has given me,
 And out of the seven not one
 But the noblest father in all the land
 Would be proud to call his son.

Oh, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient!
 But I feel sore broken up;
 At eighty years it's an awesome thing
 To drain such a bitter cup.
 I know there's Joseph, and John, and Hal,
 And four good men beside;
 But a hundred sons couldn't be to me,
 Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly—so bright and fair!
 So winsome and good and sweet!
 She had roses twined in her sunny hair,
 White shoes on her dainty feet;
 And I held her hand—was it yesterday
 That we stood up to be wed?
 And—no, I remember, I'm eighty to-day,
 And my dear wife Polly is *dead*.

THE GRAY SWAN.—ALICE CARY.

“Oh tell me, sailor, tell me true,
 Is my little lad, my Elihu,
 A-sailing with your ship?”
 The sailor's eyes were dim with dew,—
 “Your little lad, your Elihu?”
 He said with trembling lip,—
 “What little lad? what ship?”

“What little lad! as if there could be
 Another such a one as he!
 What little lad, do you say?
 Why, Elihu, that took to the sea
 The moment I put him off my knee!
 It was just the other day
 The *Gray Swan* sailed away.”

“The other day?” the sailor's eyes
 Stood open with a great surprise,—
 “The other day? the *Swan*?”
 His heart began in his throat to rise.
 “Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies
 The jacket he had on.”
 “And so your lad is gone?”

“Gone with the *Swan*.” “And did she stand
 With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,
 For a month, and never stir?”
 “Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,
 Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,
 The wild sea kissing her,—
 A sight to remember, sir.”

“But, my good mother, do you know
 All this was twenty years ago?
 I stood on the *Gray Swan's* deck,
 And to that lad I saw you throw,
 Taking it off, as it might be, so,
 The kerchief from your neck.”
 “Ay, and he'll bring it back!”

“And did the little lawless lad
 That has made you sick and made you sad,
 Sail with the *Gray Swan's* crew?”
 “Lawless! the man is going mad!
 The best boy ever mother had,—

Be sure he sailed with the crew!
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign
To say he was alive?"
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;
Besides, he may be in the brine,
And could he write from the grave?
Tut, man, what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years,—a long, long cruise,
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;
But if the lad still live,
And come back home, think you you can
Forgive him?"—"Miserable man,
You're mad as the sea,—you rave,—
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,
And from within his bosom drew
The kerchief. She was wild.
"My God! my Father! is it true
My little lad, my Elihu?
My blessed boy, my child!
My dead,—my living child!"

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

'Twas in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived 'bout sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky

to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin, an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of time for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the mis-katies bit me hands and face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisently an answer came.

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar,

an' snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it wouldn't inconvenience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way, to the house of Dennis O' Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough, "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I, and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Paddy McFiggin! bad luck to yer deaf ould head, Paddy McFiggin, I say—do ye hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaggurd naygur, and if yiz don't come down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as impident as iver.

I said niver a word, but lavin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," and wid that I let drive and lost me balance an' came

tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer, at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I didn't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for a while, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeple-chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leavin' the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in a shed, I went to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's.

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters—as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

"An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.

"Do ye tell me now?" sez I, "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird."

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR
IMOGINE.—M. G. LEWIS.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

"And oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!"

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
"Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

"If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle tolled—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
A stranger was placed by her side:

His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
 He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around,
 But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
 His armor was sable to view;
 All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
 The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
 The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
 The guests sat in silence and fear;
 At length spake the bride—while she trembled—“I pray
 Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 And deign to partake of our cheer.”

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
 His vizor he slowly unclosed;
 Oh, God what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
 What words can express her dismay and surprise
 When a skeleton's head was exposed?

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
 All turned with disgust from the scene;
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
 And sported his eyes and his temples about,
 While the spectre addressed Imogine:

“Behold me, thou false one, behold me!” he cried,
 “Remember Alonzo the Brave!
 God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
 My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
 Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
 And bear thee away to the grave!”

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
 While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
 Then sunk with his prey thro' the wide-yawning ground,
 Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
 Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
 To inhabit the castle presume;
 For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
 There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
 When mortals in slumber are bound,

Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
 And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
 Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
 They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
 And his consort, the Fair Imogine!"

THINK OF ME THEN.

Think of me!—When?—
 Just at the gentle twilight hour,
 When the dews are falling on tree and flower,
 When birds to their quiet nests have gone,
 And the summer night comes softly on:—
 Think of me then.

Think of me!—When?—
 As thou art roving through pleasant glades,
 Or lingering 'mid the deep forest's shades,
 Gazing on flower and field and tree,
 Let thy thoughts turn for a while to me:—
 Think of me then.

Think of me!—When?—
 As some sweet strain we have loved to hear,
 Comes with a pathos deep to thine ear,
 Or a soft note over thy senses flung,
 Brings back the time when that lay was sung:—
 Think of me then.

Think of me!—When?—
 At the early hours of the Sabbath morn,
 When no rude sounds on the breeze are borne,
 When all is balmy and sweet and still,
 And the mists are rising from stream and hill:—
 Think of me then.

Think of me!—When?—
 At that lone hour, when, on bended knee,
 Thou art breathing a prayer to the Deity,
 That all whom thou lovest he may defend,
 Oh! ask some boon for thy distant friend:—
 Think of me then.

EDUCATION.—SCHUYLER COLFAX.

All writers on education agree that the chief means of intellectual improvement are five: Observation, Conversation, Reading, Memory, and Reflection. But I have sometimes thought that education did not bring out the last two into the commanding and paramount importance they deserve, sacrificing them to a wider range of reading and of studies. Knowledge is not what we learn, but what we *retain*. It is not what people eat, but what they *digest*, that makes them strong. It is not the amount of money they handle, but what they *save*, that makes them rich. It is not what they read or study, but what they *remember*, that makes them learned.

And Memory, too, is one of those wondrous gifts of God to man that should be assiduously cultivated. Much of your mental acquisitions will form a secret fund, locked up even from your own eyes till you need to bring it into use—a mystery that no philosopher has yet been or ever will be able to explain. There it lies hidden, weeks, months, years, and scores of years, till, mayhap a half-century afterward, it bursts when needed, at Memory's command, upon the mind, like a hidden spring bubbling up at the very hour of need in the pathway of the thirsty traveler.

While I have counseled self-reliance, and would go further and urge you to labor to deserve the good opinion of your fellow-men, I do not counsel that longing for fame which is so much more largely developed under our free republic than in any other realm upon the globe. Lord Mansfield once uttered as advice, what history teaches us he should have declared as an axiom, that that popularity is alone valuable and enduring which follows you, not that which you run after. It was Sumner Lincoln Fairfield who wrote—

"Fame! 'tis the madness of contending thought,
Tolling in tears, aspiring in despair;
Which steals like Love's delirium o'er the brain,
And, while it buries childhood's purest joys,
Wakes manhood's dreary agonies into life."

Far be it from me to counsel longings for such a fame as
IT

this. "Toiling in tears, aspiring in despair," is but a poor preparation for the enjoyment of popular honors or the performance of public trusts. And there is an exceedingly better way. It is to climb, young men, with buoyant heart, the hill of knowledge. It is to boldly scale the Alps and Apennines which ever rear themselves in your pathway. It is to feel your sinews strengthen, as they will, with every obstacle you surmount. It is to *build yourself*,—developing mental strength, untiring energy, sleepless zeal, fervent patriotism, and earnest principle,—until the public shall feel that you are the man they need, and that they must command you into the public service.

And if perchance that call should not happen to come, and you should be forced to remain an American *sovereign* instead of becoming a *public servant*, you shall have your reward in the rich stores of knowledge you have thus collected, and which shall ever be at your command. More valuable than earthly treasure,—while fleets may sink, and storehouses consume, and banks may totter, and riches flee, the intellectual investments you have thus made will be permanent and enduring, unfailing as the constant flow of Niagara or Amazon—a bank whose dividends are perpetual, whose wealth is undiminished however frequent the drafts upon it; which, though moth may impair, yet thieves cannot break through nor steal.

Nor will you be able to fill these storehouses to their full. Pour into a glass a stream of water, and at last it fills to the brim and will not hold another drop. But you may pour into your mind, through a whole lifetime, streams of knowledge from every conceivable quarter, and not only shall it never be full, but it will constantly thirst for more, and welcome each fresh supply with a greater joy.

Nay, more, to all around you may impart of these gladdening streams which have so fertilized your own mind, and yet, like the candle from which a thousand other candles may be lit without diminishing its flame, your supply shall not be impaired. On the contrary, your knowledge, as you add to it, will itself attract still more as it widens your realm of thought; and thus will you realize in your own life the parable of the Ten Talents, for "to him that hath shall be given."

JOE JONES.—A PARODY.

Don't you remember lame Sally, Joe Jones—
 Lame Sally, whose nose was so brown?
 Who looked like a clam if you gave her a smile,
 And went into fits at your frown?
 In the old goose-pond in the orchard, Joe Jones,
 Where the goslings are learning to swim,
 Lame Sally went fishing one wet, windy day,
 And there by mistake tumbled in.

Under old Sim's brush fence, Joe Jones,
 That winds at the foot of the hill,
 Together we've seen the old camel go round,
 Grinding cider at Appleton's mill;
 The mill-wheel is oven-wood now, Joe Jones,
 The rafters fell on to a cow,
 And the weasels and rats that crawl round as you gaze,
 Are the lords of the cider-mill now.

Do you remember the pig-pen of logs, Joe Jones,
 Which stood on the path to the barn?
 And the shirt button trees, where they grew on the boughs,
 Which we sewed on our jackets with yarn?
 The pig-pen has gone to decay, Joe Jones,
 And thé lightning the tree overcome;
 And down where the onions and carrots once grew,
 Grow thistles as big as your thumb.

Don't you remember the school, Joe Jones?
 And the master who wore the old wig?
 And the nice shady nook by the crook of the brook,
 Where we played with Aunt Catharine's pig?
 Mice live in the master's wig, Joe Jones,
 The brook with the crook is now dry,
 And the boys and the girls that were playmates then,
 Have grown up ever so high.

There's a change in the things I love, Joe Jones;
 They have changed from the good to the bad—
 And I feel in my stomach, to tell you the truth,
 I'd like to go home to my dad.
 Twelve times twelve months have passed, Joe Jones,
 Since I knocked off your nose with a rail;
 And yet I believe I'm your own true friend,
 Joe Jones of the Hurricane Gale!

THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.—T. WESTWOOD.

A little child,
 A little meek-faced, quiet village child,
 Sat singing by her cottage door at eve
 A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
 Caught the faint melody,—no human eye
 Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
 That wreathed her innocent lips while they breathed
 The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
 "Praise God! Praise God!"

A seraph by the throne

In full glory stood. With eager hand
 He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood
 Of harmony on the celestial air
 Welled forth, unceasing. There, with a great voice
 He sang the "Holy, holy evermore,
 Lord God Almighty!" and the eternal courts
 Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
 Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
 With vehement adoration.

Higher yet

Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,
 Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
 To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
 Rang with the "Holy, holy evermore!"
 Till, trembling with excessive awe and love,
 Each sceptred spirit sank before the throne
 With a mute hallelujah.

But even then,

While the ecstatic song was at its height,
 Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
 To float, float upward from some world afar—
 A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet!
 That blended with the spirits' rushing strain,
 Even as a fountain's music with the roll
 Of the reverberate thunder.

Loving smiles

Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
 At that new utterance, smiles of joy that grew
 More joyous yet, as ever and anon
 Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,
 "Praise God! praise God!"

And when the seraph's song
 Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
 Silence hung brooding,—when the eternal courts
 Rang with the echoes of his chant sublime,
 Still through the abysmal space that wandering voice
 Came floating upward from its world afar,
 Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
 "Praise God! Praise God!"

HAVE CHARITY.

If we knew the cares and crosses,
 Crowded round our neighbor's way;
 If we knew the little losses,
 Sorely grievous day by day,
 Would we then so often chide him
 For the lack of thrift and gain,
 Leaving on his heart a shadow,
 Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us
 Held by gentle blessing there,
 Would we turn away, all trembling,
 In our blind and weak despair?
 Would we shrink from little shadows,
 Lying on the dewy grass,
 While 'tis only birds of Eden
 Just in mercy flitting past?

If we knew the silent story
 Quivering through the heart of pain
 Would our manhood dare to doom it
 Back to haunts of vice and shame?
 Life is many a tangled crossing,
 Joy has many a break of woe,
 And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest,—
 And the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
 For the key to other lives,
 And with love to erring nature,
 Cherish good that still survives;
 So that when our disrobed spirits
 Soar to realms of light again,
 We may say, "Dear Father! judge us
 As we judged our fellow-men."

HOW JAMIE CAME HOME.—WILL M. CARLETON.

Come, mother, set the kettle on,
 And put the ham and eggs to fry;
 Something to eat,
 And make it neat,
 To please our Jamie's mouth and eye;
 For Jamie is our all, you know,
 The rest have perished long ago!
 He's coming from the wars to-night,
 And his blue eyes will sparkle bright,
 And his old smile will play right free,
 His old, loved home, again to see.

I say for 't! 'twas a cur'us thing
 That Jamie was not maimed or killed!
 Five were the years,
 With hopes and fears,
 And gloomy, hopeless tidings filled;
 And many a night, the past five year,
 We've lain within our cottage here,
 And while the rain-storm came and went,
 We've thought of Jamie, in his tent;
 And offered many a silent prayer
 That God would keep him in His care.

I say for 't! 'twas a cur'us thing
 That Jamie was not maimed or killed!
 Five were the years,
 With blood and tears,
 With cruel, bloody battles filled;
 And many a morn, the past five year,
 We've knelt around our fireside here,
 And while we thought of bleeding ones,
 Our blazing towns and smoking guns,
 We've thought of him and breathed a prayer
 That God would keep him in His care.

Nay, Addie, girl, just come away,
 Touch not a dish upon the shelf!
 Mother well knows
 Just how it goes,
 Mother shall set it all herself!
 There's nothing to a wanderer's looks,
 Equal to food that mother cooks;
 There's nothing to a wanderer's taste,
 Like food where mother's hand is traced;
 Though good a sister's heart and will,
 A mother's love is better still.

She knows the side to put his plate,
 She knows the place to put his chair;
 Many a day,
 With spirits gay,
 He's talked, and laughed, and eaten there;
 And though five years have come and gone,
 Our hearts for him beat truly on,
 And keep a place for him to-day,
 As well as ere he went away;
 And he shall take, as good as new,
 His old place at the table, too!

And opposite to him, again,
 Your place, my Addie, girl, shall be;
 Mother, your place,
 And kind old face,
 I'll still have opposite to me;
 And we will talk of olden days,
 Of all our former words and ways,
 And we will tell him what has passed,
 Since he, dear boy, was with us last;
 And how our eyes have fast grown dim,
 Whenever we conversed of him.

And he shall tell us of his fights,
 His marches, skirmishes, and all;
 Many a tale
 Will make us pale,
 And pity those who had to fall;
 And many a tale of sportive style,
 Will go, perhaps, to make us smile;
 And when his stories are all done,
 And when the evening well has gone,
 We'll kneel around the hearth once more,
 And thank the Lord the war is o'er.

Hark!—there's a sound! he's coming now!
 Hark, mother! there's the sound once more!
 Now on our feet,
 With smiles to greet,
 We'll meet him at the opening door!
 It is a heavy step and tone,
 Too heavy, far, for one alone;
 Perhaps the company extends
 To some of his old army friends;
 And who they be, and whence they came,
 Of course we'll welcome them all the same.

What bear ye on your shoulders, men?
 Is it my Jamie, stark and dead?

What did you say?
 Once more, I pray,
 I did not gather what you said.
 What! *drunk?* you tell that LIE to me?
 What! DRUNK! Oh, God, it cannot be!
 It cannot be my Jamie dear,
 Lying in drunken slumbers here!
 It is, it is, as you have said!
 Men, lay him on yon waiting bed.

'Tis Jamie, yes! a bearded man,
 Though bearing still some boyhood's trace;
 Stained with the ways
 Of reckless days—
 Flushed with the wine cup in his face,
 Swelled with the fruits of reckless years,
 Robbed of each trait that e'er endears,
 Except the heart-distressing one,
 That Jamie is our only son.

Oh! mother, take the kettle off,
 And put the ham and eggs away!
 What was my crime,
 And when the time,
 That I should live to see this day?
 For all the sighs I ever drew,
 And all the griefs I ever knew,
 And all the cares that creased my brow,
 Were naught to what comes o'er me now.

I would to God that when the three
 We lost were hidden from our view,
 Jamie had died,
 And by their side
 Had laid, all pure and spotless, too!
 I would this rain might fall above
 The grave of him we joyed to love,
 Rather than hear its coming traced
 Upon the roof he has disgraced!
 But mother, Addie, come this way,
 And let us kneel, and humbly pray.

A VISIT TO THOMPKINSVILLE UNIVERSITY.

I had lately the pleasure of making a visit to the world-renowned University of Thompkinsville, and, as I am led to believe that the details of my trip may not prove altogether

uninteresting to your readers, I beg to submit them to your notice. I must first premise that the occasion of my visit was an invitation to lecture on the Impenetrability of Ultimate Atomic Particles, and I was prepared to meet with a cordial reception, in which I was not disappointed.

I left this place on the evening of the 3d of May, and, after a rather tedious journey, arrived at Thompkinsville on the morning of the 5th. I was met at the depot by a deputation appointed to receive me, which came provided with a wheelbarrow, whercon they conveyed me triumphantly to the college, passing through the thriving city of Thompkinsville amid the enthusiastic cheers of the populace. We were accompanied on our march by the Thompkinsville Brass Band, which performed several pieces of music exceedingly well; the names of the performers on the principal instruments were as follows:

Drum, (three inches in diameter) Herr Donnerundblitzen; tin trumpet, Herr Windischgratz; penny whistle, Signor Flauto Magico; contralto, Signor Jack Robinson; jewsharp, Monsieur Clavecin.

We went first to the rooms of the Professor of Ethnology; and it was fortunate for him that we did so, for we were but just in time to save his life. It appears that he had been reading the seventy-third volume of my work on the origin of the Seljukian Turks, (which I wrote in Arabic at the request of the Sultan Abdul-Medjid) and, in attempting to pronounce a word of sixteen syllables, he had been choked by a combination of consonants, and was just turning black in the face as we entered. We applied the usual restoratives, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him begin to recover. He was, however, too much exhausted to engage in conversation, and so, leaving him in the care of that eminent physician, Dr. Hippocrates Squat, we proceeded to the rooms of the Professor of Astronomy.

Finding this gentleman too much engrossed by the absorbing cares of his station to attend to anything else, we bade him good-morning, and went next to visit the Professor of Mathematics, Signor Figurante, an Italian by birth, and a very clever man indeed.

We found him engaged in extracting the fifty-fifth root of

a polynomial of several thousand terms. He did not seem, however, at all annoyed at our interruption of his labors, but received us with the utmost courtesy. After some time spent in interesting and instructive conversation, I asked him what he considered to be the best definition of an obtuse angle. He replied that it signified a man remarkable for the dullness of his reasoning faculties,—whereupon I immediately took my departure.

I had intended next to pay a visit to the Professor of Botany, for whom I had brought a specimen of *Solanum tuberosum*, a rare plant found in the vicinity of this city, but, to my regret, he was not at home. I therefore proceeded, still in company with the president of the institution, to the room of the celebrated Dr. Polyglot Lexiconivorus Briggs, Professor of Syro-Chaldaic, Coptic, Sanscrit, Armenian, etc., etc., whom we found talking Hebrew to one of his friends, and endeavoring to prove to him that the site of the tower of Babel was in the middle of the Red Sea. He offered me a cigar, which I imprudently accepted—imprudently, I say, because after lighting it I happened to drop the match upon the train of arguments which the professor had just adduced. As might have been expected, an explosion immediately took place, and I thought myself happy to escape with slight injuries to my boots; my companion, the president, was not so fortunate, as the calf of his leg was blown completely off. What became of Professor Polyglot Lexiconivorus Briggs I have not been able to ascertain; but I should judge that his fate was horrible in the extreme, from the quantity of adjectives, prepositions, demonstrative pronouns, and other parts of speech belonging to various Oriental languages, which were afterward picked up in the courtyard under his windows.

You may suppose that I had no desire to remain any longer in a place whose atmosphere was so very combustible. I fled precipitately to the depot, and finding a train about to start, I jumped in, and bade farewell to Thompkinsville forever.

THE GLADIATOR.—J. A. JONES.

They led a lion from his den,
 The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain;
 And there he stood, stern foe of men,
 And shook his flowing mane.
 There's not of all Rome's heroes, ten
 That dare abide this game.
 His bright eye nought of lightning lacked;
 His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along,
 Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound;
 Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,
 And yet unscathed of wound.
 Blithely he stepped among the throng,
 And careless threw around
 A dark eye, such as courts the path
 Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd,—
 Rung the glad galleries with the sound;
 And from the throne there spake aloud
 A voice,—“Be the bold man unbound!
 And, by Rome's sceptre, yet unbowed,
 By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,
 Who dares the bold, the unequal strife,
 Though doomed to death, shall save his life.”

Joy was upon that dark man's face;
 And thus, with laughing eye, spake he:
 “Loose ye the lord of Zaara's waste,
 And let my arms be free:
 ‘He has a martial heart,’ thou sayest;—
 But oh! who will not be
 A hero; when he fights for life,
 For home and country, babes and wife?

“And thus I for the strife prepare:
 The Thracian falchion to me bring,
 But ask th' imperial leave to spare
 The shield,—a useless thing.
 Were I a Samnite's rage to dare,
 Then o'er me would I fling
 The broad orb; but to lion's wrath
 The shield were but a sword of lath.”

And he has bared his shining blade,
 And springs he on the shaggy foe;
 Dreadful the strife, but briefly played;—
 The desert-king lies low:
 His long and loud death-howl is made;
 And there must end the show.
 And when the multitude were calm,
 The favorite freed man took the palm.

“Kneel down, Rome’s emperor beside?”
 He knelt, that dark man;—o’er his brow
 Was thrown a wreath in crimson dyed;
 And fair words gild it now:
 “Thou art the bravest youth that ever tried
 To lay a lion low;
 And from our presence forth thou go’st
 To lead the Dacians of our host.”

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride
 And grieved and gloomily spake he:
 “My cabin stands where blithely glide
 Proud Danube’s waters to the sea:
 I have a young and blooming bride,
 And I have children three:—
 No Roman wealth or rank can give
 Such joy as in their arms to live.

“My wife sits at the cabin door,
 With throbbing heart and swollen eyes;—
 While tears her cheek are coursing o’er,
 She speaks of sundered ties;
 She bids my tender babes deplore
 The death their father dies;
 She tells these jewels of my home,
 I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

“I cannot let those cherubs stray
 Without their sire’s protecting care;
 And I would chase the griefs away
 Which cloud my wedded fair.”
 The monarch spoke; the guards obey;
 And gates unclosed are:
 He’s gone!—No golden bribes divide
 The Dacian from his babes and bride.

LITTLE MARY'S WISH.—MRS. L. M. BLINN.

"I have seen the first robin of spring, mother dear,
 And have heard the brown darling sing;
 You said, 'Hear it and wish, and 'twill surely come true;'
 So I've wished such a beautiful thing!

"I thought I would like to ask something for you,
 But I couldn't think what there could be
 That you'd want while you had all these beautiful things;
 Besides, you have papa and me.

"So I wished for a ladder, so long that 'twould stand
 One end by our own cottage door,
 And the other go up past the moon and the stars
 And lean against heaven's white floor.

"Then I'd get you to put on my pretty white dress,
 With my sash and my darling new shoes;
 Then I'd find some white roses to take up to God—
 The most beautiful ones I could choose.

"And you and dear papa would sit on the ground
 And kiss me, and tell me 'Good-bye!'
 Then I'd go up the ladder far out of your sight,
 Till I came to the door in the sky.

"I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
 If but *one* little crack I could see,
 I would whisper, 'Please, God, let this little girl in,
 She's as tired as she can be!

"She came all alone from the earth to the sky,
 For she's always been wanting to see
 The gardens of heaven, with their robins and flowers;
 Please, God, is there room there for me?"

"And then, when the angels had opened the door,
 God would say, 'Bring the little child here,'
 But he'd speak it so softly I'd not be afraid;
 And he'd smile just like you, mother dear.

"He would put His kind arms round your dear little girl,
 And I'd ask Him to send down for you,
 And papa, and cousin, and all that I love—
 Oh dear! don't you wish 'twould come true?"

The next spring time, when the robins came home,
 They sang over grasses and flowers
 That grew where the foot of the ladder stood,
 Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale, still child,
 For her flight to the summer land,
 In a fair white robe, with one snow white rose
 Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
 Looking upward with quiet tears,
 Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
 Of the child at the top appears.

Our Young Folks.

POST NUMMOS VIRTUS.—ARCHBISHOP SPAULDING.

Avarice is the besetting sin of the age. Ours is, emphatically, the enlightened age of *dollars and cents!* Its motto is: *Post nummos virtus*,—money first, virtue afterward! Utilitarianism is the order of the day. Everything is estimated in dollars and cents. Almost every order and profession—our literature, our arts, and our sciences—all worship in the temple of Mammon.

The temple of God is open during only *one* day in the week; that of Mammon is open during *six*. Everything smacks of gold. The fever of avarice is consuming the very heart's blood of our people. Hence that restless desire to grow suddenly rich; hence that feverish agitation of our population; hence broken constitutions and premature old age. If we have not discovered the philosopher's stone, it has surely not been for want of the seeking. If everything cannot now be turned into gold, it is certainly not for want of unceasing exertions for this purpose.

We have even heard of churches having been built on speculation! And if the traveler from some distant clime should chance suddenly to enter one of our *fashionable* meeting-houses, if he should look at its splendidly-cushioned

seats, on which people are seen comfortably lolling, and then glance at the naked walls, and the utter barrenness of all religious emblems and associations in the interior of the building, he would almost conclude that he had entered, by mistake, into some finely furnished lecture-room, where the ordinary topics of the day were to be discussed.

And if he were informed that this edifice had been erected and furnished by a joint-stock company on shares, and that these shrewd speculators looked confidently to the income from the rent of the seats as a return for their investment, his original impression would certainly not be weakened. But the conclusion would be irresistible if he were told still further that, in order to secure a good attendance of the rich and fashionable, the owners of the stock had taken the prudent precaution to engage, at a high salary, some popular and eminent preacher! Those who have watched closely the signs of the times will admit that this is not a mere fancy sketch, and that it is not even exaggerated.

Alas! alas! for the utilitarianism, or rather materialism, of our boasted age of enlightenment! In such a condition of things can we wonder at the general prevalence of religious indifference and of unblushing infidelity? As in the days of Horace, our children are taught to calculate, but not to pray. They learn arithmetic, but not religion.

The mischievous maxim, that children must grow up without any distinctive religious impressions, and then, when they have attained the age of discretion, must choose a religion for themselves, is frightfully prevalent amongst us. This maxim is about as wise as would be that of the agriculturist who should resolve to permit his fields to lie neglected in the spring season, and to become overgrown with weeds and briars, under the pretext that, when summer would come, it would be time enough to scatter over them the good seed! It amounts to this: human nature is corrupt and downward in its tendency; let it fester in its corruption and become confirmed in its rottenness, and then it will be time enough to apply the remedy, or rather, human nature will then react and heal itself.

A TRIUMPH OF ORDER.—JOHN HAY.

The following poem is founded on the same incident as Victor Hugo's "Sur une Barricade."

A squad of regular infantry,
In the Commune's closing days,
Had captured a crowd of rebels
By the wall of Pere-la-Chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,
And one little boy, with a peach-down cheek
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little waif,
And said, "What dost thou here?"
"Sapristi, citizen captain!
I'm a Communist, my dear!"

"Very well. Then you die with the others!"
"Very well. That's my affair,
But first let me take to my mother,
Who lives by the wine-shop there,

"My father's watch. You see it;
A gay old thing is it not?
It would please the old lady to have it,
Then I'll come back here and be shot."

"That is the last we shall see of him,"
The grizzled captain grinned,
As the little man skimmed down the hill
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed, gorged like a greedy snake,
From the Arch to Pere-la-Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired,
The child's shrill voice was heard—
"Houp-la! the old girl made such a row
I feared I should break my word!"

Against the bullet-pitted wall
He took his place with the rest;
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,
Which showed his soft, white breast.

"Now blaze away, my children,
With your little one—two—three!"
The Chassepots tore the stout young heart,
And saved society.

PERSEVERE.—JOHN BROUGHAM.

Robert, the Bruce, in his dungeon stood,
 Waiting the hour of doom;
 Behind him the palace of Holyrood,
 Before him—a nameless tomb.
 And the foam on his lip was flecked with red,
 As away to the past his memory sped,
 Upcalling the day of his past renown,
 When he won, and he wore, the Scottish crown:
 Yet come there shadow or come there shine,
 The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

“I have sat on the royal seat of Scone,”
 He muttered below his breath;
 “It’s a luckless change, from a kingly throne
 To a felon’s shameful death.”
 And he clenched his hands in his mad despair,
 And he struck at the shapes that were gathering there,
 Pacing his cell in impatient rage,
 As a new-caught lion paces his cage:
 But come there shadow or come there shine,
 The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

“Oh! were it my fate to yield up life
 At the head of my liegemen all,
 In the foremost shock of the battle-strife
 Breaking my country’s thrall,
 I’d welcome death from the foeman’s steel,
 Breathing a prayer for old Scotland’s weal;
 But here, where no pitying heart is nigh,
 By a loathly hand it is hard to die:”
 Yet come there shadow or come there shine,
 The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

“Time and again I have fronted the tide
 Of the tyrant’s vast array,
 But only to see on the crimson tide
 My hopes swept far away;—
 Now a landless chief and a crownless king,
 On the broad, broad earth not a living thing
 To keep me court, save this insect small,
 Striving to reach from wall to wall:”
 For come there shadow or come there shine,
 The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

“Work! work like a fool, to the certain loss,
 Like myself, of your time and pain;

The space is too wide to be bridged across,
 You but waste your strength in vain!"
 And Bruce for the moment forgot his grief,
 His soul now filled with the sure belief
 That, howsoever the issue went,
 For evil or good was the omen sent:
 And come there shadow or come there shine,
 The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

As a gambler watches the turning card
 On which his all is staked,—
 As a mother waits for the hopeful word
 For which her soul has ached,—
 It was thus Bruce watched, with every sense
 Centred alone in that look intense;
 All rigid he stood, with scattered breath—
 Now white, now red, but as still as death:
 Yet come there shadow or come there shine,
 The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

Six several times the creature tried,
 When at the seventh, "See, see!
 He has spanned it over!" the captive cried;
 "Lo! a bridge of hope to me;
 Thee, God, I thank, for this lesson here
 Has tutored my soul to PERSEVERE!"
 And it served him well, for ere long he wore
 In freedom the Scottish crown once more:
 And come there shadow or come there shine,
 The spider is spinning his thread so fine.

AT LAST.—CLARKSON CLOTHIER.

The ways of life, mysterious,
 Work slowly toward some finite ends.
 Jehovah, 'neath a seeming cloud,
 His creatures to his purpose bends;
 When suddenly the end appears,
 And breaks the spell of waiting years.

O weary pilgrim! where the path
 Seems fraught with endless perils great,
 Thy fainting heart may almost sink
 O'erawed by thy apparent fate;
 Take courage new, for soon or late,
 Thy steps will reach the Golden Gate.

O warrior, weary with the strife!
 Be not oppressed when numbers fright;
 Thy stalwart foes may legion seem,
 But don the armor, fight the fight;
 And in the end, so strong is right,
 Thy foes shall yield them to thy might.

O seaman! when the tempests rouse
 And haste thy craft to dangers dark,
 When mighty billows in the night,
 Lash with their foam thy struggling bark,
 Be of stout heart, thy trusty hand
 Will bring thy cargo safe to land.

O pilgrim! to each weary path
 There is an ending in good time;
 O warrior! in each contest fierce
 There is a victory sublime;
 O seaman! when the voyage is o'er,
 There is a haven near the shore.

Only be firm; have faith in God
 When darkness swallows up the light;
 Oft is the sun obscured by clouds—
 To every day there is a night;
 But unto those who work and pray,
 There comes an EVERLASTING DAY.

HAMLET'S GHOST.—SHAKSPEARE.

I am thy father's spirit;
 Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
 And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burned and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, oh, list!—
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN?

In company one evening, when the song, "Would I were a boy again," was called for, a gray-headed "old boy" discoursed thus:

A boy again! Who would be a boy again, if he could? to have measles, itch, and mumps; to get licked by bigger boys and scolded by older brothers; to stub toes; to slip up on the ice; to do chores; to get your ears boxed; to get whaled by a thick-headed schoolmaster; to be made to stand up as the dunce for the amusement of the whole school and be told how miserable, weak, and stupid you were when you were born, and to have the master ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in life if your parents had not been so patient with and so kind to you; to eat at the second table when company comes; to set out cabbage plants and thin corn because you are little, and consequently it wouldn't make your back ache so much; to be made to go to school when you don't want to; to lose your marbles; to have your sled broken; to get hit in the eyes with frozen apples and soggy snow balls; to cut your finger; to lose your knife; to have a hole in your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you; to be called a coward at school if you don't *fight*; to be whaled at home if you *do* fight; to be struck after a little girl and dare not tell her; to have a boy too big for you to lick to tell you that your sweetheart squints; to have your sweetheart cut you dead and affiliate with that boy John Smith, whom you hate particularly because he set your nose out of joint the week before; to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy; to have no fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas; to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled; to be kept from the circus when it comes to town and when all other boys go; to get pounded for stealing roasting ears; to get run by bulldogs for trying to nip watermelons; to have the canker rash, catechism, stone bruises; to be called up to kiss old women that visit your mother; to be scolded because you like Mag-

gie Love better than your own sister; to be told of a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like George Washington; to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school ma'am on the sly, and wish you were big so you could kiss her too, and—and—*why who'd be a boy again?*

MARMION AND DOUGLAS.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troop array
 To Surrey's camp to ride;
 He had safe-conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide.
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whispered in an undertone,
 "Let the hawk stoop,—his prey is flown."—
 The train from out the castle drew,
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:—
 "Though something I might 'plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke;—
 "My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, how'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer;
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation-stone,—
 The hand of Douglas is his own,
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And—"This to me!" he said,—
 "An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head!

And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)
 I tell thee thou 'rt defied!
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"
 On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
 Fierce he broke forth,—“And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms!—What, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall.”
 Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need!—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;
 The ponderous grate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise;
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim;
 And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 And shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
 “Horse! horse!” the Douglas cried, “and chase!”
 But soon he reined his fury's pace:
 “A royal messenger he came,
 Though most unworthy of the name.

St. Mary, mend my fiery mood!
 Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood,
 I thought to slay him where he stood.
 'Tis pity of him, too,” he cried;

“Bold can he speak, and fairly ride,
I warrant him a warrior tried.”
With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle walls.

SHADOWS.

We stood where the snake-like ivy
Climbed over the meadow bars,
And watched as the young night sprinkled
The sky with her cream-white stars.
The clover was red beneath us—
The air had the smell of June—
The cricket chirped in the grasses,
And the soft rays of the moon

Drew our shadows on the meadow,
Distorted and lank and tall;
His shadow was kissing my shadow—
That was the best of all.
My heart leaped up as he whispered,
“I love you, Margery Lee,”
For then one arm of his shadow
Went round the shadow of me.

“I love you, Margery darling,
Because you are young and fair,—
For your eyes’ bewildering blueness,
And the gold of your curling hair.
No queen has hands that are whiter,
No lark has a voice so sweet,
And your ripe young lips are redder
Than the clover at your feet.

“My heart will break with its fulness,
Like a cloud overcharged with rain;
Oh, tell me, Margery darling,
How long we must love in vain!”
With blushes and smiles I answered,
(I will not tell what)—just then
I saw that his saucy shadow
Was kissing my own again.

He promised to love me only—
I promised to love but him,

Till the moon fell out of the heavens,
 And the stars with age grew dim.
 Oh, the strength of man's devotion!
 Oh, the vows a woman speaks!
 'Tis years since that blush of rapture
 Broke redly over my cheeks.

He found a gold that was brighter
 Than that of my floating curls,
 And married a cross-eyed widow,
 With a dozen grown-up girls.
 And I—did I pine and languish?
 Did I weep my blue eyes sore?
 Or break my heart, do you fancy,
 For love that was mine no more?

I stand to-night in the meadows,
 Where Harry and I stood then,
 And the moon has drawn two shadows
 Out over the grass again;
 And a low voice keeps repeating—
 So close to my startled ear
 That the shadows melt together—
 "I love you, Margery dear.

"'Tis not for your cheeks' rich crimson,
 And not for your eyes soft blue,
 But because your heart is tender
 And noble and pure and true."
 The voice is dearer than Harry's,
 And so I am glad, you see,
 He married the cross-eyed widow,
 Instead of Margery Lee.

CHARACTER OF HENRY CLAY.—WILLIAM H. SEWARD

He was indeed eloquent—all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards within them with a skill attained by no other master. But eloquence was, nevertheless, only an instrument, and one of many that he used.

His conversation, his gestures, his very look was magiste-

rial, persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefatigable. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers.

His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that one which the great Italian poet designated as the charity of native land. In him, that charity was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution.

Thus, with great versatility of talent, and the most catholic equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Tribune of the people. He needed only to pronounce in favor of a measure, or against it, here, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming and dissolving all opposition in the Senate chamber.

In this way he wrought a change in our political system that, I think, was not foreseen by its founders. He converted this branch of the legislature from a negative position, or one of equilibrium between the executive and the House of Representatives, into the active, ruling power of the republic. Only time can disclose whether this great innovation shall be beneficent, or even permanent.

Certainly, sir, the great lights of the Senate have set. The obscurations are no less palpable to the country than to us, who are left to grope our uncertain way here, as in a labyrinth, oppressed with self-distrust. The time, too, presents new embarrassments.

We are rising to another and more sublime stage of national progress—that of expanding wealth and rapid territorial aggrandizement. Our institutions throw a broad shadow across the St. Lawrence, and, stretching beyond the valley of Mexico, reach even to the plains of Central Amer-

ica, while the Sandwich Islands and the shores of China recognize their renovating influence.

Wherever that influence is felt, a desire for protection under those institutions is awakened. Expansion seems to be regulated, not by any difficulties of resistance, but by the moderation which results from our own internal constitution. No one knows how rapidly that restraint may give way. Who can tell how far or how fast it ought to yield.

Commerce has brought the ancient continents near to us, and created necessities for new positions—perhaps connections or colonies there—and with the trade and friendship of the elder nations, their conflicts and collisions are brought to our doors and to our hearts. Our sympathy kindles, or indifference extinguishes, the fires of freedom in foreign lands.

Before we shall be fully conscious that a change is going on in Europe, we may find ourselves once more divided by that eternal line of separation that leaves on the one side those of our citizens who obey the impulses of sympathy, while on the other are found those who submit only to the counsels of prudence. Even prudence will soon be required to decide whether distant regions, east and west, shall come under our own protection, or be left to aggrandize a rapidly spreading domain of hostile despotism.

Sir, who among us is equal to these mighty questions? I fear there is no one. Nevertheless, the example of Henry Clay remains for our instruction. His genius has passed to the realms of light, but his virtues still live here for our emulation. With them there will remain, also, the protection and favor of the Most High, if, by the practice of justice and the maintenance of freedom, we shall deserve them.

Let, then, the bier pass on. We will follow with sorrow but not without hope, the reverend form that it bears to its final resting-place; and then, when that grave opens at our feet to receive so estimable a treasure, we will invoke the God of our fathers to send us new guides, like him that is now withdrawn, and give us wisdom to obey their instructions.

I WAS WITH GRANT.—BRET HARTE.

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant—" the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar."

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant—" "Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "Say no more;

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!
Thou didst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay; speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he? with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh, say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man who had *worked for Grant*
Some three years before the war.

LABOR IS WORSHIP.—FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!

Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
 Never the little seed stops in its growing;
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
 From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
 Only *man*, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
 Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow;
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life current leaping!
 How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
 Labor is wealth! In the sea the pearl groweth;
 Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
 From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
 Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
 Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
 Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
 Labor! all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.—B. P. SHILLABER.
(MRS. PARTINGTON.)

There's a little low hut by the river's side,
Within the sound of its rippling tide;
Its walls are grey with the mosses of years,
And its roof all crumbled and old appears;
But fairer to me than castle's pride
Is the little low hut by the river's side!

The little low hut was my natal nest,
When my childhood passed—Life's springtime blest;
Where the hopes of ardent youth were formed,
And the sun of promise my young heart warmed,
Ere I threw myself on life's swift tide,
And left the dear hut by the river's side.

That little low hut, in lowly guise,
Was soft and grand to my youthful eyes,
And fairer trees were ne'er known before,
Than the apple-trees by the humble door,—
That my father loved for their thrifty pride,—
That shadowed the hut by the river's side.

That little low hut had a glad hearthstone,
That echoed of old with a pleasant tone,
And brothers and sisters, a merry crew,
Filled the hours with pleasure as on they flew;
But one by one the loved ones died,
That dwelt in the hut by the river's side.

The father revered and the children gay
The graves of the world have called away;
But quietly, all alone, here sits
By the pleasant window, in summer, and knits,
An aged woman, long years allied
With the little low hut by the river's side.

That little low hut to the lonely wife
Is the cherished stage of her active life;
Each scene is recalled in memory's beam,
As she sits by the window in pensive dream,
And joys and woes roll back like a tide
In that little low hut by the river's side.

My mother—alone by the river's side
She waits for the flood of the heavenly tide,

And the voice that shall thrill her heart with its call
 To meet once more with the dear ones all,
 And forms in a region beautified,
 The band that once met by the river's side.

The dear old hut by the river's side
 With the warmest pulse of my heart is allied,—
 And a glory is over its dark walls thrown,
 That statelier fabrics have never known,—
 And I shall love with a fonder pride
 That little low hut by the river's side.

MONA'S WATERS.

Oh! Mona's waters are blue and bright
 When the sun shines out like a gay young lover;
 But Mona's waves are dark as night
 When the face of heaven is clouded over.
 The wild wind drives the crested foam
 Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
 And booming echoes drown the voice,
 The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild against that mountain's side
 The wrathful waves were up and beating,
 When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came:
 With anxious brow and hurried greeting
 He bade the widowed mother send
 (While loud the tempest's voice was raging)
 Her fair young son across the flood,
 Where winds and waves their strife were waging

And still that fearful mother prayed,
 "Oh! yet delay, delay till morning,
 For weak the hand that guides our bark,
 Though brave his heart, all danger scorning."
 Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:
 "The safety of my fortress tower
 Depends on tidings he must bring
 From Fairlee bank, within the hour.

"See'st thou, across the sullen wave,
 A blood-red banner wildly streaming?"

That flag a message brings to me
 Of which my foes are little dreaming.
 The boy *must* put his boat across
 (Gold shall repay his hour of danger,)
 And bring me me back, with care and speed,
 Three letters from the light-browed stranger."

The orphan boy leaped lightly in;
 Bold was his eye and brow of beauty,
 And bright his smile as thus he spoke:
 "I do but pay a vassal's duty;
 Fear not for me, O mother dear!
 See how the boat the tide is spurning;
 The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
 And thou wilt watch me safe returning."

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
 Over the waves—the snowy-crested;
 Now like a dart it sped along,
 Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested;
 And ever when the wind sank low,
 Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
 As long she watched, with streaming eyes,
 That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore—the letters claimed;
 Triumphant, heard the stranger's wonder
 That one so young should brave alone
 The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
 And once again his snowy sail
 Was seen by her—that mourning mother;
 And once she heard his shouting voice—
 That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind, wide flapped the sail,
 A crashing peal of thunder followed;
 The gust swept o'er the water's face,
 And caverns in the deep lake hollowed.
 The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
 The thunder died along the mountain;
 But where was he who used to play,
 On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
 Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
 And bitterly she wept for him,
 The widow's son, who had no brother!

She raised his arm—the hand was closed;
 With pain his stiffened fingers parted,
 And on the sand three letters dropped!—
 His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted.

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
 Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending;
 A purse of gold he flung beside
 That mother, o'er her dead child bending.
 Oh! wildly laughed that woman then,
 "Glenvarloch! would ye dare to measure
 The holy life that God has given
 Against a heap of golden treasure?"

"Ye scorned my prayer, for we were poor;
 But know, proud man, that God hath power
 To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
 The chieftain in his fortress tower.
 Frown on! frown on! I fear ye not;
 We've done the last of chieftain's bidding,
 And cold he lies, for whose young sake
 I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

"Will gold bring back his cheerful voice,
 That used to win my heart from sorrow?
 Will silver warm the frozen blood,
 Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?
 Go back and seek your mountain home,
 And when ye kiss your fair-haired daughter,
 Remember him who died to-night
 Beneath the waves of Mona's water."

Old years rolled on, and new ones came—
 Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;
 But naught could bar the sickness out
 That stole within fair Annie's bower.
 The o'erblown flow'ret in the sun
 Sinks languid down, and withers daily,
 And so she sank,—her voice grew faint,
 Her laugh no longer sounded gaily.

Her step fell on the old oak floor
 As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;
 And from her sweet and serious eyes
 They seldom saw the dark lid lifting.
 "Bring aid! Bring aid!" the father cries;
 "Bring aid!" each vassal's voice is crying;
 "The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
 Her pulse is faint—her life is flying!"

He called in vain; her dim eyes turned
And met his own with parting sorrow,
For well she knew, that fading girl,
That he must weep and wail the morrow.
Her faint breath ceased; the father bent
And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter.
What thought he on? The widow's son,
And the stormy night by Mona's water.

MR. STIVER'S HORSE.—J. M. BAILEY.
(DANBURY NEWS MAN.)

The other morning at breakfast, Mrs. Perkins observed that Mr. Stiver, in whose house we live, had been called away, and wanted to know if I would see to his horse through the day.

I knew that Mr. Stiver owned a horse, because I occasionally saw him drive out of the yard, and I saw the stable every day; but what kind of a horse I didn't know. I never went into the stable for two reasons: in the first place, I had no desire to; and, secondly, I didn't know as the horse cared particularly for company.

I never took care of a horse in my life, and had I been of a less hopeful nature, the charge Mr. Stiver had left with me might have had a very depressing effect; but I told Mrs. Perkins I would do it.

"You know how to take care of a horse, don't you?" said she.

I gave her a reassuring wink. In fact, I knew so little about it that I didn't think it safe to converse more fluently than by winks.

After breakfast I seized a toothpick and walked out toward the stable. There was nothing particular to do, as Stiver had given him his breakfast, and I found him eating it; so I looked around. The horse looked around, too, and stared pretty hard at me. There was but little said on either side. I hunted up the location of the feed, and then sat down on a peck measure, and fell to studying the beast. There is a wide difference in horses. Some of them will kick you over

and never look around to see what becomes of you. I don't like a disposition like that, and I wondered if Stiver's horse was one of them.

When I came home at noon I went straight to the stable. The animal was there all right. Stiver hadn't told me what to give him for dinner, and I had not given the subject any thought; but I went to the oat box and filled the peck measure, and sallied up to the manger.

When he saw the oats he almost smiled; this pleased and amused him. I emptied them into the trough, and left him above me to admire the way I parted my hair behind. I just got my head up in time to save the whole of it. He had his ears back, his mouth open, and looked as if he were on the point of committing murder. I went out and filled the measure again, and climbed up the side of the stall and emptied it on top of him. He brought his head up so suddenly at this that I immediately got down, letting go of every thing to do it. I struck on the sharp edge of a barrel, rolled over a couple of times, and then disappeared under a hay-cutter. The peck measure went down on the other side, and got mysteriously tangled up in that animal's heels, and he went to work at it, and then ensued the most dreadful noise I ever heard in all my life, and I have been married eighteen years.

It did seem as if I never would get out from under that hay-cutter; and all the while I was struggling and wrenching myself and the cutter apart, that awful beast was kicking around in that stall, and making the most appalling sound imaginable.

When I got out I found Mrs. Perkins at the door. She had heard the racket, and had sped out to the stable, her only thought being of me and three stove lids which she had under her arm, and one of which she was about to fire at the beast.

This made me mad.

"Go away, you unfortunate idiot," I shouted; "do you want to knock my brains out?" For I remembered seeing Mrs. Perkins sling a missile once before, and that I nearly lost an eye by the operation, although standing on the other side of the house at the time.

She retired at once. And at the same time the animal quieted down, but there was nothing left of that peck measure, not even the maker's name.

I followed Mrs. Perkins into the house, and had her do me up, and then I sat down in a chair, and fell into a profound strain of meditation. After a while I felt better, and went out to the stable again. The horse was leaning against the stable stall, with eyes half closed, and appeared to be very much engrossed in thought.

"Step off to the left," I said, rubbing his back.

He didn't step. I got the pitchfork and punched him in the leg with the handle. He immediately raised up both hind legs at once, and that fork flew out of my hands, and went rattling up against the timbers above, and came down again in an instant, the end of the handle rapping me with such force on the top of the head that I sat right down on the floor under the impression that I was standing in front of a drug store in the evening. I went back to the house and got some more stuff on me. But I couldn't keep away from that stable. I went out there again. The thought struck me that what the horse wanted was exercise. If that thought had been an empty glycerine can, it would have saved a windfall of luck for me.

But exercise would tone him down, and exercise him I should. I laughed to myself to think how I would trounce him around the yard. I didn't laugh again that afternoon. I got him unhitched, and then wondered how I was to get him out of the stall without carrying him out. I pushed, but he wouldn't budge. I stood looking at him in the face, thinking of something to say, when he suddenly solved the difficulty by veering about and plunging for the door. I followed, as a matter of course, because I had a tight hold on the rope, and hit about every partition stud worth speaking of on that side of the barn. Mrs. Perkins was at the window and saw us come out of the door. She subsequently remarked that we came out skipping like two innocent children. The skipping was entirely unintentional on my part. I felt as if I stood on the verge of eternity. My legs may have skipped, but my mind was filled with awe.

I took that animal out to exercise him. He exercised me

before I got through with it. He went around a few times in a circle; then he stopped suddenly, spread out his fore legs and looked at me. Then he leaned forward a little, and hoisted both hind legs, and threw about two coal hods of mud over a line full of clothes Mrs. Perkins had just hung out.

That excellent lady had taken a position at the window, and whenever the evolutions of the awful beast permitted, I caught a glance at her features. She appeared to be very much interested in the proceedings; but the instant that the mud flew, she disappeared from the window, and a moment later she appeared on the stoop with a long poker in her hand, and fire enough in her eye to heat it red hot.

Just then Stiver's horse stood up on his hind legs and tried to hug me with the others. This scared me. A horse never shows his strength to such advantage as when he is coming down on you like a frantic pile driver. I instantly dodged, and the cold sweat fairly boiled out of me.

It suddenly came over me that I had once figured in a similar position years ago. My grandfather owned a little white horse that would get up from a meal at Delmonico's to kick the President of the United States. He sent me to the lot one day, and unhappily suggested that I often went after that horse, and suffered all kinds of defeat in getting him out of the pasture, but I had never tried to ride him. Heaven knows I never thought of it. I had my usual trouble with him that day. He tried to jump over me, and push me down in a mud hole, and finally got up on his hind legs and came waltzing after me with facilities enough to convert me into hash, but I turned and just made for that fence with all the agony a prospect of instant death could crowd into me. If our candidate for the Presidency had run one-half as well, there would be seventy-five postmasters in Danbury to-day, instead of one.

I got him out finally, and then he was quiet enough, and took him up alongside the fence and got on him. He stopped an instant, one brief instant, and then tore off down the road at a frightful speed. I laid down on him and clasped my hands tightly around his neck, and thought of my home. When we got to the stable I was confident he

would stop, but he didn't. He drove straight at the door. It was a low door, just high enough to permit him to go in at lightning speed, but there was no room for me. I saw if I struck that stable the struggle would be a very brief one. I thought this all over in an instant, and then, spreading out my arms and legs, emitted a scream, and the next moment I was bounding about in the filth of that stable yard. All this passed through my mind as Stiver's horse went up into the air. It frightened Mrs. Perkins dreadfully.

"Why, you old fool!" she said, "why don't you get rid of him?"

"How can I?" said I in desperation.

"Why, there are a thousand ways," said she.

This is just like a woman. How different a statesman would have answered.

But I could think of only two ways to dispose of the beast, I could either swallow him where he stood and then sit down on him, or I could crawl inside of him and kick him to death.

But I was saved either of these expedients by his coming toward me so abruptly that I dropped the rope in terror, and then he turned about, and, kicking me full of mud, shot for the gate, ripping the clothes line in two, and went on down the street at a horrible gallop, with two of Mrs. Perkins's garments, which he hastily snatched from the line, floating over his neck in a very picturesque manner.

So I was afterwards told. I was too full of mud myself to see the way into the house.

Stiver got his horse all right, and stays at home to care for him. Mrs. Perkins has gone to her mother's to recuperate, and I am healing as fast as possible.

LIFE'S CONFLICT.—WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

Let's fight life's battle bravely,
Nor yield to doubting fear;
The Truth will make us freemen,
And win the victory here;

Our fathers fought before us,
In earth the martyr'd lie;
They sung defiant chorus,
And taught us how to die.

The soldier doth his scabbard
Throw in the charge away;
And press with fiery footstep,
Deep in the battle fray:
So let us while we're truthful,
Fling from our souls afar
The doubt of God's approval,
Through all the fiercer war.

We *must* fight! Foes are round us,
Prompt, watchful, ever bold;
Now on our weakened outpost,
Now at our strongest hold!
To battle is to conquer,
To yield us is to die;
And spirits that have triumphed, watch
The conflict from on high!

There are no hours of pleasure,
Time has its stern demands;
Each moment hath its measure,
And a graver deed commands!
Though we fight till life is lonely,
Till locks are thin and hoar,
Death's armistice can only
Release us from the war.

Nor must we bend to sorrow,
Though loved ones round us lie;
Their's is no fearful morrow,
Marshall'd to strive and die!
Our day is only given
To press the conquered way,
And watch where we have striven,
Lest sin the soul betray.

What though the field be rugged,
The foe in ambush lie?
Rough guerdon cheer our toiling,
And storms our zeal defy!
Come brothers, on, and steady—
Tread firmly side by side;
For death must find us ready
To pass the Jordan's tide.

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late-fallen showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers;
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,
On the white wing of peace floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold!
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It has stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom, it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down to the shore:
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul—
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud, and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
And fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
 But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
 I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
 May pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
 Yet oh! when death's shadow's my bosom uncloud,—
 When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
 May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
 In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.—GEORGE McDUFFIE.

We are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity—what! do you think a member of Congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches.

Of all the forms in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, *where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it?* Sir, do you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amid it, and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence.

All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the devil in his proper form—had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence.

But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile—"It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit—it will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil—it will raise you to an equality with the angels."

Such, sir, was the process; and, in this simple but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of paradise. We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders.

But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any further. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went "with the blessings of heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels—she returned covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of heaven's everlasting curse.

Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating as the apple of paradise.

I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the President addresses himself in the most irresistible manner, to this, the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire—honor, power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptation. It is impossible to conceive,—Satan himself could not devise,—a system which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven with less temptation.

A SUNNIT TO THE BIG OX.

COMPOSED WHILE STANDING WITHIN 2 FEET OF HIM, AND A
TUCHIN' OF HIM NOW AND THEN.

All hale! thou mighty annimil—all hale!
 You are 4 thousand pounds, and am purty wel
 Perporshund, thou tremenjoes boveeen nuggit!
 I wonder how big you was wen you
 Wos little, and if yure muther wud no you now
 That you've grone so long, and thick, and phat;
 Or if yure father would rekognize his ofspring
 And his kaff; thou elefanteen quodrupid!
 I wonder if it hurts you mutch to be so big,
 And if you grode it in a month or so.
 I spose wen you wos young tha didn't gin
 You skim milk but all the kreme you kud stuff
 Into your little stummick, jest to see
 How big yude gro; and afterward tha no doubt
 Fed you on otes and ha and sich like,
 With perhaps an occasional punkin or squosh;
 In all probability yu don't no yure enny
 Bigger than a small kaff; for if you did,
 Yude brake down fences and switch your tail,
 And rush around, and hook, and beller,
 And run over fowkes, thou orful beast!
 Oh, what a lot of mince pize yude maik,
 And sassengers! and your tale,—
 Whitch kan't wa fur from phorty pounds,—
 Wud maik nigh unto a barrel of ox-tail soap;
 And cudn't a heep of stakes be cut oph yu,
 Whitch, with salt and pepper and termater
 Ketchup, wouldn't be bad to taik.
 Thou grate and glorious inseckt!
 But I must close, O most prodijus reptile!
 And for mi admirashun of yu, when yu di,
 I'll rite a node unto yore peddy and remanes,
 Pernouncin' yu the largest of yure race;
 And as I don't expect to have a half a dollar
 Agin to spare for to pay to look at yu, and *as*
I ain't a ded head, I will sa, FAREWELL.

HERVÉ RIEL.—ROBERT BROWNING.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
 pursue,

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase,
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfre-
 ville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signalled to the place,

"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick,—or, quicker
 still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on
 board.

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
 laughed they;

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
 and scored,

Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve and eighty guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow at full beside?

Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight;

Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take
 in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound?

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
 France must undergo her fate."

"Give the word!" But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard;
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these,
 A captain? A lieutenant? A mate,—first, second, third?
 No such man of mark, and meet
 With his betters to compete!
 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the
 fleet,—
 A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.
 And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé
 Riel;
 Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or
 rogues?
 Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
 tell
 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
 "Twixt the offing here and Greve, where the river disembogues?
 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
 Morn and eve, night and day,
 Have I piloted your bay,
 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
 Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than
 fifty Hogues!
 Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me,
 there's a way!
 Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this Formidable clear,
 Make the others follow mine,
 And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,
 Right to Solidor, past Greve,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave,—
 Keel so much as grate the ground,—
 Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries Hervé
 Riel.
 Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its
 chief.
 Captains, give the sailor place!
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
 profound!

See, safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock.
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground.

Not a spar that comes to grief!
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harbored to the last;
 And just as Hervé Riel halloos "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
 Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Greve:
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
 Outburst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing!"
 What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel,"
 As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find the speaking hard:
 Praise is deeper than the lips;
 You have saved the king his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not Dam-
 freville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,

And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run?—
 Since 'tis ask and have I may,—
 Since the others go ashore,—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Au-
 rore!"
 That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing-smack
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
 the bell.
 Go to Paris; rank on rank
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank;
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle
 Aurore.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.—J. D. ROBINSON.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
 And the midnight hour is near,
 And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
 Are the only sounds I hear;
 And over my soul, in its solitude,
 Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
 For my heart and my eyes are full, when I think
 Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house —
 Went home to the dear ones all,—
 And softly I opened the garden gate,
 And softly the door of the hall;

My mother came out to meet her son,
 She kissed me, and then she sighed,
 And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
 For the little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
 As still and cold he lay,
 And thought what a lovely child he had been,
 And how soon he must decay,
 "O death, thou lovest the beautiful,"
 In the woe of my spirit I cried;
 For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair,
 Of the little boy that died!

Again I will go to my father's house,—
 Go home to the dear ones all,—
 And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
 And sadly the door of the hall;
 I shall meet my mother, but nevermore
 With her darling by her side,
 But she'll kiss me and sigh and weep again
 For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
 In the garden where he played;
 I shall miss him more by the fireside,
 When the flowers have all decayed;
 I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
 And the horse he used to ride;
 And they will speak, with a silent speech,
 Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again
 With her playmates about the door,
 And I'll watch the children in their sports,
 As I never did before;
 And if in the group I see a child
 That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
 I'll look to see if it may not be
 The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house,—
 To our Father's house in the skies,
 Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
 And our love no broken ties;
 We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace,
 And bathe in its blissful tide:
 And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
 The little boy that died.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

I do not ask, O Lord! that life may be
 A pleasant road;
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
 Aught of its load;
 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet;
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.
 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:
 Lead me aright—
 Though strength should falter, and though heart should
 bleed—
 Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord! that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see,—
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
 And follow Thee.
 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
 Like quiet night.
 Lead me, O Lord! till perfect day shall shine,
 Through Peace to Light.

MARK TWAIN EDITS AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER.

S. C. CLEMENS.

The sensation of being at work once again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, toward sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage-way, and I heard one or two of them say, "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group at the foot of the stairs, and

scattering couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say, "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young, rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window, with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper. He put the paper on his lap, and, while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said:

"Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow; and then went out, and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

But these thoughts were quickly banished, when the regular editor walked in! [I thought to myself, Now if you had gone to Egypt, as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.]

The editor was looking sad, and perplexed, and dejected. He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and these two young farmers had made, and then said:

"This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spit-

toon, and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition or soared to such celebrity; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might, after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing; you talk of the moulting season for cows; and you recommend the domestication of the pole-cat on account of its playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them, was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah! heavens and earth, friend, if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life, you could not have graduated with higher honor than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut, as an article of commerce, is steadily gaining in favor, is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it. Certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster-beds under the head of 'Landscape Gardening.' I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh! why didn't you *tell* me that you didn't know anything about agriculture?"

"*Tell* you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower! It's the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man's having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper. You turnip!

"I take my leave, sir! Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract, as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of interest to all classes, and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a watermelon from a peach-vine to save his life. You are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Adios."

I then left.

THE BOY WHO WENT FROM HOME.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

"You ask me which is the dearest,
 And which one I love the best;
 Ah, neighbor, the treasure we lose,
 We value more than the rest!
 Five children are round our hearth-stone,
 You'd think I should make no moan;
 But my heart goes out with yearning
 To the boy who went from home.

"Come in and sit awhile with me,
 My neighbor so kind and true;
 It surely cannot be a harm
 To talk to a friend like you
 About this wayward boy of mine,
 Gone from us these fifteen years;
 And how the thought of him has kept
 My pillow wet with tears.

"You never saw him, neighbor mine?
 Ah, a handsome lad was he!
 In face he was like his father,
 His temper he took from me.
 We both were over-fond of him,
 And maybe it was too true
 That we spoiled him just a little,
 As fond parents often do.

"But he had such a smiling way,
And a blue and sunny eye;
And my heart was like a heart of wax
Whenever my boy was by.
And no matter what he wished for,
Nor where he wanted to go;
Try as hard as ever I would,
I never could say him no.

"He grew a bit wild and thoughtless,
And wouldn't settle down:
He laughed at his mother's chidings,
Nor heeded his father's frown.
At last his father grew angry,
And they had a word or two;
Ah, neighbor, how for a life-time
A word or two we may rue!

"And so one day he left us—
Ah, my darling, handsome lad
I never could say, good neighbor,
That ever he did aught bad.
He was very quick, but noble;
And wayward, but loving too;
The fault was mostly on our side,—
I say this 'twixt me and you.

"I'm glad I've said this much to you,
For, neighbor, you cannot know
What 'tis to have a sorrow like mine,
Nor say a word as you go.
I feel a little ease of heart,
Though you have said not a word,—
Just listen a minute, neighbor,
Was that a step that I heard?

"Perhaps I am growing childish,
For at times it comes to me
That one day my boy will come again,
The boy I long to see.
I must have been weak and faulty,
But Christ hath long forgiven,
And all my pray'rs for my wand'rer
Are treasured up in heaven.

"His father never looked the same,
But stooped and grew quite gray;
As for me, my grief keeps vigil
Since the day he went away.
Just fifteen years—a long, long time!—
My good neighbor, what was that?

I thought above the garden fence
I just saw a well-worn hat.

"Stand out of my light, dear neighbor!
Oh, surely I hear a sound!
The latch of the gate seems lifted,
Can it be the lost is found?
O neighbor, I'm worn and weary!
I wonder if this *could* be
My long-lost boy come home again,
Come back to his home and me."

The latch of the gate was lifted,
And gently let fall again—
A bearded man with boyhood's eyes
Came into the sunlight then,
And he pushed aside the neighbor—
How strange she felt no alarms!—
And he lifted his grey old mother
Right up in his two strong arms;
And she sobbed upon his shoulder;
"Ah, the heart doth know its own!
For lo! my boy is back again—
My boy who went from home."

MERCY.—SHAKSPEARE.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power
Th' attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer should teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

UNION LINKED WITH LIBERTY.—ANDREW JACKSON.

Without Union, our independence and liberty would never have been achieved; without Union, they can never be maintained. Divided into twenty-four, or even a smaller number of separate communities, we shall see our internal trade burdened with numberless restraints and exactions; communication between distant points and sections obstructed, or cut off; our sons made soldiers, to deluge with blood the fields they now till in peace; the mass of our people borne down and impoverished by taxes to support armies and navies; and military leaders, at the head of their victorious legions, becoming our lawgivers and judges. The loss of liberty, of all good government, of peace, plenty, and happiness, must inevitably follow a dissolution of the Union. In supporting it therefore, we support all that is dear to the freeman and the philanthropist.

The time at which I stand before you is full of interest. The eyes of all nations are fixed on our Republic. The event of the existing crisis will be decisive, in the opinion of mankind, of the practicability of our Federal system of Government. Great is the stake placed in our hands; great is the responsibility which must rest upon the people of the United States. Let us realize the importance of the attitude in which we stand before the world. Let us exercise forbearance and firmness. Let us extricate our country from the dangers which surround it, and learn wisdom from the lessons they inculcate. Deeply impressed with the truth of these observations, and under the obligation of that solemn oath which I am about to take, I shall continue to exert all my faculties to maintain the just powers of the Constitution, and to transmit unimpaired to posterity the blessings of our Federal Union.

At the same time it will be my aim to inculcate, by my official acts, the necessity of exercising, by the General Government, those powers only that are clearly delegated; to encourage simplicity and economy in the expenditures of the Government; to raise no more money from the people than may be requisite for these objects, and in a manner that will

best promote the interests of all classes of the and of all portions of the Union. Constantly mind that, in entering into society, "individuals up a share of liberty to preserve the rest," it will desire so to discharge my duties as to foster with our brethren, in all parts of the country, a spirit of liberal concession and compromise; and, by reconciling our fellow-citizens to those partial sacrifices which they must unavoidably make, for the preservation of a greater good, to recommend our invaluable Government and Union to the confidence and affections of the American people. Finally, it is my most fervent prayer to that Almighty Being before whom I now stand, and who has kept us in his hands from the infancy of our Republic to the present day, that he will so overrule all my intentions and actions, and inspire the hearts of my fellow-citizens, that we may be preserved from dangers of all kinds, and continue forever a UNITED AND HAPPY PEOPLE.

TIM TWINKLETON'S TWINS.—CHARLES A. BELL.

Tim Twinkleton was, I would have you to know,
 A cheery-faced tailor, of Pineapple Row;
 His sympathies warm as the irons he used,
 And his temper quite even, because not abused.
 As a fitting reward for his kindness of heart,
 He was blessed with a partner both comely and smart,
 And ten "olive branches,"—four girls and six boys—
 Completed the household, divided its joys.

But another "surprise" was in store for Tim T.,
 Who, one bright Christmas morning was sipping coffee,
 When a neighbor (who acted as nurse,) said with glee,
 You've just been presented with *twins!* Do you see?"
 "Good gracious!" said Tim, overwhelmed with surprise,
 For he scarce could be made to believe his own eyes;
 His astonishment o'er, he acknowledged of course
 That the trouble, indeed, might have been a deal worse.

The twins were two boys, and poor Tim was inclined
 To believe them the handsomest pair you could find,

But fathers' and mothers' opinions, they say
 Always favor their own children just the same way.
 "Would you like to step up, sir, to see Mrs. T.?"
 The good lady said; "she's as pleased as can be."
 Of course the proud father dropp'd both fork and knife,
 And bounded up stairs to embrace his good wife.

Now, Mrs. Tim Twinkleton—I should have said—
 An industrious, frugal life always had led,
 And kept the large family from poverty's woes,
 By washing, and starching, and ironing clothes.
 But, before the young twins had arrived in the town,
 She'd intended to send to a family named Brown,
 Who resided some distance outside of the city,
 A basket of clothes; so she thought it a pity

That the basket should meet any further delay,
 And told Tim to the depot to take it that day.
 He promised he would, and begun to make haste,
 For he found that there was not a great while to waste.
 So, kissing his wife, he bade her good-bye,
 And out of the room in an instant did hie;
 He met the good nurse on the stairs, coming up
 With the "orthodox gruel," for his wife, in a cup.

"Where's the twins?" said the tailor. "Oh, they are all right,"
 The good nurse replied; "they are looking so bright!
 I've hushed them to sleep,—they look so like their Pop,—
 And I've left them down stairs, where they sleep like a top."
 In a hurry Tim shouldered the basket, and got
 To the rail-station, after a long and sharp trot,
 And he'd just enough time to say "Brown—Norristown—
 A basket of clothes—" and then the train was gone.

The light-hearted tailor made haste to return,
 For his heart with affection for his family did burn;
 And it's always the case, with a saint or a sinner,
 Whate'er may occur, he's on hand for his dinner.
 "How are the twins?" was his first inquiry;
 "I've hurried home quickly my darlings to see,"
 In ecstasy quite of his reason bereft.
 "Oh, the dear little angels hain't cried since you left!

"Have you, my sweets?"—and the nurse turned to where
 Just a short time before, were her objects of care.
 "Why—which of you children," said she with surprise,
 "Removed that ar basket?—now don't tell no lies!"
 "Basket! what basket?" cried Tim with affright;
 "Why, the basket of clothes—I thought it all right
 To put near the fire, and, fearing no harm,
 Placed, the twins in so cozy, to keep them quite warm."

Poor Tim roared aloud: "Why, what have I done?
 You surely must mean what you say but in fun!
 That basket! my twins I shall ne'er see again!
Why, I sent them both off by the 12 o'clock train!
 The nurse, at these words, sank right into a chair
 And exclaimed, "O my preciouses dear, you hain't there!
 Go, Twinkleton, go, telegraph like wildfire!"
 "Why," said Tim, "*they can't send the twins home on the wire!*"

"Oh dear!" cried poor Tim, getting ready to go;
 "Could ever a body have met with such woe?
 Sure this is the greatest of greatest mistakes;
Why, the twins will be all squashed down into pancakes!"
 Tim Twinkleton hurried as if all creation
 Were after him, quick, on his way to the station.
 "That's the man,—O you wretch!" and, tight as a rasp,
 Poor Tim found himself in a constable's grasp.

"Ah! ha! I have got yer, now don't say a word,
 Yer know very well about what has occurred;
 Come 'long to the station-house, hurry up now,
 Or 'tween you and me there'll be a big row."
 "What's the charge?" asked the tailor of the magistrate,
 "I'd like to find out, for it's getting quite late;"
 "So you shall," he replied, but don't look so meek,—
 You deserted your infants,—now hadn't you cheek?"

Now it happened that, during the trial of the case,
 An acquaintance of Tim's had stepped into the place,
 And he quickly perceived, when he heard in detail
 The facts of the case, and said he'd go bail
 To any amount, for good Tim Twinkleton,
 For he knew he was innocent, "sure as a gun."
 And the railway-clerk's evidence, given in detail,
 Was not quite sufficient to send him to jail.

It was to effect, that the squalling began
 Just after the basket in the baggage-van
 Had been placed by Tim T., who solemnly swore
 That he was quite ignorant of their presence before.
 So the basket was brought to the magistrate's sight,
 And the twins on the top of the clothes looked so bright,
 That the magistrate's heart of a sudden enlarged,
 And he ordered that Tim Twinkleton be discharged.

Tim grasped up the basket and ran for dear life,
 And when he reached home he first asked for his wife;
 But the nurse said with joy, "Since you left she has slept,
 And from her the mistakes of to-day I have kept."
 Poor Tim, and the nurse, and all the small fry,
 Before taking dinner, indulged in a cry.
 The twins are now grown, and they time and again
 Relate their excursion on the railway train.

MAN MAY BE HAPPY.—PETER PINDAR.

“Man may be happy, if he will:”
 I’ve said it often, and I think so still;
 Doctrine to make the million stare!
 Know then, each mortal is an actual Jove:
 Can brew what weather he shall most approve,
 Or wind, or calm, or foul, or fair.

But here’s the mischief—man’s an ass, I say;
 Too fond of thunder, lightning, storm, and rain;
 He hides the charming, cheerful ray
 That spreads a smile o’er hill and plain!
 Dark, he must court the skull, and spade, and shroud—
 The mistress of his soul must be a cloud.

Who told him that he must be cursed on earth?
 The God of Nature?—No such thing;
 Heaven whispered him, the moment of his birth,
 “Don’t cry, my lad, but dance and sing;
 Don’t be too wise, and be an ape:—
 In colors let thy soul be dressed, not crape.

“Roses shall smooth life’s journey, and adorn;
 Yet mind me—if, through want of grace,
 Thou mean’st to fling the blessing in my face,
 Thou hast full leave to tread upon a thorn.”

Yet some there are, of men, I think the worst,
 Poor imps! unhappy if they can’t be cursed—
 Forever brooding over Misery’s eggs,
 As though life’s pleasure were a deadly sin;
 Mousing forever for a gin
 To catch their happiness by the legs.

Even at a dinner some will be unblessed,
 However good the viands, and well dressed:
 They always come to table with a scowl,
 Squint with a face of verjuice o’er each dish,
 Fault the poor flesh, and quarrel with the fish,
 Curse cook and wife, and, loathing, eat and growl.

A cart-load, lo! their stomachs steal,
 Yet swear they cannot make a meal.
 I like not the blue-devil-hunting crew!
 I hate to drop the discontented jaw!
 Oh! let me Nature’s simple smile pursue,
 And pick even pleasure from a straw.

THE STAB.—WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

On the road, the lonely road,
 Under the cold, white moon ;
 Under the rugged trees he strode,
 Whistled and shifted his heavy load,—
 Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own,
 A figure that stooped and bowed :
 A cold white blade that flashed and shone,
 Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown,—
 And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good
 The barn-fowl woke and crowed,
 Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood ;
 And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood,
 That a man lay dead in the road.

SONG OF STEAM.—GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain.
 How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might,
 And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze,—
 When I marked the peasant faintly reel
 With the toil which he daily bore,
 As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
 Or tugged at the weary oar,—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
 The flight of the carrier dove,
 As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love,

I could but think how the world would feel,
 As these were outstripped afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha! They found me at last,
 They invited me forth at length,
 And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
 And laughed in my iron strength!
 Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and the ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind or tide.

* * * * *

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice,
 And monsters of the briny deep
 Cower trembling at my voice.
 I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
 The thoughts of his godlike mind;
 The wind lags after my going forth,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
 My tireless arm doth play;
 Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
 Or the dawn of a glorious day;
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden caves below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade;
 I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength are made.
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,—
 I carry, I spin, I weave;
 And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no brains to decay,
 No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
 And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
 While I manage the world myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands,
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

THE DOUBLE BED.

A new Western town, but lately reclaimed from the wilderness, where the houses are few, mean, and ugly, the streets mud or dust, the trees destroyed, and the general appearance one of poverty struggling with heavy obstacles, where the wolves run the mail in ahead of time, and night is made hideous by a tailor practising on a flute—this is a good place to keep away from.

Into such a town as this, and during court week, I once rode on horseback, at the end of a weary day; passed into a continuous mud hole, studded with stumps and ornamented with logs, that a benighted country called a road. Night had already closed in, and I was guided to the hotel by the thousand and one boys of the place, and the noise issuing from the bar-room, no less beastly and disagreeable. I found the landlord shut up in a corner pen, dealing out liquid insanity to his customers. To my request for supper and a bed he responded that I could eat my fill, but there was not a bed unengaged or not occupied in the house. I persisted, until the wretch informed me that there was "a feller" in No. 6 occupying a double bed, and I could "roll in there," if so minded.

It was dismal, but my only hope; so after the evening indigestion, I climbed the rough stairs to No. 6. I was told by the landlord to walk in without knocking, and did so.

I found my companion measuring off his dreams by snores, and, undressing, "rolled in," as the landlord had suggested. The stranger turned over, with something between a growl and a grunt, as I crept to his side.

Tired as I was, I could not sleep. The bed-tick felt as if it were stuffed with grasshoppers, and the pillows were of the sort to slip up one's nose in the night, and be sneezed out some time during the day. Besides this, my bedfellow snored abominably. It sounded like a giant trying to blow "Old Hundred" through a tin horn, without knowing exactly how. I bore this infliction as long as I could, and at last gave my friend a dig in the ribs, exclaiming at the same time,

"I say!"

"Hillo—sh—what is it?" he asked, in a confused way.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I think it my duty to inform you that I walk in my sleep."

"Well, walk."

"My Christian friend, I am well aware that this is a free country, and if a man wishes to walk in his sleep, there is no constitutional provision to prevent him. But I wish to remark that if I do walk you had better not interfere with me."

"Oh, walk! I won't say a word about it."

"Well, don't. When addressed or interfered with, I am apt to get furious. I nearly brained a poor man with a dog-iron the other night."

"The deuce you did! That's rather disagreeable. A fellow might, under an impulse, blurt out something to you."

"Better not."

"No, I should think not."

A long pause followed this. At last the now wide-awake lodger asked abruptly:

"Did you notice my hat on the floor?"

"I believe I did."

"If you walk, you know, I'd rather you would not step in it."

"I'll bear that in mind."

After another pause he again asked:

Did you notice that door on the left?"

"I saw a door on my left."

"Well, if you walk, I'd advise you not to go out there. It opens on a porch, only the porch hasn't been built, and it's twenty feet down into the stable-yard."

"I don't believe I shall walk out of that door."

"Don't think I would if I walked much."

I supposed my inquisitive friend was dropping into a sleep, when he again broke out:

"I say, did you really brain a man with a dog-iron?"

"I tried pretty hard."

Then came in a silence that was not broken. After a little while I heard my bedfellow creeping softly from the other side of the bed. I could hear him feeling about for

his hat and his clothes. Then I had the satisfaction of knowing that the door had closed softly on my retreating tormentor. I rolled over and slept the sleep of innocence.

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, I found an old friend seated at the table. We had not met for years. After a cordial greeting, I said:

“Are you stopping here?”

“I have been trying. But I am nearly dead. I slept on a bench in the bar-room, amid a lot of drunken brutes who sang ‘Bingo’ for wagers of drink all night.”

“Could you get no bed?”

“Yes. I had a double bed to myself when that stupid ass of a landlord sent up a crazy fellow, who walked and struck out with dog-irons.”

“Good heavens, Gillipsy, was that you?”

“And, D., you don’t mean to say that you served me that infernal trick!”

It was a case that called for diplomatic explanation.

HEROES OF GREECE.—BYRON.

They fell devoted, but undying;
 The very gale their names seemed sighing;
 The waters murmured of their name;
 The woods were peopled with their fame;
 The silent pillar, lone and gray,
 Claimed kindred with their sacred clay;
 Their spirits wrapped the dusky mountain;
 Their memory sparkled o’er the fountain;—
 The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
 Rolled mingling with their fame forever.

Despite of every yoke she bears,
 That land is glory’s still and theirs!
 ’Tis still a watchword to the earth:—
 When man would do a deed of worth,
 He points to Greece, and turns to tread,
 So sanctioned, on the tyrant’s head:
 He looks to her, and rushes on
 Where life is lost, or freedom won.

THE IDIOT BOY.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned
A thing of idiot mind,
Yet to the poor, unreasoning boy
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was everything to him
Who knew no hope or fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half-articulate call,
For he was everything to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick—and died.

He tried in vain to waken her,
He called her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead,—the word
To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
Whilst he stood wondering by,
And when they bore her to the grave,
He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
And sung the funeral stave,
And when the mournful train dispersed,
He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer
Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave,
And not a word was said.

They came and went and came again,
And night at last drew on;
Yet still he lingered at the place
Till every one had gone.

And when he found himself alone
 He quick removed the clay,
 And raised the coffin in his arms
 And bore it swift away

Straight went he to his mother's cot
 And laid it on the floor,
 And with the eagerness of joy,
 He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse
 Upright within her chair,
 And then he heaped the hearth and blew,
 The kindling fire with care.

She was now in her wonted chair,—
 It was her wonted place,—
 And bright the fire blazed and flashed,
 Reflected from her face.

Then, bending down, he'd feel her hands,
 Anon her face behold;
 "Why, mother, do you look so pale,
 And why are you so cold?"

And when the neighbors on next morn
 Had forced the cottage door,
 Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,
 And Ned's was on the floor.

It had pleased God from this poor boy
 His only friend to call;
 Yet God was not unkind to him,
 For *death* restored him ALL.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—S. OLIN.

Some one asked the Duke of Wellington what his secret was for winning battles. And he said that he had no secret, that he did not know how to win battles, and that no man knew. For all, he said, that man could do was to look beforehand steadily at all the chances, and lay all possible plans beforehand; but from the moment the battle began, he said, no mortal prudence was of use, and no mortal man could know what the end would be. A thousand new acci-

dents might spring up every hour, and scatter all his plans to the winds; and all that man could do was to comfort himself with the thought that he had done his best, and to trust in God.

Now, my friends, learn a lesson from this, a lesson for the battle of life, which every one of us has to fight from our cradle to our grave—the battle against misery, poverty, misfortune, sickness—the battle against worse enemies even than they—the battle against our own weak hearts and the sins which so easily beset us; against laziness, dishonesty, profligacy, bad tempers, hard-heartedness, deserved disgrace, the contempt of our neighbors, and just punishment from Almighty God. Take a lesson, I say, from the great duke for the battle of life. Be not fretful and anxious about the morrow. Face things like men; count the chances like men; lay your plans like men; but remember, like men, that a fresh chance may any moment spoil all your plans; remember that there are a thousand dangers round you from which your prudence cannot save you. Do your best, and then, like the great duke, comfort yourselves with the *thought* that you have done your best, and, like him, trust in God. Remember that God is really and in very truth your Father, and that without him not a sparrow falls to the ground; and are ye not of more value than many sparrows, O ye of little faith?

Remember that he knows what you have need of before you ask him; that he gives you all day long, of his own free generosity, a thousand things for which you never dream of asking him; and believe that in all the chances and changes of this life, in bad luck as well as in good, in failure as well as success, in poverty as well as wealth, in sickness as well as health, he is giving you and me and all mankind good gifts, which we in our ignorance, and our natural dread of what is unpleasant, should never dream of asking him for, but which are good for us nevertheless—like him from whom they come, the Father of light, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who is neither neglectful, capricious, nor spiteful, for in him is neither variableness nor shadow of turning, but who is always loving unto every man, and his mercy is over all his works.

AN UNFORTUNATE LIKENESS.—W. S. GILBERT.

I've painted Shakspeare all my life,—
 "An infant," (even then at play!)
 "A boy," with stage-ambition rife,
 Then "Married to Ann Hathaway."

"The bard's first ticket night," (or "ben.")
 His "First appearance on the stage,"
 His "Call before the curtain,"—then
 "Rejoicings when he came of age."

The bard play-writing in his room,
 The bard a humble lawyer's clerk,
 The bard a lawyer—parson—groom—
 The bard deer-stealing after dark.

The bard a tradesman—and a Jew—
 The bard a botanist—a beak—
 The bard a skilled musician too—
 A sheriff and a surgeon eke!

Yet critics say (a friendly stock)
 That, though it's evident I try,
 Yet even I can barely mock
 The glimmer of his wondrous eye!

One morning, as a work I framed,
 There passed a person, walking hard:
 "My gracious goodness," I exclaimed,
 "How very like my dear old bard!

"Oh! what a model he would make!"
 I rushed outside—impulsive me!—
 "Forgive the liberty I take,
 But you're so very—" "Stop!" said he,

"You needn't waste your breath or time,—
 I know what you are going to say,—
 That you're an artist, and that I'm
 Remarkably like Shakspeare. Eh?"

"You wish that I would sit to you?"
 I clasped him madly round the waist,
 And breathlessly replied, "I do!"
 "All right," said he, "but please make haste."

I led him by his hallowed sleeve,
 And worked away at him apace,
 I painted him till dewy eve,—
 There never was a nobler face!

"Oh, sir," I said, "a fortune grand
 Is yours, by dint of merest chance,—
 To sport *his* brow at second-hand,
 To wear *his* cast-off countenance!

"To rub *his* eyes whene'er they ache—
 To wear *his* baldness ere you're old—
 To clean *his* teeth when you awake—
 To blow *his* nose when you've a cold!"

His eyeballs glistened in his eyes—
 I sat and watched and smoked my pipe;
 "Bravo!" I said, "I recognize
 The phrensy of your prototype!"

His scanty hair he wildly tore:
 "That's right," said I, "it shows your breed."
 He danced—he stamped—he wildly swore—
 "Bless me, that's very fine indeed!"

"Sir," said the grand Shaksperian boy,
 (Continuing to blaze away,)
 "You think my face a source of joy;
 That shows you know not what you say."

"Forgive these yells and cellar-flaps:
 I'm always thrown in some such state
 When on his face well-meaning chaps
 This wretched man congratulate."

"For oh! this face—this pointed chin—
 This nose—this brow—these eyeballs too,
 Have always been the origin
 Of all the woes I ever knew!"

"If to the play my way I find,
 To see a grand Shaksperian piece,
 I have no rest, no ease of mind
 Until the author's puppets cease!"

"Men nudge each other—thus—and say,
 'This certainly is Shakspeare's son,'
 And merry wags (of course in play)
 Cry 'Author!' when the piece is done."

"In church the people stare at me,
 Their soul the sermon never binds;
 I catch them looking round to see,—
 And thoughts of Shakspeare fill their minds.

"And sculptors, fraught with cunning wile,
 Who find it difficult to crown
 A bust with Brown's insipid smile,
 Or Tomkins's unmannered frown,

"Yet boldly make my face their own,
 When (oh, presumption!) they require
 To animate a paving-stone
 With Shakspeare's intellectual fire.

"At parties where young ladies gaze,
 And I attempt to speak my joy,
 'Hush, pray,' some lovely creature says,
 'The fond illusion don't destroy!'

"Whene'er I speak my soul is wrung
 With these or some such whisperings:
 "'Tis pity that a Shakspeare's tongue
 Should say such un-Shaksperian things!'

"I should not thus be criticised
 Had I a face of common wont:
 Don't envy me—now, be advised!"
 And, now I think of it, I don't.

A KISS AT THE DOOR.

We were standing in the doorway,
 My little wife and I:
 The golden sun upon her hair
 Fell down so silently;
 A small white hand upon my arm,—
 What could I ask for more
 Than the kindly glance of loving eyes,
 As she kissed me at the door?

I know she loves with all her heart
 The one who stands beside,
 And the years have been so joyous,
 Since first I called her bride;

We've had so much of happiness
 Since we met in years before,
 But the happiest time of all was when
 She kissed me at the door.

Who cares for wealth of land or gold,
 For fame or matchless power?
 It does not give the happiness
 Of just one little hour
 With one who loves me as her life—
 She says she loves me more—
 And I thought she did this morning,
 When she kissed me at the door.

At times it seems that all the world,
 With all its wealth of gold,
 Is very small and poor indeed,
 Compared with what I hold;
 And when the clouds hang grim and dark,
 I only think the more
 Of one who waits the coming step
 To kiss me at the door.

If she lives till age shall scatter
 Its frost upon her head,
 I know she'll love me just the same
 As the morning we were wed;
 But if the angels call her,
 And she goes to heaven before,
 I shall know her when I meet her,—
 For she'll kiss me at the door.

MY CREED.—ALICE CARY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
 Where charity is seen; that when
 We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
 Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
 A selfish scheme, a vain pretence;
 Where centre is not, can there be
 Circumference?

This I moreover hold, and dare
 Affirm where'er my rhyme may go,—
 Whatever things be sweet or fair,
 Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
 That charm to rest the nursing bird,
 Or that sweet confidence of sighs
 And blushes, made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
 Of softly sumptuous garden bowers,
 Or by some cabin door, a bush
 Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
 Nor stubborn fasts, nor stated prayers,
 That make us saints; we judge the tree
 By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
 From works, on theologic trust,
 I know the blood about his heart
 Is dry as dust.

“ROCK OF AGES.”

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,”
 Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;
 Fell the words unconsciously
 From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
 Sang as little children sing;
 Sang as sing the birds in June;
 Fell the words like light leaves down
 On the current of the tune—
 “Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Let me hide myself in Thee,”—
 Felt her soul no need to hide—
 Sweet the song as song could be,
 And she had no thought beside;
 All the words unheedingly
 Fell from lips untouched by care,

Dreaming not that they might be
 On some other lips a prayer—
 “Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,”—
 ’Twas a woman sung them now,
 Pleadingly and prayerfully,
 Every word her heart did know.
 Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
 Beats with weary wing the air,
 Every note with sorrow stirred,
 Every syllable a prayer—
 “Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.”

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,”—
 Lips grown aged sung the hymn
 Trustingly and tenderly,
 Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim—
 “Let me hide myself in Thee,”
 Trembling though the voice and low,
 Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
 Like a river in its flow ;
 Sang as only they can sing
 Who life’s thorny path have prest ;
 Sang as only they can sing
 Who behold the promised rest—
 “Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.”

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,”—
 Sung above a coffin lid ;—
 Underneath, all restfully,
 All life’s joys and sorrows hid ;
 Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul !
 Nevermore from wind or tide,
 Nevermore from billow’s roll
 Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
 Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
 Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
 Could the mute and stiffened lips
 Move again in pleading prayer,
 Still, aye, still, the words would be,—
 “Let me hide myself in Thee.”

LORD DUNDREARY AT BRIGHTON,

AND THE RIDDLE HE MADE THERE.

One of the many popular delusions respecting the British swell is the supposition that he leads an independent life,—goes to bed when he likes, gets up when he likes, d-dwesses how he likes, and dines when he pleases.

The public are grossly deceived on this point. A weal swell is as m-much under athrowity as a p-poor devil of a pwivate in the marines, a clerk in a government office, or a f-fourth-form boy at Eton. Now I come under the demon—demonima—(no,—thtop,—what is the word?)—dom—denom—d-denomination,—that'th it—I come under the denomination of a swell—(in—in fact—a *howwid* swell—some of my friends call me, but *that'th* only their flattewy,) and I assure you a f-fellah in that capacity is so much westwained by rules of f-fashion, that he can scarcely call his eye-glath his own. A swell, I take it, is a fellah who t-takes care that he swells as well as swells who swell as well as he, (there's thuch a lot of thwelling in that thentence,—ha, ha!—it's what you might c-call a busting definition). What I mean is, that a f-fellah is obliged to do certain things at certain times of the year, whether he likes 'em or no. For instance, in the season I've got to go to a lot of balls and dwums and tea-fights in town that I don't care a bit about, and to show myself in the Park wegularly ewevy afternoon; and latht month I had to vicimize mythelf down in the countwy,—shooting (a bwutal sort of amusement, by the way). Well, about the end of October ewevy one goes to Bwighton, n-no one knowth why,—that'th the betht of it,—and so I had to go too,—that'th the wortht of it,—ha, ha!

Not that it's such a b-bad place after all,—I d-dare say if I hadn't *had* to go I should have gone all the same, for what is a f-fellah to do who ithn't much of a sportsman just about this time? There'th n-nothing particular going on in London. Ewevything is b-beathly dull; so I thought I would just run down on the Southeastern Railway to be—ha, ha!

—Bwightoned up a bit. (Come, th-that's not bad for an im-promptu!)

B-Bwighton was invented in the year 1784, by his Woyal Highness George P-Pwince of Wales,—the author of the shoe-buckle, the stand-up collar (a b-beathly inconvenient and cut-throat thort of a machine), and a lot of other exth-ploded things. He built the Pavilion down there, which looks like a lot of petrified onions from Bwobdignag clapped down upon a guard-house. There'th a jolly sort of garden attached to the building, in which the b-band plays twice a week, and ewevy one turns in there about four o'clock, so I went too (not *two* o'clock, you know, but f-four o'clock. I-I'm vevy fond of m-martial music, mythelf. I like the dwums, and the t-twombones, and the ophicleides, and all those sort of inthtwuments,—yeth, ethpethelly the bwass ones,—they're so vevy exthpiring, they are. Thtop though, ith it exthpiring or *p-perthpiring*?—n-neither of 'em sound quite right. Oh! I have it now, it—it's *inthpiring*,—that'th what it is, because the f-fellahs *bweathe into them*!

That weminds me of a widdle I made down there (I—I've taken to widdles lately, and weally it'th a vevy harmleth thort of a way of getting ththrough the morning, and it amuthes two f-fellahs at onth, because if—if you athk a fellah a widdle, and he can't guess it, you can have a jolly good laugh at *him*, and—if he—if he *doth* guess it, he—I mean you—no—that is the widdle—stop, I—I'm getting confuthed,—where wath I? Oh! I know. If—if he *doth* guess it however, it ithn't vevy likely he would—so what's the good of thupposing impwobabilities?) Well, thith was the widdle I made,—I thed to Sloper (Sloper's a fwriend of mine,—a vevy good thort of fellah Sloper is,—I d-don't know exactly what his pwofession would be called, but hith uncle got him into a b-berth where he gets f-five hundred a year, f-for doing nothing—s-somewhere—I forget where—but I—I know he does it),—I said to Sloper, “Why is that f-fellah with the b-bassoon l-like his own instrument?” and Sloper said, “How—how the dooth should I know?” (Ha, ha!—I thought he'd give it up!) So I said to Sloper, “Why, b-because they both get *blown—in time!*” You thee the joke, of course, but I don't think Sloper did, thomehow; all he thed

was, "V-vevy mild, Dundreary,"—and t-tho—it was mild—thertainly, *f-for October*, but I d-don't thee why a f-fellah should go making wemarks about the weather instead of laughing at m-my widdle.

In this pwomenade that I was speaking of, you see such a lot of thtunning girls ewevy afternoon,—dwessed twemen-dous swells, and looking like—yes, by Jove! l-like angels in cwinoline,—there'th no other word for it. There are two or thwee always *will* l-laugh, somehow, when I meet them,—they do now *weally*. I—I almost fancy they wegard me with intewest. I mutht athk Sloper if he can get me an introduction. Who knowth? pwaps I might make an impwes-sion,—I'll twy,—I—I've got a little converthational power,—and *theveral* new wethcoats.

Bwighton is filling fast now. You see dwoves of ladies ewevy day on horseback, widing about in all diwections. By the way, I—I muthn't forget to mention that I met those two girls that always laugh when they thee me, at a tea-fight. One of 'em—the young one—told me, when I was intwo-duced to her,—in—in confidence, mind,—that she had often heard of me and of my *widdles*. Tho you thee I'm getting quite a weputathun that way. The other morning, at Mut-ton's, she wath ch-chaffing me again, and begging me to tell her the latetht thing in widdles. Now, I hadn't heard any mythelf for thome time, tho I couldn't give her any *vevy* great novelty, but a fwiend of mine made one latht theason which I thought wather neat, tho I athked her, When ith a jar not a jar? Thingularly enough, the moment she heard thith widdle she burtlht out laughing behind her pocket-handkerchief!

"Good gwacious! what'th the matter?" said I. "Have you ever heard it before?"

"Never," she said emphatically, "in that form; do, *please* tell me the answer."

So I told her,—When it ith a door! Upon which she—she went off again into hystewics. I—I—I never *did* see such a girl for laughing. I know it's a good widdle, but I didn't think it would have such an effect as *that*.

By the way, Sloper told me afterwards that he thought *he* had heard the widdle before, somewhere, but it was put in a

different way. He said it was: When ith a door not a doorf
—and the answer, When it ith ajar!

I—I've been thinking over the matter lately, and though
I dare thay it—d-don't much matter which way the question
is put, still—pwaps the last f-form is the betht. It—it seems
to me to *wead* better. What do you think?

Now I weckomember, I made thuch a jolly widdle the
other day on the Ethplanade. I thaw a fellah with a big
New—Newfoundland dog, and he inthpired me—the dog, you
know, not the fellah,—he wath a lunatic. I'm keeping the
widdle, but I don't mind telling *you*.

Why does a dog waggle hith tail? Give it up? I think
moht fellahs will give that up!

You thee, the dog waggles hith tail becauth the dog's
stwonger than the tail. If he wathn't, the tail would waggle
the dog!

Ye-eth,—that'th what I call a widdle. If I can only wec-
ollect him, I thall athtonish those two girls thome of these
days.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE.—ELIZABETH LLOYD

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
I murmur not that I no longer see;—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

O merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
 I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
 My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
 Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
 This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
 Beneath it I am almost sacred,—here
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
 Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
 Wrapped in the radiance of Thy sinless land
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,—
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
 From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
 Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,—
 When heaven is ripening on my sightless eyes,
 When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
 That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
 My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought
 Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
 Lit by no skill of mine.

THE CID AND BAVIECA.

The king looked on him kindly, as on a vassal true;
 Then to the king Ruy Diaz spake, after reverence due,
 "O king! the thing is shameful, that any man beside
 The liege lord of Castile himself, should Bavioca ride:

"For neither Spain nor Araby could another charger bring
 So good as he, and certes, the best befits my king.
 But, that you may behold him, and know him to the core,
 I'll make him go as he was wont when his nostrils smelt the
 Moor."

With that the Cid, clad as he was, in mantle furred and wide,
 On Bavioca vaulting, put the rowel in his side;
 And up and down, and round and round, so fierce was his
 career,
 Streamed like a pennon on the wind, Ruy Diaz' minivere.

And all that saw them praised them,—they lauded man and
 horse,
 As matchéd well, and rivals for gallantry and force;
 Ne'er had they looked on horseman might to this knight
 come near,
 Nor on other charger worthy of such a cavalier.

Thus, to and fro a-rushing, the fierce and furious steed,
 He snapped in twain his nether rein:—"God pity now the
 Cid!—
 God pity Diaz!" cried the lords,—but when they looked
 again,
 They saw Ruy Diaz ruling him with the fragment of his rein;
 They saw him proudly ruling with gesture firm and calm,
 Like a true lord commanding, and obeyed as by a lamb.

And so he led him foaming and panting to the king,
 But, "No," said Don Alphonso, it were a shameful thing,
 That peerless Bavioca should ever be bestrid
 By any mortal but Bivar,—mount, mount again, my Cid!"

SOCKS FOR JOHN RANDALL.—Mrs. P. H. PHELPS.

It was a matter of talk that Widow Randall knit so many socks for the soldiers. She was a poor woman, and had little to do with; but she must have spent a great deal of money for yarn, buying so much of the best at war prices. Knitting seemed almost a mania with her. She was sometimes seen knitting before breakfast. No sooner was her housework done, than out came her knitting, and her needles flew, click, click, click, faster even than they did when her fingers were young and supple; while her pale, sad face bending above them made one almost weep to look at her. She was one of those who do not weep, but who ever carry a full fountain of tears sealed up within them.

Not a box in all the country near was sent to the soldiers

that did not contain a pair of Widow Randall's socks; and box after box from the Sanitary Commission carried her contributions. Always welcome,—so soft, so warm, so nice were her socks. The appreciative could not help unrolling them, feeling their softness and speaking their praise; and always carefully stitched within them they found a letter. Sometimes it was only, "To my dear son, John Randall, from his ever-loving mother;" sometimes it told of her love, and hope, and earnest prayer; sometimes it implored him to write to her, and tell her that he lived, and tell her of his welfare if he lived.

How many soldiers were blessed through her love for one! How many felt a glow of thanks as they drew her comforting socks over their benumbed feet, and dropped a tear upon her tender letter to the son who might then be perishing uncared for, unknowing how a mother's love had sought for him, prayed for him, unceasingly.

A pair of "socks for John Randall" once fell into the hands of a poor motherless English boy. His lone, yearning, orphan heart responded to the maternal tenderness which he had missed and mourned for in his own life; and with the instincts of a son, he wrote the widowed mother a letter of love and thanks in the name of all the absent and wandering sons, and sent her gold, and offered to be her son, if God had bereaved her of her own.

A pair of "John Randall's socks" worked their way into a Kentucky regiment at the west. There a rough, hard old soldier got possession of them, and found the note within them, and read it aloud to the silent group around him. In that group was a lone youth who had come a stranger into the regiment, and who never spoke of his home or friends. No one listened to the note so intently as he, and it was strange to see how his color came and went as he listened. Then the tears rolled fast down his cheeks.

"Give me the letter," he said; "it is from my mother. The letter and the socks are mine."—"Yours! is your name John Randall?"—"Yes." A hearty laugh. "Randall! You can't come that game so easy, Boy George."

"Boy George," as the youth was familiarly called, colored deeper than before, but persisted. "My real name is John

Randall, and the letter and socks are mine." "Yours when you get 'em, and not much before," answered the man who had them. "If you've changed your name once, you may change it a dozen times, but that won't give you my socks."

"Boy George" said no more about the socks, but again asked for and received the letter. He sought a quiet place and read it, and read it again. "My dearest son, dearest beyond all expression, if you are still living, write to me and tell me so; if you love me still, be a good boy, and try to meet me in heaven."

This was all; but it was enough for the heart of that un-dutiful and suffering son. Wild and adventurous, and failing to obtain his mother's consent, he had gone to the war without it, changing his name, and enlisting in a regiment of a distant State. He had taken care that none of his early friends should know where he was, and he knew little of them. He had in some way heard that his mother was dead, and he feared that his own misconduct had broken her heart.

Thank God that in his mercy this bitterness was spared from his cup! His mother still lived, still loved him as of old. He would write to her, would tell her all, all his sins, his sorrows,—would ask her forgiveness, her blessing. He kissed his mother's letter, read it again, and then lifted up his heart to God, the first time for long years.

He sought the soldier to whom had fallen his mother's socks, offering his own and money for them. "Then it was your mother that knit them, was it?" questioned the rough soldier when he heard the strong desire of "Boy George" to obtain them. "Well, you shall have them: give me your duds, and take them."

How precious those socks seemed to him! Every stitch wrought by his mother's kind hand; and with every stitch a sigh heaved or a prayer breathed. He seemed to hear the sighs and prayers; he held the socks in his hand, and dropped tear after tear upon them, until his heart was moved, and so softened, that he fell upon his knees, as he had not done since he was a child, and prayed, "*God forgive me!*"

It was broad daylight, and no work to be done in the house, when Widow Randall dropped her knitting-work just

as she was binding off the heel, never taking care to fasten her needles,—and letting her ball roll on the floor. One of her neighbors had brought her a letter which he said “had come from the war,” and he “mistrusted that it might be from John, or might tell something about him.” No wonder, then that the mother dropped her needles quickly and forgot her ball. News from John! John alive!

She read, “Dear Mother—How shall I write you! I am alive, but I shall never see you again, never hear you speak my forgiveness. I am mortally wounded, and have not long to live. The socks with your note in them came just before the battle. They broke me all up, and sent me to my knees before God. Bless you, mother, that you never forgot me, never forgot to pray for me; and it is your prayers that have led me to pray at last. How I have mourned for you, mother! I heard you were dead, and feared it was my unkindness that caused your death. May God and you both forgive your repentant and dying son.”

The full fountain so long sealed is at last opened. The eyes that have not wept for many a year weep now. Joy, grief, which is uppermost? Which is strongest? Widow Randall knows that she is childless, but she knows that her son died repentant and prayerful. She knows, too, that her labor has not been in vain in the Lord; not in vain the bread cast on the wide waters; not in vain her hope, and patience, and prayer. Never, never is prayer in vain when prompted by love, and winged by faith.

JOHN GILPIN.—COWPER.

John Gilpin was a citizen of credit and renown;
 A train-band captain eke was he, of famous London town.
 John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, “Though wedded we
 have been
 These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.

“To-morrow is our wedding-day, and we shall then repair
 Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child, myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride on horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire, of womankind, but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear, therefore it shall be done.
I am a linen-draper bold, as all the world doth know;
And my good friend, the calender, will lend his horse to
go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said; and, for that wine is
dear.

We will be furnished with our own, which is both bright
and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife; o'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought, but yet was not
allowed

To drive up to the door, lest all should say that she was
proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed, where they did all
get in,—

Six precious souls,—and all agog to dash through thick and
thin!

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels; were never
folks so glad;

The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad.
John Gilpin, at his horse's side, seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride, but soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he, his journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw three customers come
in.

So down he came; for loss of time, although it grieved him
sore,

Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would trouble him
much more.

'Twas long before the customers were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs, "The wine is left
behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; yet bring it me, my leathern belt
likewise,

In which I wear my trusty sword, when I do exercise.

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!) had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved, and keep it safe and sound,

Each bottle had a curling ear, through which the belt he
drew ;
And hung a bottle on each side, to make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, he manfully did
throw.

Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good
heed :

But finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his
seat.

"So! fair and softly!" John he cried ; but John he cried in
vain ;

The trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must, who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with all
his might.

His horse, who never in that sort had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got, did wonder more and
more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught ; away went hat and wig :
He little dreamed, when he set out, of running such a rig.
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly, like streamer long and
gay,
Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side, as hath been said or sung.
The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the win-
dows all,
And every soul cried out "Well done!" as loud as he could
bawl.

Away went Gilpin, who but he! his fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! He rides a race! 'Tis for a thousand
pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down his reeking head full
low,
The bottles twain, behind his back, were shattered at a
blow.

Down ran the wine into the road, most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke, as they had basted
been.

But still he seemed to carry weight, with leather girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks still dangling at his waist.
Thus all through merry Islington these gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about on both sides of the
way,
Just like unto a trundling-mop, or a wild goose at play.
At Edmonton his loving wife, from the balcony, spied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did
ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house!" they all aloud
did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired!" Said Gilpin, "So
am I!"
But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house, full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew, shot by an archer strong,
So did he fly—which brings me to the middle of my song.
Away went Gilpin, out of breath, and sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's his horse at last stood
still.

The calender, amazed to see his friend in such a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him:
"What news? What news? Your tidings tell! Tell me you
must and shall!
Say, why bare-headed you are come? or why you come at
all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender, in merry guise, he spoke;
"I came because your horse would come; and, if I well fore-
bode,
My hat and wig will soon be here; they are upon the road!"

The calender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word, but to the house went in;
Whence straight he came with hat and wig,—a wig that
flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,—each comely in its
kind.

He held them up, and in his turn thus showed his ready wit,—
 “My head is twice as big as yours: they, therefore, needs must fit.
 But let me scrape the dirt away that hangs upon your face;
 And stop and eat, for well you may be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day, and all the world would stare
 If wife should dine at Edmonton and I should dine at Ware.”
 So, turning to his horse, he said, “I am in haste to dine:
 ’Twas for your pleasure you came here; you shall go back for mine.”

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast! for which he paid full dear;
 For while he spake a braying ass did sing most loud and clear;
 Whereat his horse did snort as he had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin’s hat and wig:
 He lost them sooner than at first;—for why?—they were too big.
 Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting down
 Into the country far away, she pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said, that drove them to the Bell,
 “This shall be yours when you bring back my husband safe and well.”
 The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back again,
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop, by catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant, and gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more, and made him faster run.
 Away went Gilpin, and away went postboy at his heels;
 The postboy’s horse right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! Stop thief!—a highwayman!"—not one of them
 was mute,
 And all and each that passed that way did join in the pur-
 suit.

And now the turnpike gates again flew open in short space,
 The tollmen thinking, as before, that Gilpin rode a race.
 And so he did, and won it too, for he got first to town,
 Nor stopped till where he had got up he did again get down.

Now let us sing "long live the king," and Gilpin, long live
 he,
 And when he next doth ride abroad may I be there to see.

THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.—J. G. PERCIVAL.

Here rest the great and good. Here they repose
 After their generous toil. A sacred band,
 They take their sleep together, while the year
 Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
 And gathers them again, as Winter frowns.
 Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre—green sods
 Are all their monument, and yet it tells
 A nobler history than pillared piles,
 Or the eternal pyramids.

They need

No statue nor inscription to reveal
 Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
 With which their children tread the hallowed ground
 That holds their venerated bones, the peace
 That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
 That clothes the land they rescued—these, though mute
 As feeling ever is when deepest—these
 Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
 Reared to the kings and demigods of old.

Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
 Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
 There is a solemn darkness even at noon,
 Suited to such as visit at the shrine
 Of serious Liberty. No factious voice
 Called them unto the field of generous fame,
 But the pure consecrated love of home.
 No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes

In all its greatness. It has told itself
 To the astonished gaze of awe-struck kings,
 At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
 Where first our patriots sent the invader back
 Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
 To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.

Their feelings were all nature, and they need
 No art to make them known. They live in us,
 While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
 Worshiping nothing but our own pure hearts,
 And the one universal Lord. They need
 No column pointing to the heaven they sought
 To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
 Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
 And there alone reposes.

Let these elms
 Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
 And build with their green roof the only fane,
 Where we may gather on the hallowed day
 That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
 Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
 Give not a sound, and all around is mute
 In the deep Sabbath of a heart too full
 For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
 With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
 An offering of the plenty Nature gives,
 And they have rendered ours—perpetually.

DICKENS IN CAMP.—BRET HARTE.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
 The river sang below ;
 The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
 Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
 The ruddy tints of health
 On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
 In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
 To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
 And as the firelight fell,
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
 Was youngest of them all,—
 But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,
 While the whole camp, with "Nell," on English meadows
 Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
 As by some spell divine—
 Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
 From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
 And he who wrought that spell?—
 Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
 Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
 Blend with the breath that thrills
 With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
 That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
 And laurel wreaths intwine,
 Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—
 This spray of Western pine.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE.—HENRY ABBEY.

There lived in France, in days not long now dead,
 A farmer's sons, twin brothers, like in face;
 And one was taken in the other's stead
 For a small theft, and sentenced in disgrace
 To serve for years a hated galley-slave,
 Yet said no word his prized good name to save.

Trusting remoter days would be more blessed,
 He set his will to wear the verdict out,
 And knew most men are prisoners at best
 Who some strong habit ever drag about,
 Like chain and ball; then meekly prayed that he
 Rather the prisoner he was should be.

But best resolves are of such feeble thread,
 They may be broken in Temptation's hands.
 After long toil the guiltless prisoner said:
 "Why should I thus, and feel life's precious sands
 The narrow of my glass, the present, run,
 For a poor crime that I have never done?"

Such questions are like cups, and hold reply;
 For when the chance swung wide the prisoner fled,
 And gained the country road, and hastened by
 Brown furrowed fields and skipping brooklets fed
 By shepherd clouds, and felt 'neath sapful trees,
 The soft hand of the mesmerizing breeze.

Then, all that long day having eaten naught,
 He at a cottage stopped, and of the wife
 A brimming bowl of fragrant milk besought.
 She gave it him; but as he quaffed the life,
 Down her kind face he saw a single tear
 Pursue its wet and sorrowful career.

Within the cot he now beheld a man
 And maiden also weeping. "Speak," said he,
 And tell me of your grief; for if I can,
 I will disroot the sad tear-fruited tree."
 The cotter answered: "In default of rent
 We shall to-morrow from this roof be sent."

Then said the galley-slave: "Whoso returns
 A prisoner escaped may feel the spur
 To a right action, and deserves and earns
 Proffered reward. I am a prisoner!
 Bind these my arms, and drive me back my way,
 That your reward the price of home may pay."

Against his wish the cotter gave consent,
 And at the prison-gate received his fee,
 Though some made it a thing for wonderment
 That one so sickly and infirm as he,
 When stronger would have dared not to attack,
 Could capture this bold youth and bring him back.

Straightway the cotter to the mayor hied
 And told him all the story, and that lord
 Was much affected, dropping gold beside
 The pursed sufficient silver of reward;
 Then wrote his letter in authority,
 Asking to set the noble prisoner free.

There is no nobler, better life on earth
 Than that of conscious, meek self-sacrifice.
 Such life our Saviour, in his lowly birth
 And holy work, made his sublime disguise,
 Teaching this truth, still rarely understood:
 'Tis sweet to suffer for another's good.

SPEECH BY OBADIAH PARTINGTON SWIPES.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—We have met here to investigate the ethereal contaminations of this terraqueous government of the firmament below. We may elucidate the praises of the invisible Scott, who has fought with wise and deleterious conflagration over the plains of Mexico, through Behring's straits to Hudson's bay. And let me tell you, that the names of the invincible Modoc, and the oleaginous Chinaman, shall travel down to receding generations, gloriously enrolled on the records of perpetuity and glory. Yes, they shall live on, and shine on, when the Columbian principles of Hale and Julien shall be disembogued into the unforgotten regions of ambiguous fame.

But I have been accused of going for the sub-treasury and the "back pay" bill. Now, that's a whopper! and I am prepared to come down upon that base calumniator of innocence and beauty, like a thousand of brick! I'll hurl at him the gauntlet of egotism and pomposity, through the innumerable regions of Mozambique and Santa Fé de Bogota; and rush down on him like an avalanche on the plains of De Laplata, before I'll stand the charge! The sub-treasury means to watch the money. Now I say one man is enough to watch our money. I had rather have one man to watch my money, my life, and my country, too, than to have a

thousand, because Homer, the greatest poet that ever flourished in umbrageous England, says, in beautiful ambidexter, Latin verse—

“He that steals my purse, steals trash.”

But about our eternal improvements. What, in the name of the invisible Jackson, do we want to make so many railroads and canals for? What do we want any more water for in these United States? We have got water enough. The water in canals ain't good for nothing but to float boats in, the best way you can fix it. They want to go on making railroads and canals, until our country shall equal in magnanimity the great and philosophic Pacific ocean.

And now, to conclude, fellow-citizens, let me tell you that the memory of the whig and democratic democracy of our great republican constitution, shall be hung upon a star and shine forever in odoriferous amalgamation in the terraqueous firmament on high, in one eternal bustification!

OLD CHUMS.—ALICE CARY.

Is it you, Jack? Old boy, is it really you?
 I shouldn't have known you but that I was told
 You might be expected;—pray, how do you do?
 But what, under heaven, has made you so old?

Your hair! why, you've only a little gray fuzz!
 And your beard's white! but that can be beautifully dyed;
 And your legs aren't but just half as long as they was;
 And then—stars and garters! your vest is so wide!

Is this your hand? Lord, how I envied you that
 In the time of our courting,—so soft, and so small,
 And now it is callous inside, and so fat,—
 Well, you beat the very old deuce, that is all.

Turn round! let me look at you! isn't it odd,
 How strange in a few years a fellow's chum grows!
 Your eye is shrunk up like a bean in a pod,
 And what are these lines branching out from your nose?

Your back has gone up and your shoulders gone down,
And all the old roses are under the plough;
Why, Jack, if we'd happened to meet about town,
I wouldn't have known you from Adam, I vow!

You've had trouble, have you? I'm sorry; but, John,
All trouble sits lightly at your time of life.
How's Billy, my namesake? You don't say he's gone
To the war, John, and that you have buried your wife?

Poor Katherine! so she has left you,—ah me!
I thought she would live to be fifty, or more.
What is it you tell me? She *was* fifty-three!
Oh no, Jack! she wasn't so much by a score!

Well, there's little Katy,—was that her name, John?
She'll rule your house one of these days like a queen.
That baby! good Lord! is she married and gone?
With a Jack ten years old! and a Katy fourteen!

Then I give it up! Why, you're younger than I
By ten or twelve years, and to think you've come back
A sober old graybeard, just ready to die!
I don't understand how it is,—do you, Jack?

I've got all my faculties yet, sound and bright;
Slight failure my eyes are beginning to hint;
But still, with my spectacles on, and a light
'Twixt them and the page, I can read any print.

My hearing *is* dull, and my leg is more spare,
Perhaps, than it was when I beat you at ball;
My breath gives out, too, if I go up a stair,—
But nothing worth mentioning, nothing at all!

My hair is just turning a little, you see,
And lately I've put on a broader-brimmed hat
Than I wore at your wedding, but you will agree,
Old fellow, I look all the better for that.

I'm sometimes a little rheumatic, 'tis true,
And my nose isn't quite on a straight line, they say;
For all that, I don't think I've changed much, do you?
And I don't feel a day older, Jack, not a day.

SOWING AND HARVESTING.

There is nothing more true than that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;" and we have abundant proof, in the every-day experience of life, that "he that soweth iniquity shall reap iniquity;" that "they that plow iniquity, and sow wickedness, shall reap the same;" and that those who have "sown the wind shall reap the whirlwind." And then, again, we have the comforting assurance that if we "be not weary in well-doing, in due season we shall reap, if we faint not;" and that "to him that soweth righteousness shall be a *sure* reward." These are metaphors in which all men are described as husbandmen, sowing the seeds for the harvest, and reaping the fruits thereof.

They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,
 They are sowing their seed in the noonday glare,
 They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,
 They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;
 What shall their *harvest* be?

Some are sowing their seed of pleasant thought;
 In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
 They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
 Where the mosses creep, and the flower-buds swell;
 Rare shall the harvest be!

Some are sowing the seeds of word and deed,
 Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed,
 Of the gentle word and the kindest deed
 That have blessed the heart in its sorest need:
 Sweet shall the harvest be!

And some are sowing the seeds of pain,
 Of late remorse, and in maddened brain;
 And the stars shall fall, and the sun shall wane,
 Ere they root the weeds from the soil again:
 Dark will the harvest be!

And some are standing with idle hand,
 Yet they scatter seeds on their native land;
 And some are sowing the seeds of care,
 Which their soil has borne, and still must bear:
 Sad will the harvest be!

And each, in his way, is sowing the seed
 Of good or of evil, in word or deed:

With a careless hand o'er the earth they sow,
 And the fields are ripening where'er they go;
What shall the harvest be?

Sown in darkness, or sown in light,—
 Sown in weakness, or sown in might,—
 Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,—
 In the broad work-field, or the shadowy path,—
 SURE will the harvest be!

LIFE'S BATTLE.—AN ORATION.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream;
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal.
 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
 Was not spoken of the soul."

The course of things below is not a relentless fate. Man's will is unconquerable, and by it he is maker and lord of his destiny; by it, relying on Eternal Power and his own fiery energies, he can build a monument of greatness reaching to the very heavens; by it, allowing those faculties with which he is so richly endowed, to lie dormant in him, and following the low instincts of nature, he may plunge to the very depths of perdition.

Yet it was never a part of the Divine plan that he should go down in ignorance and guilt to the darkness of eternal night; existence never was given him that he might degrade it; else why these high and holy aspirations,—these longings after immortality,—these shrinkings from that which is unseen and unknown which pervade the soul even when clothed in the habiliments of vice?

"Mighty of heart and mighty of mind," pure as the angels and only a little lower was he when in the morn of creation the beauties of Eden first burst upon his wondering vision, "ere the serpent had accomplished his deadly work and the tree of knowledge yielded its fatal gift." "Mighty of heart and mighty of mind," impure and fallen was he when the

flaming swords of the angel sentries forever barred his approach to the tree of life, "Lest," said the great I AM, "since he has become as one of us to discern good and evil, he put forth his hand and take of its fruit and live forever." In that bitter hour, when the gates of Paradise were closed against him, and the earth became accursed for his sake, when the fiat of Jehovah went forth condemning him to toil and pain and death, whatever else was taken, the privilege of glorifying anew his ruined manhood, of doing noble and true things, and vindicating himself as a God-made man was not denied him.

There is still within him the upspringing of lofty sentiment which contributes to his elevation, and though there are obstacles to be surmounted and difficulties to be vanquished, yet with truth for his watchword, and leaning on his own noble purposes and indefatigable exertions, he may crown his brow with imperishable honors. He may never wear the warrior's crimson wreath, the poet's chaplet of bays, or the statesman's laurels; though no grand universal truth may at his bidding stand confessed to the world,—though it may never be his to bring to a successful issue a great political revolution—to be the founder of a republic whose name shall be a "distinguished star in the constellation of nations,"—yea, more, though his name may never be heard beyond the narrow limits of his own neighborhood, yet is his mission none the less a high and holy one.

In the moral and physical world, not only the field of battle, but also the consecrated cause of truth and virtue calls for champions, and the field for doing good is "white unto the harvest;" and if he enlists in the ranks, and his spirit faints not, he may write his name among the stars of heaven.

Then trust thyself, O man! "Every heart vibrates to that iron string." Accept thy place in the ranks and throw thyself boldly into the battle tumult of the world. The chief of men is he who stands in the van, fronting the peril which frightens all others back.

Set thy ideal standard high; go on from strength to strength, ever upward, onward; aspire to noble acts, heroic work, and true heart-utterance, and thy deeds shall rise up melodiously in a boundless, everlasting Psalm of Triumph!

SONG OF SARATOGA.—JOHN G. SAXE.

“Pray what do they do at the Springs?”
 The question is easy to ask;
 But to answer it fully, my dear,
 Were rather a serious task.
 And yet, in a bantering way,
 As the magpie or mocking-bird sings,
 I'll venture a bit of a song,
 To tell what they do at the Springs.

Imprimis, my darling, they drink
 The waters so sparkling and clear;
 Though the flavor is none of the best,
 And the odor, exceedingly queer;
 But the fluid is mingled, you know,
 With wholesome, medicinal things;
 So they drink, and they drink, and they drink,—
 And that's what they do at the Springs!

Then with appetites keen as a knife,
 They hasten to breakfast, or dine;
 The latter precisely at three,
 The former from seven till nine.
 Ye gods! what a rustle and rush,
 When the eloquent dinner-bell rings!
 Then they eat, and they eat, and they eat,—
 And that's what they do at the Springs!

Now they stroll in the beautiful walks,
 Or loll in the shade of the trees;
 Where many a whisper is heard
 That never is heard by the breeze;
 And hands are commingled with hands,
 Regardless of conjugal rings:
 And they flirt, and they flirt, and they flirt,—
 And that's what they do at the Springs!

The drawing-rooms now are ablaze,
 And music is shrieking away;
 Terpsichore governs the hour,
 And fashion was never so gay!
 An arm round a tapering waist,—
 How closely and fondly it clings!
 So they waltz, and they waltz, and they waltz,—
 And that's what they do at the Springs!

In short,—as it goes in the world,—
 They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
 They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
 They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
 They read, and they ride, and they dance;
 (With other remarkable things:)
 They pray, and they play, and they PAY,—
 And *that's* what they do at the Springs!

AGONY BELLS.—ALLIE WELLINGTON.

It was formerly a custom in the Roman Catholic church to commence a solemn toll of bells,—called "Agony-bells,"—when any one connected with the church was supposed to be dying.

Somebody's dying to-night! Alas!
 Hear ye those agony-bells,
 Solemnly, mournfully break on the air,—
 The saddest of all sad knells;
 From yon high tower they downward float,
 Like a voice from the far-off heaven.
 To some soul, 'tis the last of earth,
 And its tenderest ties are being riven,—
 Somebody's dying!

Is it childhood, lovely and pure,
 Whose spirit is cleaving this midnight air?
 Is it youth, in the flush of hope,
 With its dreams of the future radiant and fair?
 Or is it manhood, strong and brave,
 That's fallen in th' noontide strife?
 Or age bowed down with th' weight of years,—
 Treading the twilight paths of life?
 Somebody's dying!

It may be a mother—a father—a child—
 A sister—a brother—a maiden fair;
 It may be a homeless, friendless one,—
 A stranger, far from love's tender care!
 Whoe'er it be,—was the solemn call
 Welcomed? or greeted with startling fears?
 Was their mission accomplished,—their life-work done?
 Are they *angel-voices* the spirit hears?
 Somebody's dying!

There are *other* deaths,—there are *other* graves,
 Than those spread o'er by the grassy mound;
 There are *other* mourners than sable clad,
 And sepulchres *else* than on earth are found.
 There are souls that to darkness and death go down,
 Whose corridors echo reproachful knells;
 There are friendships that languish and hopes that expire,
 And hearts that e'er list their own agony-bells,—
 Forever dying!

AS "OLD GILES" SAW IT.—D. S. COHEN.

Ay, lad, look on yon ocean, now, you see it's calm and still;
 You wouldn't think its waves could rise,
 An' seem to meet the peaceful skies;
 An' take a ship of giant size,
 To dash it at their will.

I've lived near ocean all my life, nigh on to eighty years;
 I've seen the cruel billows leap
 O'er many a strugglin' ship, an' heap
 Their deadly weight, an' to the deep
 Drag earthly hopes an' fears.

I've seen staunch oak to splinters struck, an' seen the drown-
 in' fight;
 Their cry for help has reached my ear,
 When willin' help could not get near;
 An' then I've hid my eyes in fear,—
 They've vanished from my sight.

There's one sight as I seed, lad, and I wish I never had;
 I've lived nigh on to eighty years,
 Thro' all my share o' woe an' tears,
 But never did these eyes an' ears
 Meet anythin' so sad.

It were a couple come down here, near 'bout the close o'
 Spring;
 Wi' babes—a sturdy chap o' three,
 An' girl, as many months might be;—
 It shows how wise 'tis folks can't see
 What comin' moments bring.

They took that little cot—yon, there; you see the roof from
 here;
 It stands upon a kind o' ledge,
 As overlooks the ocean's edge,
 An' close up to it grows the sedge,—
 Too dangerously near.

They liked it 'cause they thought they'd get such healthy,
 bracin' air;
 He made a palace o' the cot,
 An' bought a jaunty little yacht,
 That fancy kind, wi' which you've got
 To take the weather fair.

He went out sailin' in the yacht,—well, e'enmost ev'ry day;
 Sometimes *she'd* go, an' sometimes bide;
 The boy were allus at his side,
 'Twere plain he were his father's pride,—
 His very heart's sun-ray.

They had a set o' signal flags, o' silk, an' made by her;
 An' on the yacht a little gun,
 He'd fire off, an' up they'd run
 Their colors, an' enjoy the fun
 Like children, which they were.

I guess they'd lived here 'bout three month, or maybe 't
 might be more;
 'Twere long enough for folk to find
 How good an' true they were, an' kind;
 Bes' liked—an' by us poor folk, mind—
 O' all along the shore.

It were a hot an' heavy day, barely a touch o' breeze;
 One o' the days wi' blood-red sun,
 As makes you think the world's begun
 To scorch, an' judge 'twould be rare fun
 To sail due North—an' freeze.

He went out early in the yacht—I seed him put away—
 I stood upon the beach the while,
 He nodded, wi' a pleasant smile;
 The little fellow said, "O' Gile,
 We goin' to fish to-day."

'Bout four o'clock the storm come up—I'd felt it sure since
 noon—
 An' round about the cot I stayed,
 For truth I felt a bit afraid;
 An' all the arternoon I prayed
 It wouldn't come so soon.

An' what a storm! the billows raged—a storm, too, in the
skies—

The sea wind blew wi' might an' main,

Well, fact, e'enmost a hurricane;

The thunder roared, an' flashed again

The lightnin' in our eyes.

Oh! lad, the terror in the cot my tongue can ne'er relate;

Wi' glass in hand she scanned the shore,—

I tell you, lad, it grieved me sore,

I couldn't hope to see 'em more,

I couldn't doubt their fate.

But soon she thought she saw the yacht, a speck upon the
wave,

A little more—an' she could tell;

It were—the signal waved, "All's well,"

An' on her knees she prayerful fell—

"O God! my dear ones save!"

The storm waxed high, the billows rose like monsters in hot
wrath;

The air wi' heavy vapors teemed;

We saw, as bright the lightnin' gleamed,

The yacht, as through the waves she seemed

To cut hersel' a path.

As fixed we gazed, wi' beatin' hearts, the air grew bright a
spell;

The little yacht kep' bravely on,

An' faintly then we heard the gun,

Thanked God, the fight seemed nearly won;

The signal waved—"All's well."

Nearer and nearer still it come, she seed her darlin' boy,

She seed her husband, tall an' fair;

He stood erect, his head were bare,

The wind played wi' his flowin' hair,

Her heart were full wi' joy. * * *

Don't mind me, lad—there, look ahead; you see yon jagged
rock?—

They'll put a safeguard there some day,

When more dear lives are dashed away;—

His eyes, I judge, were blind wi' spray,

He only felt the shock.

Down like a stone! I heard the scream, the terrible death.
knell;—

It were the folk as stood wi' her—

She didn't speak and didn't stir;

An' there above the water, sir,

The signal waved, "All's well."

She stood like dead—it seemed an age to those who were
around,—

Although it may seem strange to say,
I b'lieve her soul had fled its clay,
An' for the moment sped away,
To whisper wi' the drowned.

At las' she turned ; wi' tearless eye, an' face like sculptured
stone,

She bade 'em all to leave the room ;
Said she, " We can't avert God's doom,
He chooses where shall be man's tomb ;
Pray leave me, frien's, alone."

The storm now ceased, its fury spent, the air were still once
more ;

The men went out wi' rope an' hook—
Too ol' to go, I stood to look,
An' all my limbs a-tremblin' shook
To see her at her door.

Her babe lay sleepin' in her arms, an' stony still her face ;
I felt my heart within me sink—

I told you 'bout that ledge, I think—
She walked right close up to the brink ;
I since ha' marked the place.

I started to come near her, for I feared o' somethin' ill ;

I'd walked about a rod—nay, less—
When to her, wi' a crazed caress,
Her child I seed her closely press,—
A plunge—an' all were still.

Well, God is good ! an' let us hope that in his realms above,
Her anguished mind an' grief intense,

Atone in mercy her offence,
An' that they're joined forever, hence,
In constancy an' love.

NOBLE REVENGE.—THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

A young officer (in what army no matter) had so far forgotten himself, in a moment of irritation, as to strike a private soldier, full of personal dignity (as sometimes happens in all ranks), and distinguished for his courage. The inexorable laws of military discipline forbade to the injured sol-

dier any practical redress—he could look for no retaliation by acts. Words only were at his command, and, in a tumult of indignation, as he turned away, the soldier said to his officer that he would “make him repent it.” This, wearing the shape of a menace, naturally rekindled the officer’s anger, and intercepted any disposition which might be rising within him toward a sentiment of remorse; and thus the irritation between the two young men grew hotter than before.

Some weeks after this a partial action took place with the enemy. Suppose yourself a spectator, and looking down into a valley occupied by the two armies. They are facing each other, you see, in martial array. But it is no more than a skirmish which is going on; in the course of which, however, an occasion suddenly arises for a desperate service. A redoubt, which has fallen into the enemy’s hands, must be recaptured at any price, and under circumstances of all but hopeless difficulty.

A strong party has volunteered for the service; there is a cry for somebody to head them; you see a soldier step out from the ranks to assume this dangerous leadership; the party moves rapidly forward; in a few minutes it is swallowed up from your eyes in clouds of smoke; for one half hour, from behind these clouds you receive hieroglyphic reports of bloody strife—fierce repeating signals, flashes from the guns, rolling musketry, and exulting hurrahs advancing or receding, slackening or redoubling.

At length all is over; the redoubt has been recovered; that which was lost is found again; the jewel which had been made captive is ransomed with blood. Crimsoned with glorious gore, the wreck of the conquering party is relieved, and at liberty to return. From the river you see it ascending. The plume-crested officer in command rushes forward, with his left hand raising his hat in homage to the blackened fragments of what was once a flag, whilst with his right he seizes that of the leader, though no more than a private from the ranks. *That* perplexes you not; mystery you see none in *that*. For distinctions of order perish, ranks are confounded; “high and low” are words without a meaning, and to wreck goes every notion or feeling that divides the noble from the noble, or the brave man from the brave.

But wherefore is it that now, when suddenly they wheel into mutual recognition, suddenly they pause? This soldier, this officer—who are they? O reader! once before they had stood face to face—the soldier that was struck, the officer that struck him. Once again they are meeting; and the gaze of armies is upon them. If for a moment a doubt divides them, in a moment the doubt has perished. One glance exchanged between them publishes the forgiveness that is sealed forever.

As one who recovers a brother whom he has accounted dead, the officer sprang forward, threw his arms around the neck of the soldier, and kissed him, as if he were some martyr glorified by that shadow of death from which he was returning; whilst, on his part, the soldier, stepping back, and carrying his open hand through the beautiful motions of the military salute to a superior, makes this immortal answer—that answer which shut up forever the memory of the indignity offered to him, even while for the last time alluding to it: “Sir,” he said, “I told you before, that I would make you repent it.”

FRIAR PHILIP.

Poor friar Philip lost his wife,
 The charm and comfort of his life,
 He mourned her,—not like modern men,
 For ladies were worth having then.
 The world was altered in his view,
 All things put on a yellow hue;
 Even ladies, once his chief delight,
 Were now offensive to his sight;
 In short, he pined and looked so ill,
 The doctor hoped to make a bill.

At last he made a vow to fly,
 And hide himself from every eye;
 Take up his lodgings in a wood,
 To turn a hermit, and grow good.
 He had a son, now you must know,
 About a twelvemonth old or so;

Him, Philip took up in his arms,
 To snatch him from all female charms,—
 Intending he should never know
 There were such things as girls below,
 But lead an honest hermit's life,
 Lest he, likewise, might lose his wife.

The place he chose for his retreat,
 Was once a lion's country seat ;
 Far in a wild, romantic wood,
 The hermit's little cottage stood,
 Hid, by the trees, from human view,—
 The sun himself could scarce get through ;
 A little garden, tilled with care,
 Supplied them with their daily fare ;
 Fresh water-cresses from the spring,—
 Turnips, or greens, or some such thing ;—
 Hermits don't care much what they eat,
 And appetite can make it sweet !

'Twas here our little hermit grew,—
 His father taught him all he knew,
 Adapting, like a cheerful sage,
 His lessons to the pupil's age.
 At five years old, he showed him flowers,
 Taught him their various names and powers,
 Taught him to blow upon a reed,
 To say his prayers, and get the creed.
 At ten, he lectured him on herbs,
 (Better than learning nouns and verbs,)
 The names and qualities of trees,
 Manners and customs of the bees ;
 Then talked of oysters full of pearls,
 But not one word about the girls.
 At fifteen years, he turned his eyes
 To view the wonders of the skies ;
 Called all the stars by their right names,
 As you would call on John or James ;
 And showed him all the signs above,
 But not a whisper about love.

And now his sixteenth year was nigh,
 And yet he had not learned to sigh ;
 Had sleep and appetite to spare ;
 He could not tell the name of care ;
 And all because he did not know
 There were such things as girls below.
 But now a tempest raged around,—
 The hermit's little nest was drowned ;

Good bye then, too, poor Philip's crop,
 It did not leave a turnip-top.
 Poor Philip grieved, and his son too,—
 They prayed—they knew not what to do;
 If they were hermits, they must live,
 And wolves have not much alms to give.

Now, in his native town, he knew
 He had disciples—rich ones too,
 Who would not let him beg in vain,
 But set the hermit up again.
 But what to do with his young son—
 Pray tell me, what would you have done?
 Take him to town he was afraid,
 For what if he should see a maid!
 In love, as sure as he had eyes,
 Then any quantity of sighs!
 Leave him at home? the wolves, the bears,—
 Poor Philip had a father's fears!

In short, he knew not what to do,
 But thought at last he'd take him too;
 And so, with truly pious care,
 He counts his beads in anxious prayer,—
 Intended as a sort of charm,
 To keep his darling lad from harm;
 That is, from pretty ladies' wiles,
 Especially their eyes and smiles;—
 Then brushed his coat of silver gray,
 And now you see them on their way.

It was a town, they all agree,
 Where there was everything to see,
 As paintings, statues, and so on,
 All that men love to look upon.
 Our little lad, you may suppose,
 Had never seen so many shows;
 He stands with open mouth and eyes,
 Like one just fallen from the skies;
 Pointing at everything he sees—
 What's this? what's that? Oh, here, what's these?
 At last he spies a charming thing,
 That men call angel when they sing—
 Young lady, when they speak in prose;
 Sweet thing! as everybody knows.

Transported, ravished, at the sight;
 He feels a strange, but sweet delight.
 What's this? what's this? Oh, heavens!" he cries,
 "That looks so sweetly with its eyes:

Oh, shall I catch it! is it tame?
 What is it, father? what's its name?"
 Poor Philip knew not what to say,
 But tried to turn his eyes away;
 He crossed himself and made a vow,
 "'Tis as I feared, all's over now;
 Then, prithee, have thy wits let loose?
 It is a bird men call a goose."
 "A goose! O pretty, pretty thing!
 And will it sing, too, will it sing?
 Oh, come, come quickly, let us run,
 That's a good father, catch me one!
 We'll take it with us to our cell,
 Indeed, indeed, I'll treat it well!"

THE TWO VILLAGES.—ROSE TERRY.

Over the river on the hill,
 Lieth a village white and still;
 All around it the forest trees
 Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
 Over it sailing shadows go
 Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
 And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
 Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,
 Another village lieth still;
 There I see in the cloudy night
 Twinkling stars of household light,
 Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
 Mists that curl on the river shore;
 And in the roads no grasses grow,
 For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
 Never is sound of smithy or mill;
 The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
 Never a clock to toll the hours:
 The marble doors are always shut;
 You can not enter in hall or hut;
 All the villagers lie asleep;
 Never a grain to sow or reap,
 Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
 Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
 When the night is starry and still,
 Many a weary soul in prayer
 Looks to the other village there,
 And weeping and sighing, longs to go
 Up to *that* home, from this below;
 Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
 Whither have vanished wife and child,
 And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
 "Patience! that village shall hold ye all."

DAMON TO THE SYRACUSANS.—JOHN BANIM.

Are all content?
 A nation's rights betrayed, and all content?
 What! with your own free willing hands yield up
 The ancient fabric of your constitution,
 To be a garrison for common cut-throats!
 What! will ye all combine to tie a stone,
 Each to each other's neck, and drown like dogs?
 Are you so bound in fetters of the mind
 That there you sit, as if you were yourselves
 Incorporate with the marble? Syracuseans!—
 But no! I will not rail, nor chide, nor curse you!
 I will implore you, fellow-countrymen!
 With blinded eyes, and weak and broken speech,
 I will implore you—Oh! I am weak in words,
 But I could bring such advocates before you,—
 Your fathers' sacred images; old men,
 That have been grandsires; women with their children
 Caught up in fear and hurry, in their arms;
 And those old men should lift their shivering voices
 And palsied hands, and those affrighted mothers
 Should hold their innocent infants forth, and ask,
 Can you make slaves of *them*?

EXAMPLE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
 But for a thousand years
 Their fruit appears,
 In weeds that mar the land,
 Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
 Into still air they seem to fleet,
 We count them ever past;
 But they shall last—
 In the dread judgment they
 And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
 For the love's sake of brethren dear,
 Keep thou the one true way,
 In work and play,
 Lest in *that* world their cry
 Of woe thou hear.

THE DUMB-WAITER.—F. S. COZZENS.

We have put a dumb-waiter in our house. A dumb-waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, every thing can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble; and if the baby gets to be unbearable, on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves, and letting him down upon the help.

To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you can not hear any thing that is going on in the story below; and when you are in an upper room of the house, there might be a democratic ratification-meeting in the cellar, and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia; such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first, and make inquiries afterward.

One evening, Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice-water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher, and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is cer-

tainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well-water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out.

First, I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her, and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps; bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining-room. As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well, but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors: there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb-waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb-waiter, got in myself with the lamp; let myself down until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go.

We came down so suddenly, that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent,—instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was, to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door: it was locked. I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If I ever felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers, and looked out at the sky: not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of Baron Trenck and the prisoner of Chillon. Then I made a noise! I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving-kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made the night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from

the top of the stair-case. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us. How could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it?

Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle! That called out our neighbor, already wide awake; he came to the rescue with a bull-terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window, he shot at me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table, and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an axe, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting-iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me,—and then, he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you in your own house as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however,—somebody has told him,—*somebody* tells everybody every thing in our village.

Part Eighth.

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 8.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up!—it is wiser and better
 Always to hope, than once to despair;
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetters,
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
 Never give up, or the burden may sink you,—
 Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
 And in all trials and troubles bethink you,
 The watchword of life must be, "Never give up!"

Never give up; there are chances and changes,
 Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,
 And through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges
 Ever success, if you'll only hold on.
 Never give up; for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
 And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
 Is the stern watchword of "Never give up!"

Never give up, though the grape-shot may rattle,
 Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst;
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
 Never give up; if adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup;
 And the best counsel in all your distresses
 Is the brave watchword of "Never give up!"

THE LABORER.—W. D. GALLAGHER.

Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form
 And likeness of thy God!—who more?
 A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
 Of daily life, a heart as warm
 And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
 As moves the human mass among;
 As much a part of the great plan
 That with Creation's dawn began,
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
 In station, or in wealth the chief?
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,
 With proud step and averted eye?
 Nay! Nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
 A feather, which thou mightest cast
 Aside, as lightly as the blast
 The light leaf from the tree.

No;—uncurbed passions, low desires,
 Absence of noble self-respect,—
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
 To that high nature which aspires
 Forever, till thus checked,—

These are thine enemies,—thy worst;
 They chain thee to thy lowly lot,
 Thy labor and thy life accursed:
 Oh, stand erect! and from them burst,
 And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
 The great!—what better they than thou?
 As theirs is not thy will as free?
 Has God with equal favors thee
 Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not,—'tis but dust!
 Nor place,—uncertain as the wind!
 But that thou hast which, with thy crust
 And water, may despise the lust
 Of both,—*a noble mind.*

With this, and passions under ban,
 True faith, and holy trust in God,
 Thou art the peer of any man.
 Look up, then; that thy little span
 Of life may well be trod.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.—NEWMAN HALL.

There is dignity in toil—in toil of the hand as well as toil of the head—in toil to provide for the bodily wants of an individual life, as well as in toil to promote some enterprise of world-wide fame. All labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in a word, all labor that is honest—is honorable too. Labor clears the forest, and drains the morass, and makes "the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose." Labor drives the plow, and scatters the seeds, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life. Labor, tending the pastures and sweeping the waters as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the nine hundred millions of the family of man. Labor gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft and warm and beautiful, the purple robe of the prince and the gray gown of the peasant being alike its handiwork. Labor moulds the brick, and splits the slate, and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the tapering spire, and the stately dome. Labor, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of homes to defy the winter's cold.

Labor explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting the gold and silver, the copper and tin. Labor smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse

ring or the glittering bead. Labor hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep, plunging through the billows, and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime.

Labor, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends bridges over deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark tunnel, blasting rocks and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying, in a literal sense, the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low;" labor draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, and compete with the lightning, for the telegraph flies as rapidly as thought itself.

Labor, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly at the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests; those barren mountain-slopes are clothed with foliage; the furnace blazes; the anvil rings; the busy wheel whirls round; the town appears; the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts; a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor; representatives of far-off regions make it their resort; Science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service; Art, awakening, clothes its strength with beauty; Civilization smiles; Liberty is glad; Humanity rejoices; Piety exults; for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every side.

Working men, walk worthy of your vocation! You have a noble escutcheon; disgrace it not. There is nothing really mean and low but sin. Stoop not from your lofty throne to defile yourselves by contamination with intemperance, licentiousness, or any form of evil. Labor, allied with virtue, may look up to Heaven and not blush, while all worldly dignities, prostituted to vice, will leave their owner without a

corner of the universe in which to hide his shame. You will most successfully prove the honor of toil by illustrating in your own persons its alliance with a sober, righteous, and godly life. Be ye sure of this, that the man of toil, who works in a spirit of obedient, loving homage to God, does no less than cherubim and seraphim in their loftiest flights and holiest songs.

THE SHADOW ON THE BLIND.

Alas! what errors are sometimes committed,
 What blunders are made, what duties omitted,
 What scandals arise, what mischief is wrought,
 Through want of a moment's reflection and thought!
 How many a fair reputation has flown
 Through a stab in the dark from some person unknown;
 Or some tale spread abroad with assiduous care,
 When the story the strictest inspection would bear!
 How often rage, malice, and envy are found;
 How often contention and hatred abound
 Where true love should exist, and harmony dwell,
 Through a misunderstanding, alas! who can tell?

Mr. Ferdinand Plum was a grocer by trade;
 By attention and tact he a fortune had made;
 No tattler, nor maker of mischief was he,
 But as honest a man as you'd e'er wish to see.
 Of a chapel, close by, he was deacon, they say,
 And his minister lived just over the way.

Mr. Plum was retiring to rest one night,
 He had just undressed and put out the light,
 And pulled back the blind
 As he peeped from behind
 ('Tis a custom with many to do so, you'll find),
 When, glancing his eye,
 He happened to spy
 On the blinds on the opposite side—oh, fie!
 Two shadows; each movement of course he could see,
 And the people were quarreling evidently.
 "Well I never," said Plum, as he witnessed the strife,
 "I declare 'tis the minister beating his wife!"
 The minister held a thick stick in his hand,
 And his wife ran away as he shook the brand,
 Whilst her shrieks and cries were quite shocking to hear,
 And the sounds came across most remarkably clear.

"Well, things are deceiving,
 But—'seeing's believing,'"

Said Plum to himself, as he turned into bed ;
 "Now, who would have thought
That man would have fought
 And beaten his wife on her shoulders and head
 With a great big stick,
 At least three inches thick ?
 I am sure her shrieks quite filled me with dread.
 I've a great mind to bring
 The whole of the thing
 Before the church members, but no, I have read
 A proverb which says 'Least said soonest mended.'"

And thus Mr. Plum's mild soliloquy ended.

But, alas! Mr. Plum's eldest daughter, Miss Jane,
 Saw the whole of the scene, and could not refrain
 From telling Miss Spot, and Miss Spot told again
 (Though of course in strict confidence) *every* one
 Whom she happened to know, what the parson had done
 So the news spread abroad, and soon reached the ear
 Of the parson himself, and he traced it, I hear,
 To the author, Miss Jane. Jane could not deny,
 But at the same time she begged leave to defy
 The parson to prove she had uttered a lie.

A church meeting was called: Mr. Plum made a speech.
 He said, "Friends, pray listen awhile, I beseech.
 What my daughter has said is most certainly true,
 For I saw the whole scene on the same evening, too ;
 But, not wishing to make an unpleasantness rife,
 I did not tell either my daughter or wife.
 But of course as Miss Jane saw the whole of the act,
 I think it but right to attest to the fact.

"'Tis remarkably strange!" the parson replied :
 "It is plain Mr. Plum must *something* have spied ;
 Though the wife-beating story of course is denied ;
 And in *that* I can say I am grossly belied."
 While he ransacks his brain, and ponders, and tries
 To recall any scene that could ever give rise
 To so monstrous a charge,—just then his wife cries,
 "I have it, my love: you remember that night
 When I had such a horrible, terrible fright.
 We both were retiring that evening to rest,—
 I was seated, my dear, and but partly undressed,
 When a nasty large rat jumped close to my feet ;
 My shrieking was heard, I suppose, in the street ;

You caught up the poker, and ran round the room,
 And at last knocked the rat, and so sealed its doom.
 Our *shadows*, my love, must have played on the blind;
 And this is the mystery solved, you will find."

MORAL.

Don't believe every tale that is handed about;
 We have all enough faults and *real* failings, without
 Being burdened with those of which there's a doubt.
 If you study this tale, I think, too, you will find
 That a light should be placed in the front, not behind:
 For often strange shadows are seen on the blind.

TIREB MOTHERS.—MRS. ALBERT SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,—
 Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
 A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
 From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
 Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
 Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
 You do not prize this blessing overmuch,—
 You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
 I did not see it as I do to-day—
 We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
 To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
 And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
 That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
 I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
 The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
 You miss this elbow from your tired knee,—
 This restless curling head from off your breast,—
 This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
 If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
 And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
 If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
 I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
 At little children clinging to their gown ;
 Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
 Are ever black enough to make them frown.
 If I could find a little muddy boot,
 Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber-floor,—
 If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
 And hear it patter in my house once more,—

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
 To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
 There is no woman in God's world could say
 She was more blissfully content than I.
 But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
 Is never rumped by a shining head ;
 My singing birdling from its nest is flown,—
 The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

THE EAGLE'S ROCK.

'Twas the Golden Eagle's Rock,
 Craggy and wild and lone,
 Where he sat in state, with his royal mate,
 On his undisputed throne.

High on the dizzy steep
 Did their blood-stained eyrie lie,
 Where the white bones told who had robb'd the fold
 When the shepherd was not by.

Well might the spoilers gloat
 At ease in their fortress gray,
 For never had man, since the world began,
 Clambered its height half-way!

And the Golden Eagle stood
 Eyeing the noon-day sun,
 Till the clamoring cry of his nestlings nigh,
 Charged him with work undone ;

And his mighty wings are spread,
 And he sweepeth down chasms wide ;
 And his fierce eyes gleam by the mountain stream,
 And he scours the hill's green side.

Then o'er a shady glen
Doth the bold marauder sail,
Where villagers gay hold a festal day
Down in their verdant vale.

Apart from a joyous group
A mother her darling bears;
With happy smiles at his baby wiles,
His innocent mirth she shares.

Then she sits on the velvet sward,
Shaded by trees at noon,
And rocks him to rest on her loving breast,
Singing a low, sweet tune.

Now on the soft green turf
That mother her babe doth lie,
While over its head is a watcher dread,
In that dark spot in the sky.

She kisses its cherub cheek,
And leaves it awhile; ah, woe!
For broader above, o'er her gentle dove,
That terrible spot doth grow.

Hushed was the peasants' mirth,
And the stoutest they stood aghast;
And the wail of despair, it rent the air,
As the eagle o'er them passed.

He has stolen the pretty child,
All in its rosy sleep;
And bears it in might, with ponderous flight,
Straight towards his castle-keep!

Whose is that up-turned face,
White as the mountain snow?
Horror is there, and blank despair,
Speechless and tearless woe;—

Pale are those bloodless lips;
But lo! in that mother's eye
There flasheth the light of love's great might,
Stronger than agony.

She darts from the wailing throng,
Her coming is like the wind;
The weeping loud of the noisy crowd
Dieth away behind.

She rusheth o'er field and fell,
Her footsteps at hindrance mock ;
She startles the snake in the rustling brake,
And reacheth the Eagle's rock!

Mother, go home and weep!
What canst thou farther do?
Over thy head, immense and dread,
Frowneth the mountain blue.

Sorrow hath made her mad ;
She scaleth the rough rock's side,
Now passing the edge of a shelving ledge,
And now on a platform wide.

Onward and upward still,
Scarce doth she pause for breath ;
Woman, beware! thou hast not there
"A step between thee and death!"

Scrambling up fearful crags,
Still doth she higher go ;
Close let her cling! the loose stones ring
Clatt'ring to depths below.

First of the breathless crowds,
Flocking in haste beneath,
A son of the wave, high-souled and brave,
Dasheth across the heath.

He follows her upward flight,
Yes, till his eyes grow dim ;
In the fierce storm-blast he has topped the mast,
But *this* is no place for him.

So he must softly creep
Down from the heights above ;
His heart it is true, but he never knew
The might of a mother's love.

Higher she mounts! she climbs
Where the wild goat fears to stand ;
Death follows behind, fleet, fleet as the wind,
Still she eludes his hand!

She reacheth the fearful wall
Under the great rock's brow,
Where the ivy has clung, and has swayed and swung
From earliest time till now.

Clamb'ring the net-work old
 Which its twining stems have wrought,
 She wrestles in prayer with her Maker there ;
 Doth she " fear God for nought ? "

Niagara's awful flood
 Is spanned by a radiant bow ;
 And joy, she springs, on her sunny wings,
 From the blackest tide of woe.

And the cry of that mother's heart
 Is heard, and her faith is blest ;
 For, with rapture wild, she hath snatched her child
 Unharm'd from the eagle's nest !

Flapping their dusky wings,
 Fiercely the spoilers came ;
 And she heard their screams, and she saw the gleams,
 That shot from their eyes of flame.

Like spirits of evil foul,
 They circled around her head ;
 Then yelling aloud, amazed and cowed,
 Down the steep rock they fled.

Close to her throbbing heart
 She bindeth her weeping child ;
 She wipeth its tears, and she quells its fears,
 Up in that region wild ;

And she blesses the Mighty Hand
 That carried her there, and knows
 That aid shall be lent through the dread descent,
 To that perilous journey's close.

Hush ! down the rifted rock
 She beareth her burden sweet ;
 No might of her own maketh fast each stone
 Firmly beneath her feet.

She trusts, and her bleeding hands
 Safely the ivy grasp,
 For a spirit of love from her God above
 Is strengthening it in her clasp.

Lower she comes, and sees
 Beneath her a mountain lamb,
 That, cautious and slow, to the vale below,
 Follows its careful dam ;

And she tracketh, with thankful heart,
 The path of her gentle guide,
 Whose feet will be found on the surest ground,
 Down the steep mountain's side.

Hark! from the plain beneath,
 Voices are rising loud;
 The shout and the cheer, they have reached her ear,
 And she seeth the breathless crowd.

Louder, and louder still,
 Swelleth the welcome strain,
 Oh, loving heart! thou hast done thy part;
 Return to thy home again.

She reacheth the mountain's foot;
 Hurrah! for her task is o'er;
 The deed she hath done hath a tribute won
 Of praises for evermore.

And a lesson she taught to all,
 Of energy, faith, and love;
 Hast thou the right? Stand up and fight,
 Looking to God above!

Shame on ye! timid souls,
 Feeble for aught but ill;
 Shall sin and shall woe waste this world below,
 And will ye lie sluggish still?

Wrest from their grasp the prey;
 Crush them, though cowards mock;
 And if the heart quail and the courage fail,
 Think of the EAGLE'S ROCK!

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.—LEIGH HUNT.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
 The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for
 whom he sighed:
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went
 with their paws;
 With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one
 another,
 Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
 smother;
 The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the
 air;
 Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than
 there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed
 the same;
 She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
 I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be
 mine!"

She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked on him
 and smiled;
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
 The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his
 place,
 Then threw the glove,—but not with love,—right in the
 lady's face.
 "By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
 from where he sat;
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

MR. PERKINS HELPS TO MOVE A STOVE.

JAMES M. BAILEY. (DANBURY NEWS MAN.)

It seems a pity that the glory of these bright May days should be marred by the gross materialism of soap and brush, mop and broom; that the fragrant and delicate perfumes of budding nature and atmospherical freshness should be harnessed to the doubtful aroma of an upturned house. But over our broad and beautiful land the terrors of domestic

reform hold sway, and the masculine mind is harrowed by spectacles the little happiness we are allotted in this world does not warrant.

Mrs. Perkins has devoted this week to the onerous duty of cleaning house. Since six o'clock Monday morning that estimable lady has been the motive power of many brushes and cloths, and of much water and soap. At various hours when I have made my appearance near the house, I have caught sight of her portly form through several windows, a flaring handkerchief concealing her temples, and covering the site of her chignon.

There was an expression of deep redness upon her features that pained me while I beheld, but which at the same time led me to remark to myself that it was not the most favorable time for making a call, and thus looking and apprehending, I would turn sadly away.

Monday morning we had our breakfast in our comfortable dining room. At noon I took my dinner from the lid of the ice chest. It was dreadful cold, and tasted clammy and disagreeable. In the evening I stood back of the stove, and partook of a slice of bread, (the butter had got mislaid) and drank some of last year's tea from the irregular spout of the milk pitcher. In the morning we ate breakfast in the sink, (there was no fire in the stove, as it was to be kept cold for moving). The victuals had a flavor of great dampness, and tasted as though they had been fished out of the soap barrel. After astonishing my internal structure with the meal, I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Perkins to take down the stove. In justice to myself it may be well to remark that I never took down a stove, nor was present when that intricate performance was going on, and this, in a measure, accounts for the slight misgiving I may have entertained when brought face to face with the tremendous range.

The conversation that ensued was something like this,—

“You want to use great care, Mr. Perkins, and not let the whole thing fall on you, and kill yourself.”

This appeared reasonable enough, and I readily promised to use my best endeavors to keep the whole thing from falling upon me.

“And, Mr. Perkins, don't get nervous with the pipe, because

Mary Ann has just scrubbed the floor, and that stuff gringes in awfully."

I hadn't the remotest idea of what the stuff could be that gringes in awfully, but I didn't like to show ignorance before Mary Ann, and so I confidently responded,—

"Certainly not."

"And be very careful about your clothes, Mr. Perkins; now won't you?" This appeal was delivered with so much confidence mingled with doubt, that I hardly knew whether to treat it as a compliment, or a suspicion, and concluded it was best to split the difference, and preserve silence.

"We are all ready now, Mr. Perkins. Mary Ann, you come here and steady the pipe while Mr. Perkins gets on the chair and takes it down."

Upon this I mounted a chair and grasped the pipe, but I must not neglect to mention that as I grasped the pipe, Mrs. Perkins grasped my legs.

"Goodness gracious, Cyrus Davidson Perkins! don't you know better than to stand on one of the best chairs in the house, and break right through the canes?"

I had to admit that I didn't know any better, but cheerfully got down and mounted another chair. This time I caught the pipe by its neck, and gave it a gentle pull from the chimney. It didn't move a bit, which encouraged me to believe I could bring a little more muscle into play, and under this impression I gave an extra twist. It came this time, and so much more readily than I had reason to expect, that I stepped down to the floor with it, passing over the top of the stove, and rubbing off an inch or so of skin from Mary Ann's nose.

"Oh, Moses!" screamed that lady.

"What have you done? Oh, what have you done?" cried Mrs. Perkins.

Singularly enough, I didn't say anything, but got upon my feet as quick as I could, and rubbed my head, and looked all around but where Mrs. Perkins and her weeping aid were standing.

"It's just like a man. You have made ten times more work than you have helped. Mary Ann, get the floor cloth. And there's a great spot on that floor we can never get off.

I'd like to make a fool of myself, I know I should. I knew when you stuck your ungainly carcass on that chair, you would kill somebody. Does it hurt you, Mary Ann? I wouldn't rub it too hard; we'll have to take it up dry and soap it over. You awkward fool, didn't you know what you were doing? Now take the pipe out doors, and don't look any more like a smoked idiot than you can help."

The manner in which this last was uttered left no room to doubt that I was the person referred to, and I picked up the pipe, and sorrowfully propelled it out doors; although I am compelled to admit that six links of pipe varied by two elbows at opposite angles, is not the most desirable thing in the world to escort out doors.

When I came back, Mrs. Perkins had dressed the wound on Mary Ann's face with a strip of brown paper, and told me I might help to carry the stove into the shed, if I was sure of being quite sober.

Upon this invitation I took hold of the range with the two ladies, and by loosening half a dozen joints in my spine, I was finally successful in getting the thing out of the room. But the pleasure of the occasion was irretrievably lost. Mrs. Perkins was ominously silent. Mary Ann's air was one of reproach which, combined with the brown paper, gave her an appearance of unearthly uncertainty.

At dinner that day I ate some cold cabbage and a couple of soda crackers, carefully picking off the flakes of soap that adhered thereto. This morning I ate my breakfast on the stoop, and got my dinner through the milk-room window, eating it from the sill. It consisted of the last slice from yesterday's loaf, and two decrepit herrings.

What we are to have for supper, and whether it will be necessary to go home after it, are questions that depress me this P. M.

ALL'S WELL.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in thine!
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine!

With loving-kindness curtain thou my bed,
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head:
 So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake!
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
 The morning light may break.

THE BURIAL OF THE DANE.—H. H. BROWNELL.

Blue gulf all around us,
 Blue sky overhead;
 Muster all on the quarter,
 We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
 Rugged of front and form,—
 A common son of the forecastle,
 Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name and the strand he hailed from
 We know; and there's nothing more!
 But perhaps his mother is waiting
 On the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
 Reason drifting awreck,
 "Tis my watch," he would mutter,
 "I must go upon deck!"

Ay, on deck—by the foremast!—
 But watch and look-out are done;
 The Union-Jack laid o'er him,
 How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
 Stay the hurrying shaft!
 Let the roll of the ocean
 Cradle our giant craft;
 Gather around the grating,
 Carry your messmate aft!

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Stand in order, and listen
 To the holiest pages of prayer;
 Let every foot be quiet,
 Every head be bare:
 The soft trade-wind is lifting
 A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
 (A little spray on his cheeks,
 The grand old words of burial,
 And the trust a true heart seeks,—
 “We therefore commit his body
 To the deep,”—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
 Swift as the eye can mark,
 The ghastly, shotted hammock,
 Plunges, away from the shark,
 Down, a thousand fathoms,—
 Down into the dark.

A thousand summers and winters
 The stormy gulf shall roll
 High o'er his canvas coffin:
 But silence to doubt and dole!
 There's a quiet harbor somewhere
 For the poor a-weary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
 Speed the tireless shaft!
 Loose to'gallant and topsail,
 The breeze is fair abaft!

Blue are all around us,
 Blue sky bright overhead:
 Every man to his duty!
 We have buried the dead.

IMMORTALITY.—MASSILLON.

If we wholly perish with the body, what an imposture is this whole system of laws, manners, and usages, on which human society is founded! If we wholly perish with the body, these maxims of charity, patience, justice, honor, grat-

ltude, and friendship, which sages have taught and good men have practised, what are they but empty words, possessing no real and binding efficacy? Why should we heed them, if in this life only we have hope? Speak not of duty. What can we owe to the dead, to the living, to ourselves, if all *are*, or *will be*, nothing? Who shall dictate our duty, if not our own pleasures,—if not our own passions? Speak not of morality. It is a mere chimera, a bugbear of human invention, if retribution terminate with the grave.

If we must wholly perish, what to us are the sweet ties of kindred? What the tender names of parent, child, sister, brother, husband, wife, or friend? The characters of a drama are not more illusive. We have no ancestors, no descendants; since succession cannot be predicated of nothingness. Would we honor the illustrious dead? How absurd to honor that which has no existence! Would we take thought for posterity? How frivolous to concern ourselves for those whose end, like our own, must soon be annihilation! Have we made a promise? How can it bind nothing to nothing? Perjury is but a jest. The last injunctions of the dying,—what sanctity have they, more than the last sound of a chord that is snapped, of an instrument that is broken?

To sum up all: If we must wholly perish, then is obedience to the laws but an insensate servitude; rulers and magistrates are but the phantoms which popular imbecility has raised up; justice is an unwarrantable infringement upon the liberty of men,—an imposition, a usurpation; the law of marriage is a vain scruple; modesty, a prejudice; honor and probity, such stuff as dreams are made of; and incests, murders, parricides, the most heartless cruelties and the blackest crimes, are but the legitimate sports of man's irresponsible nature; while the harsh epithets attached to them are merely such as the policy of legislators has invented, and imposed on the credulity of the people.

Here is the issue to which the vaunted philosophy of unbelievers must inevitably lead. Here is that social felicity, that sway of reason, that emancipation from error, of which they eternally prate, as the fruit of their doctrines. Accept their maxims, and the whole world falls back into a frightful chaos; and all the relations of life are confounded; and

all ideas of vice and virtue are reversed; and the most inviolable laws of society vanish; and all moral discipline perishes; and the government of states and nations has no longer any cement to uphold it; and all the harmony of the body politic becomes discord; and the human race is no more than an assemblage of reckless barbarians, shameless, remorseless, brutal, denaturalized, with no other law than force, no other check than passion, no other bond than irreligion, no other God than self! Such would be the world which impiety would make. Such would be *this* world, were a belief in God and immortality to die out of the human heart.

JOHN JANKIN'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, says he,
 "Don't be afraid of givin';
 If your life ain't nothin' to other folks,
 Why what's the use of livin'?"
 And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
 "There's Brown, that mis'rable sinner,
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve, than give
 A cent towards buyin' a dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
 But I couldn't quite determine,
 When I heard him givin' it right and left,
 Just who was hit by the sermon.
 Of course there couldn't be no mistake,
 When he talked of long-winded prayin',
 For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
 "There's various kinds of cheatin',
 And religion's as good for every day
 As it is to bring to meetin'.
 I don't think much of a man that gives
 The loud Amens at my preachin',
 And spends his time the followin' week
 In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter
 For a man like Jones to swaller;
 But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
 Not once, after that, to holler.
 Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
 Of course I said it quiet—
 Give us some more of this open talk;
 It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time;
 And when he spoke of fashion,
 And a-riggin' out in bows and things,
 As woman's rulin' passion,
 And a-comin' to church to see the styles,
 I couldn't help a-winkin'
 And a-nudgin my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat;
 But man is a queer creation;
 And I'm much afraid that most o' the folks
 Wouldn't take the application.
 Now, if he had said a word about
 My personal mode o' sinnin',
 I'd have gone to work to right myself,
 And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
 "And now I've come to the fellers
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
 As a sort o' moral umbrellers.
 Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brothers';
 Go home," he says, "and wear the coats
 You've tried to fit the others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
 And there was lots o' smilin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
 It sot my blood a-bilin'.
 Says I to myself, our minister
 Is gettin' a little bitter;
 I'll tell him when meetin's out, that I
 Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

ENDURANCE.—ELIZABETH AKERS.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break !
 How much the flesh may suffer, and not die !
 I question much if any pain or ache
 Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
 Death chooses his own time ; till that is worn,
 All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife ;
 Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
 Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life ;
 Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal
 That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
 This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
 And try to flee from the approaching ill ;
 We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—
 But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
 Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
 But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life—
 We hold it closer, dearer than our own—
 Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
 Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone ;
 But ah ! we do not die with those we mourn—
 This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst,
 Bereavement, pain ! all grief and misery,
 All woe and sorrow ; life inflicts its worst
 On soul and body—but we cannot die,
 Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn ;
 Lo ! *all things* can be borne.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
 Red lips shutting over pearls,
 Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
 Two eyes black, and two eyes blue ;
 Little girl and boy were they,
 Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its mossy banks;
Half in thought, and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,—

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

"Will you trust me, Katie dear,—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered, with a laugh,
"No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
 Bending like a shepherd's crook,
 Washing with its silver hands
 Late and early at the sands,
 Is a cottage, where to-day
 Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
 Swings a basket to and fro—
 Vastly different from the one
 That she swung in years ago,
This is long and deep and wide,
 And has—*rockers at the side.*

THE OLD FORSAKEN SCHOOL HOUSE.

JOHN H. YATES.

They've left the school-house, Charley, where years ago we
 sat
 And shot our paper bullets at the master's time-worn hat;
 The hook is gone on which it hung, and the master sleepeth
 now
 Where school-boy tricks can never cast a shadow o'er his
 brow.

They've built a new, imposing one—the pride of all the town,
 And laughing lads and lasses go its broad steps up and
 down;
 A tower crowns its summit with a new, a monster bell,
 That youthful ears, in distant homes, may hear its music
 swell.

I'm sitting in the old one, with its battered, hingeless door;
 The windows are all broken, and the stones lie on the floor;
 I, alone, of all the boys who romped and studied here,
 Remain to see it battered up and left so lone and drear.

I'm sitting on the same old bench where we sat side by side
 And carved our names upon the desk, when not by master
 eyed;
 Since then a dozen boys have sought their great skill to dis-
 play,
 And, like the foot-prints on the sand, *our names have passed*
 away.

"Twas here we learned to conjugate "amo, amas, amat,"
 While glances from the lasses made our hearts go pit-a-pat;
 'Twas here we fell in love, you know, with girls who looked
 us through—
Yours with her piercing eyes of black, and *mine* with eyes
 of blue.

Our sweethearts—pretty girls were they—to us how very
 dear—
 Bow down your head with me, my boy, and shed for them
 a tear;
 With them the earthly school is out; each lovely maid now
 stands
 Before the one Great Master, in the "house not made with
 hands."

You tell me you are far out West; a lawyer, deep in laws,
 With Joe, who sat behind us here, and tickled us with
 straws;
 Look out for number one, my boys; may wealth come at your
 touch;
 But with your long, strong legal straws don't tickle men too
 much.

Here, to the right, sat Jimmy Jones — you must remember
 Jim—
 He's teaching now, and punishing, as master punished him;
 What an unlucky lad he was! his sky was dark with woes;
 Whoever did the *sinning* it was Jim who got the *blows*.

Those days are all gone by, my boys; life's hill we're going
 down,
 With here and there a silver hair amid the school-boy brown;
 But memory can never die, so we'll talk o'er the joys
 We shared together, in this house, when you and I were
 boys.

Though ruthless hands may tear it down—this old house
 lone and drear,
 They'll not destroy the characters that started out from here;
 Time's angry waves may sweep the shore and wash out all
 beside:
 Bright as the stars that shine above, *they* shall for aye abide.

I've seen the new house, Charley: 'tis the pride of all the
 town,
 And laughing lads and lasses go its broad steps up and
 down;
 But you or I, my dear old friend, can't love it half as well
 As this condemned, forsaken one, with cracked and tongue-
 less bell.

THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

There was a certain king, who, like many other kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear. At last he made a proclamation, that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage; but if any one should pretend that he had such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months: poor fellows, they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure; but all in vain; sooner or later they all came to an end; and, one after another, the unlucky story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last for ever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger: they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:

“O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant; and, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

“This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

“But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a *very* small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight

of locusts, and tried to get at the corn ; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through it at a time. So *one* locust went in and carried off *one* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn—”

He had gone on thus from morning to night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month ; when the king, though a very patient king, began to be *rather* tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with : “Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts ; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted ; tell us what happened afterwards.” To which the story-teller answered, very deliberately, “If it please your Majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first.” And so he went on again ; “And then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn.” The king listened with admirable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him with : “O friend ! I am weary of your locusts ! How soon do you think they will have done ?” To which the story-teller made answer : “O king ! who can tell ? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the hole ; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides ; but let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time.”

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going on as before : “And then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn,” till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out : “O man, that is enough ! Take my

daughter! take my kingdom! take anything—take everything! only let us hear no more of those abominable locusts!”

And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.

ABRAM AND ZIMRI.—CLARENCE COOK.

Abram and Zimri owned a field together—
 A level field hid in a happy vale;
 They plowed it with one plow, and in the spring
 Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
 In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,
 Each carried to his home one-half the sheaves,
 And stored them with much labor in his barns.
 Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons,
 But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
 As Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
 And counted in his mind his little gains,
 He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
 And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
 But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
 And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
 He surely needeth more for life than I;
 I will arise, and gird myself, and go
 Down to the field, and add to his from mine."

So he arose, and girded up his loins,
 And went out softly to the level field;
 The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
 The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
 The branches waved and whispered in the wind.
 So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
 Went down the mountain path, and found the field,
 Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
 And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
 And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now, that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,
He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, "He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine,"
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone,
"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God ;
I will arise, and gird myself, and go
Out to the field, and borrow from my store,
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field ;
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood blank against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze.
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain path and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third,
And added them unto his brother's heap ;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.

So the next morning with the early sun
The brothers rose, and went out to their toil ;
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was still the same.

Now, the next night went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share,
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,
The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive branches whispered in the wind.

Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on ;
Took from his ample store a generous third,
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose, and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck, and kissed his cheek ;
And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,
Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That he had bound them in such loving bands.

A COQUETTE PUNISHED.

Ellen was fair, and knew it, too,
 As other village beauties do,
 Whose mirrors never lie;
 Secure of any swain she chose,
 She smiled on half a dozen beaux,
 And, reckless of a lover's woes,
 She cheated these and taunted those,
 "For how could any one suppose
 A clown could take her eye?"

But whispers through the village ran
 That Edgar was the happy man
 The maid designed to bless;
 For wheresoever moved the fair,
 The youth was, like her shadow, there,
 And rumor boldly matched the pair,
 For village folks *will guess*.

Edgar did love, but was afraid
 To make confession to the maid,
 So bashful was the youth:
 Certain to meet a kind return,
 He let the flame in secret burn,
 Till from his lips the maid should learn
 Officially the truth.

At length, one morn to take the air,
 The youth and maid, in one-horse chair,
 A long excursion took.
 Edgar had nerved his bashful heart
 The sweet confession to impart,
 For ah! suspense had caused a smart
 He could no longer brook.

He drove, nor slackened once his reins,
 Till Hempstead's wide-extended plains
 Seemed joined to skies above;
 Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near
 The rude and dreary scene to cheer,
 Nor soul within ten miles to hear,
 And still poor Edgar's silly fear
 Forbade to speak of love.

At last one desperate effort broke
 The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke
 With most persuasive tone;

Recounted past attendance o'er
 And then, by all that's lovely, swore
 That he would love forever more,
 If she'd become his own.

The maid in silence heard his prayer,
 Then, with a most provoking air,
 She tittered in his face :
 And said, " 'Tis time for you to know
 A lively girl must have a beau,
 Just like a reticule—for show :
 And at her nod to come and go ;
 But he should know his place.

" Your penetration must be dull
 To let a hope within your skull
 Of matrimony spring.
 Your wife? ha, ha! upon my word,
 The thought is laughably absurd
 As anything I ever heard—
 I never dreamed of such a thing!"

The lover sudden dropped his rein
 When on the centre of the plain ;
 " The lynch-pin's out ! " he cried ;
 " Be pleased one moment to alight,
 Till I can set the matter right,
 That we may safely ride,"

He said, and handed out the fair ;
 Then laughing, cracked his whip in air,
 And wheeling round his horse and chair,
 Exclaimed, " Adieu, I leave you there,
 In solitude to roam."
 " What mean you, sir ? " the maiden cried,
 " Did you invite me out to ride,
 To leave me here without a guide ?
 Nay, stop, and take me home."

" What! take you home!" exclaimed the beau ;
 " Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know
 How such a hopeless wish could grow,
 Or in your bosom spring.
 What! take Ellen home! ha, ha! upon my word,
 The thought is laughably absurd
 As any thing I ever heard—
 I never dreamed of such a thing!"

THE DISHONEST POLITICIAN.—H. W. BEECHER.

If there be a man on earth whose character should be framed of the most sterling honesty, and whose conduct should conform to the most scrupulous morality, it is the man who administers public affairs. The most romantic notions of integrity are here not extravagant. As, under our institutions, public men will be, upon the whole, fair exponents of the character of their constituents, the plainest way to secure honest public men is to inspire those who make them with a right understanding of what political character ought to be.

The lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity, he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to each prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of its own, but a smooth surface from which each man of ten thousand may see himself reflected. He glides from man to man, coinciding with their views, pretending their feelings, simulating their tastes; with this one, he hates a man; with that one, he loves the same man; he favors a law, and he dislikes it; he approves, and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes that he could be on one side more than both sides.

He has associated his ambition, his interests, and his affections, with a party. He prefers, doubtless, that his side should be victorious by the best means, and under the championship of good men; but rather than lose the victory, he will consent to *any* means, and follow *any* man. Thus, with a general desire to be upright, the exigency of his party constantly pushes him to dishonorable deeds. He gradually adopts two characters, a personal and a political character. All the requisitions of his conscience he obeys in his private character; all the requisitions of his party he obeys in his political conduct. In one character he is a man of principle; in the other, a man of mere expedients. As a *man*, he means to be veracious, honest, moral; as a *politician*, he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous,—*anything* for party. As a

man, he abhors the slimy demagogue; as a politician, he employs him as a scavenger. As a man, he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander; as a politician, he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it. As a man, he respects no one who is rotten in heart; as a politician, no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad.

For his religion he will give up all his secular interests; but for his politics he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue, and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures, and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion, and justice, and honor! I would to God that his prayer might be answered upon his own political head; for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed! What a heart has that man, who can stand in the very middle of the Bible, with its transcendent truths raising their glowing fronts on every side of him, and feel no inspiration but that of immorality and meanness! Do not tell me of any excuses! It is a shame to attempt an excuse! If there were no religion; if that vast sphere, out of which glow all the supereminent truths of the Bible, was a mere emptiness and void; yet, methinks, the very idea of Fatherland, the exceeding preciousness of the laws and liberties of a great people, would enkindle such a high and noble enthusiasm that all baser feelings would be consumed! But if the love of country, a sense of character, a manly regard for integrity, the example of our most illustrious men, the warnings of religion and all its solicitations, and the prospect of the future, cannot inspire a man to anything higher than a sneaking, truckling, dodging scramble for fraudulent fame and dishonest bread, it is because such a creature has never felt one sensation of manly virtue;— it is because his heart is a howling wilderness, inhospitable to innocence.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.*

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
 Through pathless realms of space
 Roll on!
 What though I'm in a sorry case?
 What though I cannot meet my bills?
 What though I suffer toothache's ills?
 What though I swallow countless pills?
 Never *you* mind!
 Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
 Through seas of inky air
 Roll on!
 It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
 It's true my butcher's bill is due;
 It's true my prospects all look blue—
 But don't let that unsettle you!
 Never *you* mind!
 Roll on!

[*It rolls on.*]

THE BRIDGE OF TRUTH.

It chanced a farmer, with his son,
 From market walked, their labor done.
 The son, in travels far abroad,
 With scenes remote his mind had stored;
 Yet home returning not more wise,
 Though richer in amusing lies.
 A mastiff dog now passed them by,
 And caught the son's admiring eye.
 "This dog," he said, "puts me in mind
 Of one far nobler of its kind,
 Which in my travels once I met,
 Larger than any known as yet;
 It was, I think, as large, indeed,
 As neighbor Stedman's famous steed;
 I'm sure you never had a horse
 To rival it in size or force."

*W. S. Gilbert, Author of "Yarn of the Nancy Bell." See No. 7, p. 10.

"Your tale is marvelous, my son,
 But think not yours the *only* one ;
 For I a prodigy can tell,
 To match your story wondrous well :
 A bridge we come to, by-and-by,
 That lets down all who tell a lie ;
 Down to the gulf below they fall,
 And vainly for deliverance call.
 'Tis said none ever yet could find
 The artist who this work designed ;
 But sure it is this very day
 We both must cross it in our way."

The startled youth turned deadly pale,
 Astonished at the fearful tale.

"Nay, father, I have said too much,
 'Tis clear the case could not be such ;
 For I remember being told
 The dog was only nine months old ;
 And yet it was a creature rare,
 To which no others could compare ;
 I'm confident that it was quite
 Your very tallest heifer's height."

As nearer to the bridge they pressed,
 Again his sire the youth addressed :
 "Large as our heifer, did I say,
 The dog I met the other day ?
 Nay, for that matter, you're too wise
 To think a dog could be that size ;
 But I could on my honor state
 That it was pretty near as great,
 And, if I may believe my eyes,
 Just like a full-grown calf in size."

The fatal bridge now close at hand,
 The stripling makes a final stand :
 "Father, at what a rate you walk !
 Is this the bridge of which you talk ?
 Hear me, the truth I will declare :
 This foreign dog was not so rare,
 But much like others in its size,
 With nothing to create surprise."

The Bridge thus brought him to the test,
 And all his falsehoods were confessed !

There is a bridge which must be passed
 By one and all of us at last ;
 To those whose "refuge is in lies,"
 'Twill be, alas ! a "bridge of sighs."

Beneath it is a gulf of woe,
 Where those who "love a lie" must go;
 But over on the other side,
 A beauteous prospect, far and wide.
 Once landed on this fearful bridge,
 One step advanced upon its ridge,
 Eternal Truth, without disguise,
 Will burst upon our startled eyes.
 May He who is the Way, the *Truth*,
 Direct aright the steps of youth,
 To do what's pleasing in his eyes,
 And "false ways" utterly despise.

WANTED—A PASTOR.

He must be young in years, in wisdom old;
 His heart transmuted into purest gold;
 Fervent in prayer, calm, earnest, modest, meek,
 Yet ever bold the gospel truth to speak.

Solemn, yet social; thoughtful, yet urbane;
 His dignity most careful to maintain;
 To suit the elders he must be "true blue,"
 To please the young folks, must be "jolly" too.

His preaching must be brilliant, yet profound;
 Theology, the soundest of the sound;
 Must prove his doctrine back from Paul to Moses,
 Then down to Calvin, ere his sermon closes.

He must be trained to speaking extempore,
 Yet ne'er repeat his phrases o'er and o'er;
 And when we want a written sermon, then
 Must wield a graceful and a practised pen.

While hurling forth the thunders of the law,
 With honeyed sweetness must be skilled to "draw;"
 Must be a potent instrument to use
 In filling up a score of empty pews.

Must preach two rousing sermons every Sunday,
 And feel the fresher each succeeding Monday;
 Must bring to every Wednesday evening meeting
 A burdened heart, yet cheerful Christian greeting.

Prompt ever to suppress unchristian schisms,
 Quick always to detect unlicensed 'isms,
 He must reserve the hardest of his knocks
 To hurl against the rank "unorthodox."

His heart replete with every saintly grace,
 A holy calm must rest upon his face ;
 With soul exalted to the sacred skies,
 He must be planning to "economize."

And ere he break to us the bread of life,
 He must be furnished with a comely wife.
 For children he must thank the gracious Giver,
 Yet not be burdened with too *full* a quiver.

If, Rev'rend Sir, this scrap should meet your eye
 While looking for a pulpit, please apply ;
 For, *sotto voce*, we'll confess to you
 We're sore perplexed and know not what to do.

OUT OF THE OLD HOUSE, NANCY.

WILL M. CARLETON.*

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new ;
 All the hurry and worry are just as good as through ;
 Only a bounden duty remains for you and I,
 And that's to stand on the door-step, here, and bid the old
 house good-bye.

What a shell we've lived in, these nineteen or twenty years !
 Wonder it hadn't smashed in and tumbled about our ears ;
 Wonder it stuck together and answered till to-day,
 But every individual log was put up here to stay.

Things looked rather new, though, when this old house was
 built,
 And things that blossomed you, would have made some
 women wilt ;
 And every other day, then, as sure as day would break,
 My neighbor Ager come this way, invitin' me to "shake."

And you, for want of neighbors, was sometimes blue and
 sad,
 For wolves and bears and wildcats was the nearest ones you
 had ;

* Author of "Betsy and I are Out," "Over the Hill to the Poor-House," &c.
 See No. 4, pp. 27 and 149.

But lookin' ahead to the clearin', we worked with all our
might,
Until we was fairly out of the woods, and things was goin'
right.

Look up there at our new house,—ain't it a thing to see?
Tall and big and handsome, and new as new can be;
All in apple-pie order, especially the shelves,
And never a debtor to say but what we own it all ourselves.

Look at our old log house—how little it now appears!
But it's never gone back on us, for nineteen or twenty years;
An' I won't go back on it now, or go to pokin' fun,
There's such a thing as praisin' a thing for the good that it
has done.

Probably you remember how rich we was that night,
When we was fairly settled, an' had things snug and tight;
We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's
new;
But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal
prouder, too.

Never a handsomer house was seen beneath the sun,—
Kitchen and parlor and bedroom, we had 'em all in one;
And the fat old wooden clock that we bought when we come
West,
Was tickin' away in the corner there, an' doin' its level best.

Trees was all around us, a whisperin' cheering words,
Loud was the squirrel's chatter, and sweet the song of birds;
And home grew sweeter and brighter—our courage began to
mount—
And things looked hearty and happy, then, and work ap-
peared to count.

And here, one night it happened, when things was goin' bad,
We fell in a deep old quarrel—the first we ever had;
And when you give out and cried, then I like a fool give in,
An' then we agreed to rub all out, and start the thing ag'in.

Here it was, you remember, we sat when the day was done,
And you was a makin' clothing that wasn't for either one;
And often a soft word of love I was soft enough to say,
And the wolves was howlin' in the woods not twenty rods
away.

Then our first-born baby—a regular little joy—
Though I fretted a little, because it wasn't a boy;
Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and
smiles?
Why, settlers come to see that show, a half a dozen miles.

Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home-made thing;
 And many a night I rocked it, providin' you would sing;
 And many a little squatter brought up with us to stay,
 And so that cradle, for many a year, was never put away.

How they kept a comin'—so cunnin' and fat and small!
 How they growed! 'twas a wonder how we found room for
 'em all;
 But though the house was crowded, it empty seemed that
 day,
 When Jennie lay by the fire-place, there, and moaned her
 life away.

And right in there, the preacher, with Bible and hymn-book
 stood,
 "Twixt the dead and the living," and "hoped 'twould do us
 good."
 And the little whitewood coffin on the table there was set,
 And now as I rub my eyes it seems as if I could see it yet.

Then that fit of sickness it brought on you, you know;
 Just by a thread you hung, and you e'en a'most let go;
 And here is the spot I tumbled, and give the Lord His due,
 When the doctor said the fever'd turned, an' he could fetch
 you through.

Yes, a deal has happened to make this old house dear:
 Christenin's, funerals, weddin's—what haven't we had here?
 Not a log in this buildin' but its memories has got,—
 And not a nail in this old floor but touches a tender spot.

Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
 All the hurry and worry is just as good as through;
 But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say:
 There's precious things in this old house, we never can take
 away.

Here the old house will stand, but not as it stood before;
 Winds will whistle through it and rains will flood the floor;
 And over the hearth once blazing, the snow drifts oft will
 pile,
 And the old thing will seem to be a mournin' all the while.

Fare you well, old house! you're naught that can feel or see,
 But you seem like a human being—a dear old friend to me;
 And we never will have a better home, if *my* opinion
 stands,
 Until we commence a keepin' house in the "house not made
 with hands."

MELTING MOMENTS.

One winter evening, a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, when, while standing in the snow outside, putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a lounging, worthless fellow within take half a pound of fresh butter from the shelf, and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he might have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"Stay, Seth!" said the storekeeper, coming in, and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand on the door, and his hat upon his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove door, and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. Without it, you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of "something warm" sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that, while the country grocer sat before him, there was no possibility of his getting out; and right in this very place, sure enough, the storekeeper sat down.

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and declared he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth. Come, I've got a story to tell you, Seth; sit down now." And Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh, it's too hot here!" said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon now, on such a night as this, a little something warm wouldn't hurt a fellow; come, sit down."

"Sit down,—don't be in such a plaguy hurry," repeated the grocer, pushing him back into his chair.

"But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be a goin'," continued the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down; let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be fidgety," said the grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot rum toddy, the very sight of which in Seth's present situation would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can *butter* it yourself," said the grocer, yet with an air of such consummate simplicity, that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose, well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in creation. And, Seth, don't you use hog's fat or common cooking butter to baste a goose with. Come, take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to *smoke* as well as to *melt*, and his mouth was as hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing the wood in the stove, while poor Seth sat bolt upright with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red-hot furnace before him.

"Very cold night this," said the grocer. "Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No!" exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat,—“no!—I must go—let me out—I ain't well—let me go!”

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you *will* go"; adding, as Seth got out into the road, "Neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth sixpence; so I sha'n't charge you for that half-pound of butter."

THE CLOWN'S STORY.—VANDYKE BROWNE.

Yes—that's my business, sir—a *clown*,
 The saw-dust ring is life to me,
 And spinning that old white hat by the crown
 Is a sort of second nature, you see.

For thirty years I've been in the ring—
 Thirty years and I'll be bound;
 This flight of time is a curious thing,
 And here, another season's 'round!

No, nothing to do. Be seated, sir;
 I'm fond of an hour's quiet chat;
 And what with show-life's bustle and stir,
 It isn't a thing to be wondered at.

We've been on the road four months to-day,
 The road, with its varied pleasure and strife;
 And—beg your pardon, sir, what did you say?—
How do I like my calling in life?

Well, 't isn't the easiest thing in the world—
 At least I haven't found it to be;
 A man is tossed about, and hurled
 Here and there, like a bottle at sea.

But a fellow must live somehow, you know,
 And pick up his bread as best he can;
 And how could I do outside the show?
 I think it would prove a difficult plan.

Then, too, in spite of the hardship and strife,
 Of which, no doubt, it has its share,
 There's a certain charm about the life
 That steals upon me unaware.

Why, sir, as soon as the winter's past,
 And I feel the warmer breath of spring,—
 My pulses, even now, beat fast,
 To scent again the air of the ring!

The canvas, sir, is the only place
 In which I feel at home, you see;
 And a brown stone front, with Brussels and lace,
 Would be as bad as the Tombs for me!

Singular, isn't it? Yet I suppose
 Whatever the life a man has led,
 He learns to like it—the more when he knows
 That by it he gets his butter and bread.

Always a clown? Well, no sir, no,
 I've done a little in every line—
 Was principal rider, years ago,
 But fell one night and injured my spine.

Performed on the bar for a season or more,
 And tumbled a while—till I hurt my hip;
 That left me always a little sore—
 I could clear twelve horses once, like a whip!

And then, for a time, I did the trapeze
 With Tom—the show bills called us “brothers,”
 And 'twasn't, by Jove, much out of the way,
 Though we did have different fathers and mothers!

I wish that some of these pious chaps,
 Who'd think it a sin to shake hands with me,
 Could have known poor Tom, and then, perhaps,
 They'd have, in the future, more charity.

It happened that we were south that year,—
 The fever was raging bad, they said:
 And yet I had no thought of fear,
 Until I saw Tom lying dead!

He seemed too young, too strong and brave,
 To be thus early stricken down;
 But strength don't count against the grave;
 So poor Tom went, and I turned clown.

That's more than twenty years ago ;
 And since that sad time—let me see—
 I've stuck with patience to the show,
 And done what seemed the best to me.

I married, after poor Tom died,
 As good a girl, as kind and true,
 As ever pledged herself a bride,—
 I count that more than looks, don't you?

But she was beautiful as well,
 With such rich, glorious, golden hair,
 And eyes that held you like a spell,—
 Such eyes!—like that blue heaven there!

Well, we were wed, and for a time
 Our lives seemed one long summer day—
 "As merry as a marriage chime,"—
 I think that's what the stories say.

But ah, how soon it ended, sir!
 The road and canvas—life to me—
 Proved all too rough and hard for her,
 She drooped beneath the weight, you see.

I watched her, heavy-hearted, fail ;
 I tried to think she would not die ;
 I saw her rounded cheek grow pale,—
 The lustre fade from out her eye ;

And then I knew all hope was past ;
 The days dragged by, with snail-like pace,—
 Such days of anguish!—till, at last,
 Death clasped her in his cold embrace.

Since then the years have come and gone ;
 I've scarcely marked them as they fled ;
 For from the day on which she died,
 It seemed as though time, too, were dead.

My griefs, sometimes, have crushed me down,
 But the world, of course, knows nothing of that ;
 Who'd think of sorrow in a clown?
 My business is to spin that hat!

I don't complain. The life I've led
 Has had its dark and sunny page ;
 'Twas Shakspeare, wasn't it? who said
 That "all the world is but a stage."

Well, that, I think, 's about my creed,
 And 'twouldn't much have changed the thing
 If Shakspeare had made the passage read
 That "all the world is but a ring."

And so it is, sir! you and I
 Are only playing different parts;
 The Manager who rules on high
 I think will judge men by their hearts.

I don't believe he'll even ask
 What their calling was down here;
 But only if they bore their task,
 And kept a conscience straight and clear.

So, when the season here is through,
 And I go to meet Him face to face,
 If He finds a heart that has tried to be true,
 Perhaps He'll give even the clown a place.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.—GEORGE P. MORRIS.

This book is all that's left me now,
 Tears will unbidden start;
 With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
 I press it to my heart.
 For many generations past,
 Here is our family tree;
 My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
 She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
 Whose names these records bear,
 Who round the hearthstone used to close
 After the evening prayer,
 And speak of what these pages said,
 In tones my heart would thrill!
 Though they are with the silent dead,
 Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
 To brothers, sisters, dear;
 How calm was my poor mother's look,
 Who loved God's word to hear!

Her angel face—I see it yet!
 What thronging memories come!
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false I found thee true,
 My counselor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasures give
 That could this volume buy;
 In teaching me the way to live,
 It taught me how to die.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top,—for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward towards the earth,—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections.

All toys at first, I find. But upon the branches of the tree, lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them, with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with!

“A was an archer, and shot at a frog.” Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe: like Y, who

was always confined to a yacht or a yew-tree; and Z, condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany.

But now the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk,—the marvelous bean-stalk by which Jack climbed up to the giant's house. Jack,—how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas-time is the ruddy color of the cloak in which, the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas eve, to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood I should have known perfect bliss. But it was not to be, and there was nothing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

Oh, the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even there; and then ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it?

Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the lady-bird, the butterfly,—all triumphs of art! consider the goose, whose feet were so small and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation! consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string.

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree,—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf,—I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders without mention,—but an Eastern King with a glittering scymitar and turban. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful! all rings are talismans! Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to throw down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky one with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genii's invisible son. All olives are of the same stock of that fresh fruit concerning which the Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent olive-merchant. Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas tree I see this fairy light!

But hark! the Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree! Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travelers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men: a solemn figure with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the waters; in a ship, again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children around; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season

brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof
be the star of all the Christian world!

A moment's pause, O vanishing tree, of which the lower
boughs are dark to me yet, and let me look once more. I
know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes
that I have loved have shone and smiled, from which they
are departed. But, far above, I see the Raiser of the dead
girl and the widow's son,—and God is good!

Whittier's "Child Life in Prose."

YE EDITOR'S PERPLEXITIES.

An editor is Mister Squibbs,
A man of lordly will;
A mighty man likewise to wield
Ye scissors and ye quill.

Ye humble honors of ye press
With lofty pride he wears;
Although no millionaire, he hath
Well nigh a million *airs*.

He strives with dignity to feed
Ye little Squibbs with bread,
And eke upon ye wings of fame
Ye name of Squibbs to spread.

He takes his little perquisites—
Ye which each Press man knows—
With ever ready, gracious air,
For which he "puffs" bestows.

Now, Mr. Squibbs he had a pass
Upon ye railroad train;
Ye which was stolen; ye loss of which
It vexed him sore with pain.

Then, with a frown of dignity,
Squibbs sought ye President:
"Give orders to your hirelings straight,
Through all your road's extent,

"To seize the man, wherever found,
Who to my name aspires."
Ye orders flew, and Mr. Squibbs
With dignity retires.

Not many days thereafter, Squibbs
 With dignity arose,
 And clad his dignity and limbs
 All in his Sunday clothes ;

For Squibbs was bid to scenes of mirth
 All in ye distant town,
 And merrily he cut his pen
 To note ye doings down.

And while he viewed his toilette o'er,
 All by a luckless chance,
 He hit upon ye stolen pass,
Safe in his Sunday pants.

With lofty air Squibbs gave ye pass
 Unto ye ticket man :
 "Eureka!" muttered he, and turned
 Ye face of Squibbs to scan.

Then, with a flaming lantern, sore,
 He smote Squibbs on ye head ;
 Three bloody brakemen then he called,
 Who bore him out as dead.

Upon ye lordly Squibbs then sat
 Three brakemen, great and small,
 Ye while ye wrathful ticket man
 His clothes did overhaul.

They found a pass on every road
 That runs ye world around ;
 They bound him fast, and swore they had
 Ye king of pass-thieves found.

His freedom was at last restored ;
 His dignity, alas,
 Was wrecked ! and even to this day
 Squibbs won't ride *on a pass.*

CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.—SHAKSPEARE.

I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favor.
 Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
 I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point ? " Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did. .
 The torrent roared ; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it, with hearts of controversy :
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink ! "

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar, and this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their color fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,

Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

THE EXILE TO HIS WIFE.—JOE BRENNAN.

Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee;
 Day-time and night-time I'm dreaming about thee;
 Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
 Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee.
 Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten;
 Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten;
 Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly;
 Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy.

Swallows shall flit round the desolate ruin,
 Telling of Spring and its joyous renewing;
 And thoughts of thy love and its manifest treasure
 Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure;
 O Spring of my heart! O May of my bosom!
 Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom.
 The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
 And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure which moves like a song through the even,
 Features lit up with a reflex of Heaven,
 Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
 Where sunshine and shadow are chasing each other;
 Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple;
 And opening their eyes from the heart of a dimple;
 Oh! thanks to the Saviour that even the seeming,
 Is left to the exile, to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened ;
 Dear, are you sad to hear I am saddened ?
 Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time; love,
 As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love ;
 I cannot smile but your cheeks will be glowing ;
 You cannot weep but my tears will be flowing ;
 You will not linger when I shall have died, love,
 And I could not live without you at my side, love.

Come to me, darling, ere I die of my sorrow ;
 Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow ;
 Come swift and strong as the words which I speak, love,
 With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love ;
 Come, for my heart in your absence is dreary ;
 Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary ;
 Come to the arms which alone shall caress thee ;
 Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

LET EVERY ONE SWEEP BEFORE HIS OWN
 DOOR.—A PARAPHRASE.

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of
 yore?—

“ Ere you sweep your neighbor’s dwelling, clear the rubbish
 from your door.”

Let no filth, no rust there gather,—leave no traces of decay,—
 Pluck up every weed unsightly, brush the fallen leaves away!

If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep without, with-
 in,—

Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each besetting sin,—
 Weeds that by the sacred portals of the inner temple grow,—
 Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing bitterness and
 woe ;

Then, perchance, we may have leisure o’er our neighbor watch
 to keep ;

All the work assigned us finished, we before his door may
 sweep ;

Show him where the mosses clinging, tokens ever of decay,
 Where the thistles, thickly springing, daily must be cleared
 away.

But, alas! our work *neglecting*, oft we mount the judgment
 seat,

With his failings, his omissions, we our weary brother greet ;

In some hidden nook forgotten, searching with a careful
eye,
We the springing weeds discover—some slight blemish there
descrie.

For his slothfulness, his blindness, we our brother harshly
chide,
Glorying in our strength and wisdom, we condemn him in
our pride;
Ask not *why* he has neglected thus before his door to sweep,
Why, grown careless, he has slumbered, failed his garden-
plot to keep.

On the judgment seat still sitting, we no helping hand ex-
tend
To assist our weaker brother his short-comings to amend;
For his weariness, his faltering, we no sweet compassion
show—
From our store no cordial bring him, no encouragement be-
stow.

But, while busied with our neighbor, urging him to ceaseless
care—
Calling to the thoughtless idlers, to their labor to repair,
Lo! unseen the dust has gathered, weeds are growing where
of yore
Flow'rets rare and sweet were blooming when we swept be-
fore our door.

Ah! how easy o'er our brother faithful ward and watch to
keep;
But, alas! before our dwelling hard indeed to daily sweep;
Harder than to share the conflict, "by the stuff" at home to
stay,—
Easier far to sit in judgment than to humbly watch and pray.

PATRICK O'ROUKE AND THE FROGS. A COLD
WATER STORY.—GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Saint Patrick did a vast deal of good in his day; he not
only drove the snakes out of Ireland, but he also drove away
the frogs—at least I judge so from the fact that Patrick O'
Rouke was unfamiliar with the voices of these noisy hydro-

paths. Pat had been visiting at the house of a friend, and he had unfortunately imbibed more whisky than ordinary mortals can absorb with safety to their persons. On his return home the road was too narrow, and he performed wonderful feats in his endeavors to maintain the centre of gravity. Now he seemed to exert his best efforts to walk on both sides of the road at the same time; then he would fall and feel upward for the ground; then he would slowly pick himself up, and the ground would rise and hit him square in the face. By the time he reached the meadow-lands, located about half-way betwixt his home and the shanty of his friend, he was somewhat sobered by the ups and downs he had experienced on the way.

Hearing strange voices, he stopped suddenly to ascertain if possible the purport of their language. Judge his astonishment when he heard his own name distinctly called, "Patrick O'Rouke—Patrick O'Rouke."

"Faith, that's my name, sure."

"Patrick O'Rouke—Patrick—O'Rouke—Rouke—Rouke."

"What do ye want o' the likes o' me?" he inquired.

"When did you come over—come over—come over?"

"It is jest tree months ago to the minute, and a bad time we had, sure, for we wur all say-sick, and the passage lasted six long wakes."

"What will you do—do—do? What will you do—do—do?"

"I have nothing to do at all at all; but then I can do any thing: I can dig; I can tind mason; and I can hould office, if I can git it."

"You are drunk—you are drunk—drunk—drunk—drunk—drunk."

"By my sowl that's a lie."

"You are drunk—dead drunk—drunk—drunk."

"Repate that same if ye dare and I will take me shillaly to ye."

"You are drunk—dead drunk—drunk—drunk."

"Jist come out here now and stip on the tail o' my coat, like a man," exclaimed Pat in high dudgeon, pulling off his coat and trailing it upon the ground.

"Strike him—strike him—strike—strike—strike."

"Come on wid ye, and the divil take the hindmost; I am a broth of a boy—come on."

"Knock him down—down—down."

"I will take any one in the crowd, and if Mike Mulligan was here we wud take all of yees at onct."

"Kill him—kill him—kill him."

"Och, murther! sure ye wud not be after murdering me—I was not oncivil to ye. Go back to Pate Dogan's wid me now, and I will trate ivery one of yees."

"We don't drink rum—rum—rum."

"And are ye all Father Mathew men?"

"We are cold watermen—watermen."

"Take me advice now, and put a little whasky in the wather, darlings: it will kape the cowl'd out whin yees git wet, and so it will."

"Moderation—moderation—moderation."

'Yis, that's the talk. I wint to Pate Dogan's, down there in Brownville, and says I, 'Will ye stand trate?' Says he, 'Faith, and I will.' Says I, 'Fill up the glass;' and so he did; 'Fill it agin,' said I, and so he did; 'and agin,' said I, and so he did. 'Give me the bottle,' said I. 'And I won't do that same,' said he. 'Give me the bottle,' said I, and he kipt on niver heed'in' me at all at all, so I struck him wid me fist rite in his partatee thrap, and he kicked me out o' the house, and I took the hint that he didn't want me there, so I lift."

"Blackguard and bully—blackguard and bully."

"Ye wouldn't dare say that to my face in broad day, sure; but ye are a set of futpads and highwaymin, hiding behind the rocks and the traas. Win I onct git to Watertown I will sind Father Fairbanks afther ye, and he will chuck ye into the pond as he did that thafe who stole the public money, and he will hould ye thfere until ye confess, or he will take yees to the perleese."

"Come on, boys—chase him—chase him."

"Faith and I won't run, but I will jist walk rite along, for if any of me frinds shud find me here in sich company, at this time o' night, they wud think I was thrying for to stale somethin'. Tak me advice, boys, and go home, for it's goin' for to rain, and ye will git wet to the skin if ye kape sich late hours."

"Catch him—catch him—catch him."

"Sure ye'd bether not, for I haven't got a cint wid me or I'd lave it in yer jackets. What's the use of staling all a man has whin he has jist nothing at all at all? Bad luck to ye for bothering me so."

About this time the frog concert was in full tune, and the hoarse chorus so alarmed Pat that he took to his heels, for he was now sober enough to run. Reaching his home, two miles distant from the scene of his encounter with the "highwaymin" who held such a long parley with him, he gave a graphic history of his grievance. Soon it was noised about the neighborhood that Patrick O'Rouke had been waylaid and abused by a drunken set of vagabonds, whose headquarters were near a meadow on the banks of the Black River; but the fear of the citizens subsided when they discovered that Pat had been out on a bender, and could not distinguish a frog from a friend or an enemy.

THE SIGN OF DISTRESS.

'Twas a wild, dreary night, in cheerless December;
 'Twas a night only lit by a meteor's gleam;
 'Twas a night,—of that night I distinctly remember,—
 That my soul journeyed forth on the wings of a dream;
 That dream found me happy, by tried friends surrounded,
 Enjoying with rapture the comforts of wealth;
 My cup overflowing with blessings unbounded,
 My heart fully charged from the fountains of health.

That dream left me wretched, by friendship forsaken,
 Dejected, despairing, and wrapped in dismay;
 By poverty, sickness, and ruin o'ertaken,
 To every temptation and passion a prey;
 Devoid of an end or an aim, I then wandered
 O'er highway and by-way and lone wilderness;
 On the past and the present and future I pondered,
 But pride bade me tender no sign of distress.

In frenzy the wine cup I instantly quaffed at,
 And habit and time made me quaff to excess ;
 But heated by wine, like a madman, I laughed at
 The thought of e'er giving the sign of distress ;
 But wine sank me lower by lying pretenses,
 It tattered my raiment and furrowed my face,
 It palsied my sinews and pilfered my senses,
 And forced me to proffer a sign of distress.

I reeled to a chapel, where churchmen were kneeling,
 And asking their Savior poor sinners to bless ;
 My claim I presented—the door of that chapel
 Was slammed in my face at the sign of distress ;
 I strolled to the priest, to the servant of Heaven,
 And sued for relief with wild eagerness ;
 He prayed that my sins might at last be forgiven,
 And *thought he had answered* my sign of distress.

I staggered at last to the home of my mother,
 Believing my prayers there would meet with success,
 But father and mother and sister and brother
 Disowned me, and taunted my sign of distress.
 I lay down to die, a stranger drew nigh me,
 A spotless white lambskin adorning his dress ;
 My eye caught the emblem, and ere he passed by me,
 I gave, as before, the sign of distress.

With godlike emotion that messenger hastens
 To grasp me, and whisper, " My brother, I bless
 The hour of my life when I learned of the Masons
 To give and to answer your sign of distress."
 Let a sign of distress by a craftsman be given,
 And though priceless to me is eternity's bliss,
 May my name never enter the records of Heaven
 Should I fail to *acknowledge* that—sign of distress.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE IN CHRIST.

MRS. E. PRENTISS.

I walk along the crowded streets, and mark
 The eager, anxious faces ;
 Wondering what this man seeks, what that heart craves,
 In earthly places.

Do I want any thing that they are wanting?
Is each of them my brother?
Could we hold fellowship, speak heart to heart,
Each to the other?

Nay, but I know not! only this I know,
That sometimes merely crossing
Another's path, where life's tumultuous waves
Are ever tossing,

He, as he passes, whispers in mine ear
One magic sentence only,
And in the awful loneliness of crowds
I am not lonely.

Ah, what a life is theirs who live in Christ;
How vast the mystery!
Reaching in height to heaven, and in its depth
The unfathomed sea.

FREEDOM AND PATRIOTISM.—ORVILLE DEWEY.

God has stamped upon our very humanity this impress of freedom. It is the unchartered prerogative of human nature. A soul ceases to be a soul, in proportion as it ceases to be free. Strip it of this, and you strip it of one of its essential and characteristic attributes. It is this that draws the footsteps of the wild Indian to his wide and boundless desert-paths, and makes him prefer them to the gay saloons and soft carpets of sumptuous palaces. It is this that makes it so difficult to bring him within the pale of artificial civilization. Our roving tribes are perishing—a sad and solemn sacrifice upon the altar of their wild freedom. They come among us, and look with childish wonder upon the perfection of our arts, and the splendor of our habitations; they submit with ennui and weariness, for a few days, to our burdensome forms and restraints; and then turn their faces to their forest homes, and resolve to push those homes onward till they sink in the Pacific waves, rather than not be free.

It is thus that every people is attached to its country, just in proportion as it is free. No matter if that country be in the rocky fastnesses of Switzerland, amidst the snows of Tartary, or on the most barren and lonely island-shore; no matter if that country be so poor as to force away its children to other and richer lands, for employment and sustenance; yet when the songs of those free homes chance to fall upon the exile's ear, no soft and ravishing airs that wait upon the timid feastings of Asiatic opulence ever thrilled the heart with such mingled rapture and agony as those simple tones. Sad mementos might they be of poverty and want and toil; yet it was enough that they were mementos of happy freedom. And more than once has it been necessary to forbid by military orders, in the armies of the Swiss mercenaries, the singing of their native songs.

And such an attachment, do I believe, is found in our own people, to their native country. It is the country of the free; and that single consideration compensates for the want of many advantages which other countries possess over us. And glad am I that it opens wide its hospitable gates to many a noble but persecuted citizen, from the dungeons of Austria and Italy, and the imprisoning castles and citadels of Poland. Here may they find rest, as they surely find sympathy, though it is saddened with many bitter remembrances!

Yes, let me be free; let me go and come at my own will; let me do business and make journeys, without a vexatious police or insolent soldiery to watch my steps; let me think and do and speak what I please, subject to no limit but that which is set by the common weal; subject to no law but that which conscience binds upon me; and I will bless my country, and love its most rugged rocks and its most barren soil.

I have seen my countrymen, and have been with them a fellow-wanderer, in other lands; and little did I see or feel to warrant the apprehension, sometimes expressed, that foreign travel would weaken our patriotic attachments. One sigh for home—home, arose from all hearts. And why, from palaces and courts—why, from galleries of the arts, where the marble softens into life, and painting sheds an almost living presence of beauty around it—why, from the moun-

tain's awful brow, and the lovely valleys and lakes touched with the sunset hues of old romance—why, from those venerable and touching ruins to which our very heart grows—why, from all these scenes, were they looking beyond the swellings of the Atlantic wave, to a dearer and holier spot of earth—their own, own country? Doubtless, it was, in part, because it is their country. But it was also, as every one's experience will testify, because they knew that *there* was no oppression, no pitiful exaction of petty tyranny; because that *there*, they knew, was no accredited and irresistible religious domination; because that *there*, they knew, they should not meet the odious soldier at every corner, nor swarms of imploring beggars, the victims of misrule; that *there*, no curse causeless did fall, and no blight, worse than plague and pestilence, did descend amidst the pure dews of heaven; because, in fine, that *there*, they knew, was liberty—upon all the green hills, and amidst all the peaceful valleys—liberty, the wall of fire around the humblest home,—the crown of glory, studded with her ever-blazing stars, upon the proudest mansion!

My friends, upon our own homes that blessing rests, that guardian care and glorious crown; and when we return to those homes, and so long as we dwell in them—so long as no oppressor's foot invades their thresholds, let us bless them, and hallow them as the homes of freedom! Let us make them too the homes of a nobler freedom—of freedom from vice, from evil, from passion—from every corrupting bondage of the soul.

THE QUAKER AND THE ROBBER.—SAMUEL LOVER.

A traveler wended the wilds among,
 With a purse of gold and a silver tongue;
 His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,
 For he hated high colors—except on his nose;
 And he met with a lady, the story goes.

The damsel she cast him a merry blink,
 And the traveler was nothing loth, I think!

Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,
 And the Quaker he grinned, for he'd very good teeth ;
 And he asked, "Art thou going to ride on the heath?"

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,
 "As to ride this heath over I am sadly afraid ;
 For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,
 And I wouldn't for anything I should be found :
 For between you and me I have five hundred pound."

"If that is thine own, dear," the Quaker said,
 "I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed ;
 And I have another five hundred just now,
 In the padding that's under my saddle-bow :
 And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"

The maiden she smiled, and the rein she drew,
 "Your offer I'll take, though I'll not take you!"
 A pistol she held to the Quaker's head—
 "Now give me your gold, or I'll give you my lead :
 'Tis under the saddle, I think you said."

And the damsel ripped up the saddle-bow,
 And the Quaker was ne'er a *quaker* till now ;
 And he saw by the fair one he wished for a bride,
 His purse drawn away with a swaggering stride,
 And the eye that looked tender now only defied.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broadbrim," quoth she,
 "To take all this filthy temptation from thee ;
 For mammon deceives, and beauty is fleeting.
 Accept from thy maiden a right loving greeting,
 For much doth she profit by this happy meeting.

"And hark, jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
 Have righteousness more than a lass in your eye ;
 Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
 Remember the one you met on the heath :
 Her name's Jimmy Barlow—I tell to your teeth."

"Friend James," quoth the Quaker, "pray listen to me,
 For thou canst confer a great favor, d'ye see ?
 The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,
 But my master's—and truly on thee I depend
 To make it appear I my trust did defend.

"So fire a few shots through my coat here and there,
 To make it appear 'twas a desperate affair."
 So Jim he popped first through the skirts of his coat,
 And then through his collar, quite close to his throat ;
 "Now once through my broadbrim," quoth Ephraim, "I vote."

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and they're spent,
 And I won't load again for a make-believe rent."
 "Then," said Ephraim, producing his pistols, "just give
 My five hundred pounds back, or, as sure as you live,
 I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."

Jim Barlow was diddled—and though he was game,
 He saw Ephraim's pistol, so deadly in aim,
 That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers;
 And when the whole story got into the papers,
 They said that the thieves were no match for the Quakers.

RABBONI.—M. J. PRESTON.

Of all the nights of most mysterious dread
 This elded earth hath known, none matched in gloom,
 That crucifixion night when Christ lay dead,—
 Sealed up in Joseph's tomb!

No faith that rose sublime above the pain,
 Remembered in its anguish what He said:
 "After three days and I shall rise again,"—
 Their hopeless hearts were dead.

Throughout the ghastly "Preparation Day,"
 How had that stricken mother dragged her breath!
 Like all of Adam born, her "God-given" lay
 Beneath the doom of death.

The prophecy she nursed through pondering years
 Of apprehension, now had found its whole
 Fulfillment, infinite beyond her fears,—
 The sword *had* pierced her soul!

The vehement tears of Peter well might flow,
 Mixed with the wormwood of repentant shame;
 Now would he yield his life thrice told, if so
 He might confess the name

He had denied with curses. Fruitless were
 The keen remorse now, the gnawing smart;
 A heavier stone than sealed the sepulchre
 Was rolled above his heart.

Surprise and grief and baffled hopes sufficed
 To rush as seas their souls and God between ;
 Yet none of all had mourned the buried Christ,
 As Mary Magdalene.

When all condemned, He bade her live again,—
 When all were hard, His pity moved above
 Her penitent spirit, healed it, cleansed its stain,
 And made it pure with love.

And she had broken all her costliest store
 O'er him whose tenderness, so new, so rare,
 Stood, like a strong, white angel, evermore
 'Twixt her and mad despair.

And He was dead!—Her peace had died with Him!
 The demons who had fled at His control,
 With sevenfold chains within their dungeons dim,
 Would henceforth bind her soul.

How slowly crept the Sabbath's endless week!
 What aching vigils watched the lingering day,
 When she might stagger through the dark and seek
 The garden where He lay!

And when she thrid her way to meet the dawn,
 And found the gates unbarred,—a grieving moan
 Broke from her lips—"Who" (for her strength was gone,)
 "Will roll away the stone?"

She held no other thought, no hope but this:
 To look—to touch the sacred flesh once more,—
 Handle the spices with adoring kiss
 And help to wind him o'er

With the fair linen Joseph had prepared,—
 Lift reverently the wounded hands and feet,
 And gaze, one blinded, on the features bared,
 And drink the last, most sweet

Divine illusion of his presence there,
 And then, the embalming done, with one low cry
 Of utmost, unappeasable despair,
 Seek out her home and die.

Lo, the black square that showed the opened tomb!
 She sprang—she entered unafraid—and swept
 Her arms outstretching, groping through the gloom,
 To touch Him where he slept.

Her trembling fingers grasped the raiment cold,
 Pungent with aloes, lying where He lay:
 She smoothed her hands above it, fold by fold,—
 Her Lord was stolen away!

And others came anon, who wept him sore,—
 Simon and John, the women pale and spent
 With fearful watchings; wondering more and more
 They questioned, gazed,—and went.

Nor thus did Mary. Though the lingering gloom
 Parted into brightness, and city's stir
 Came floating upward to the golden tomb,
 There was no dawn for her;—

No room for faintest hopes, nor utmost fears:
 For when she sobbing stooped, and saw the twain
 White-clothen angels, through her falling tears,
 Sit where her Lord had lain,

And ask, "Why weepest thou?"—there brake no cry,
 But she with deadened calm her answer made:
 "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I
 Know not where He is laid."

Was it a step upon the dewy grass?
 Was it a garment rustled by the wind?
 Did some hushed breathing o'er her senses pass,
 And draw her looks behind?

She turned and saw—the very Lord she sought—
 Jesus the newly-risen!—but no surprise
 Held her astound and rooted to the spot;
 Her filmed and holden eyes

Had only vision for the swathéd form;
 Nor from her mantle lifted she her face,
 Nor marveled that the gardener's voice should warm
 With pity at her case;—

Till sprang the sudden thought, "If *he* should know:"—
 And then she turned full quickly: "Sir, I pray
 Tell me where thou hast borne Him, that I may go
 And take Him thence away."

The resurrection-morning's broadening blaze
 Shot up behind, and clear before her sight,
 Centred on Jesus its transfiguring rays,
 And hallowed him with light.

"*Mary!*"—The measureless pathos was the same
 As when her Lord had said, "Thou art forgiven;"
 Had He, for comfort, named her by her name
 Out from the height of heaven?

She looked aloft—she listened, turned and gazed;
 A revelation flashed across her brow;
 One moment,—and she prostrate fell, amazed,—
 "*Rabboni!*—*It is Thou!*"

A NAME.—W. F. Fox.

Oh! give me a name that shall live forever,
 Like the leaf of the immortelle;
 And weave me a chain where no link may sever,
 Nor lost, nor yet broken its spell:
 For nearer the heart and e'en dearer by far
 Than the love for aught else beside,
 Is a name that shall shine like evening's bright star
 When action and thought shall have died.

The laurel and cypress may wither and die,
 The myrtle and olive grow pale,
 The beauty may fade, that now beams in the eye,
 And rust coat the armor and mail.
 The leaves and the flowers may mingle with earth,
 And sigh for the days that have flown;
 And hearts now so free and so joyous with mirth,
 May mourn for life's pleasures when gone;

The voice of the maiden may sober in tone,
 And music may lose its soft thrill,
 The proud soul may learn to yet struggle alone,
 And drink of the cup she must fill;
 The objects we cherish may yield to decay,
 And all that is lovely may fade,
 And life may grow dim like the twilight of day,
 And rest 'neath the rock and the shade;

But yet if there live 'mid the shadows that fall,
 A name—that has lived in the past,—
 Whose light shall reflect upon Time's faded wall
 The lustre its virtues have cast:
 It will gladden the soul when life shall go down
 To find, traced in letters of gold,
 A name, that is richer by far than a crown
 In thoughts and in deeds that were bold.

A HEBREW TALE.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Twilight was deepening with a tinge of eve,
 As toward his home in Israel's sheltered vales
 A stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied
 Afar the palm-trees' lofty heads, that decked
 The dear, domestic fountain,—and in speed
 Pressed with broad foot the smooth and dewy glade.
 The holy man his peaceful threshold passed
 With hasting step. The evening meal was spread,
 And she who from life's morn his heart had shared
 Breathed her fond welcome. Bowing o'er the board,
 The blessing of his fathers' God he sought,
 Ruler of earth and sea. Then, raising high
 The sparkling wine-cup, "Call my sons," he bade,
 "And let me bless them ere their hour of rest."

The observant mother spake with gentle voice
 Somewhat of soft excuse,—that they were wont
 To linger long amid the Prophet's school,
 Learning the holy law their father loved.

His sweet repast with sweet discourse was blent,
 Of journeying and return.—"Would thou hadst seen
 With me, the golden morning break to light
 Yon mountain summits, whose blue, waving line
 Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of joyous birds,
 And breath of fragrant shrubs, and spicy gales,
 And sigh of waving boughs, stirred in the soul
 Warm orisons. Yet most I wished thee near
 Amid the temple's pomp, when the high priest,
 Clad in his robe pontifical, invoked
 The God of Abraham, while from lute and harp,
 Cymbal and trump and psaltery and glad breath
 Of tuneful Levite, and the mighty shout
 Of all our people, like the swelling sea,
 Loud hallelujahs burst. When next I seek
 Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys
 Must bear me company. Their early prayers
 Will rise as incense. Thy reluctant love
 No longer must withhold them: the new toil
 Will give them sweeter sleep, and touch their cheek
 With brighter crimson. 'Mid their raven curls
 My hand I'll lay, and dedicate them there,
 Even in those hallowed courts, to Israel's God:
 Two spotless lambs, well pleasing in his sight.
 But yet, methinks, thou'rt paler grown, my love;
 And the pure sapphire of thine eye looks dim,
 As though 'twere washed with tears."

Faintly she smiled,—

“*One doubt*, my lord, I fain would have thee solve:
 Gems of rich lustre and of countless cost
 Were to my keeping trusted. Now, alas!
 They are demanded. Must they be restored?
 Or may I not a little longer gaze
 Upon their dazzling hues?” His eye grew stern
 And on his lip there lurked a sudden curl
 Of indignation: “Doth *my wife* propose
Such doubt? as if a master might not claim
 His own again!” “Nay, Rabbi, come behold
 These priceless jewels ere I yield them back.”
 So to their spousal chamber with soft hand
 Her lord she led. There, on a snow-white couch
 Lay his two sons, *pale, pale and motionless*,
 Like fair twin-lilies, which some grazing kid
 In wantonness had cropped. “My sons! my sons!
 Light of my eyes!” the astonished father cried;
 “My teachers in the law,—whose guileless hearts
 And prompt obedience warned *me* oft to be
 More perfect with my God!”

To earth he fell,
 Like Lebanon's rent cedar: while his breast
 Heaved with such groans as when the labring soul
 Breaks from its clay companion's close embrace.
 The mourning mother turned away and wept
 Till the first storm of passionate grief was still;
 Then, pressing to his ear her faded lip,
 She sighed in tone of tremulous tenderness,
 “*Thou* didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield
 The summoned jewels: see, the Lord did give,
 The Lord hath taken away.”

“Yea,” said the sire,
 “And *blessed be his name*. Even for *thy sake*,
 Thrice blessed be Jehovah.” Long he pressed
 On those cold, beautiful brows his quivering lip,
 While from his eye the burning anguish rolled;
 Then, kneeling low, those chastened spirits poured
 Their mighty homage.

SIMON SHORT'S SON SAMUEL

Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers'
 speeding storms,—succeeding sunshine—successively saw
 Simon's small shabby shop standing staunch, saw Simon's

self-same sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout sturdy sons,—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; Skeptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; Selfish Shadrach sold shoe strings, soaps, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sang several serenades sllily. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly, singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales," said Simon. "Strutting spendthrift! shatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally; "Sam's smitten—Sam's spied sweetheart."

"Sentimental schoolboy!" snarled Simon; "Smitten! Stop such stuff!"

Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seizing Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy: so, sonny, stop strolling sidewalks, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously; stop sprucing so; stop singing serenades—stop short: sell saddles, sonny; sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's staple, so solicit, sure; so secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon; so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling, "specially since sire shows such spirit."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stuporously. Sam soliloquizes:

"Sophia Sophronia Spriggs Short — Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—she sha'n't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly; Sam stammered shockingly.

"Sp-sp-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia.

"Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sar-sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat soporific," said Sam, stealthily staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely: so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling Spring shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; super-angelic sylphs shall—'"

Sophia snickered: so Sam stopped.

"Sophia," said Sam, solemnly.

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia.

"Speak, Sophia, speak! Such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "Sartin."

MAHMOUD.—LEIGH HUNT.

There came a man, making his hasty moan
 Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
 And crying out, "My sorrow is my right,
 And I *will* see the Sultan, and to-night."
 "Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
 I recognize its right, as king with king;
 Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
 Exclaimed the staring man, "and tortures us:
 One of thine officers; he comes, the abhorred,
 And takes possession of my house, my board,
 My bed:—I have two daughters and a wife,
 And the wild villain comes and makes me mad with life."
 "Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No;—he left
 The house when I did, of my wits bereft,
 And laughed me down the street, because I vowed
 I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
 I'm mad with want—I'm mad with misery,
 And O thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"

The Sultan comforted the man, and said,
 "Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread,"
 (For he was poor) "and other comforts. Go:
 And should the wretch return, let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In three days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
 And shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,
 And said, "He's come." Mahmoud said not a word,
 But rose and took four slaves, each with a sword,
 And went with the vexed man. They reach the place,
 And hear a voice, and see a woman's face,
 That to the window fluttered in affright:
 "Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
 But tell the females first to leave the room;
 And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!—
 A table falls, the window is struck dark:
 Forth rush the breathless women; and behind
 With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
 In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
 And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

"Now *light* the light," the Sultan cried aloud:
 'Twas done: *he took it in his hand and bowed
 Over the corpse, and looked upon the face;
 Then turned and knelt, and to the throne of grace*

*Put up a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.*

In reverent silence the beholders wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat ;
And when he had refreshed his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amazed, all mildness now and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,
And begged him to vouchsafe to tell his slave
The reason first of that command he gave
About the light ; then, when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down ; and lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detained him in the place.

The Sultan said, with a benignant eye,
"Since first I saw thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread, that one
By whom such daring villanies were done,
Must be some lord of mine,—ay, e'en perhaps a son.
For this I had the light put out : but when
I saw the face, and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thanked the sovereign Arbitrer,
Whose work I had performed through pain and fear ;
And then I rose and was refreshed with food,
The first time since thy voice had marred my solitude."

THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

A TRUE STORY.

You see the gentle water,
How silently it floats ;
How cautiously, how steadily,
It moves the sleepy boats ;
And all the little loops of pearl
It strews along the sand,
Steal out as leisurely as leaves
When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,
And thunder from its rest,
When the stormy taunts of winter
Are flying at its breast ;

And if you like to listen,
 And draw your chairs around,
 I'll tell you what it did one night
 When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham
 Go out to search the seas;
 A staunch and sturdy fleet are they,
 Who love a swinging breeze;
 And before the woods of Devon,
 And the silver cliffs of Wales,
 You may see, when summer evenings fall,
 The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
 And grey winds hunt the foam,
 They go back to Little Brixham,
 And ply their toil at home.
 And thus it chanced one winter's night,
 When a storm began to roar,
 That the sailors all were out at sea,
 And all the wives on shore.

Then as the wind grew fiercer,
 The women's cheeks grew white,—
 It was fiercer in the twilight,
 And fiercest in the night;
 The strong clouds set themselves like ice,
 Without a star to melt,
 The blackness of the darkness
 Was darkness to be felt.

The storm, like an assassin,
 Went on its wicked way,
 And struck a hundred boats adrift,
 To reel about the bay.
 They meet, they crash,—God keep the men!
 God give a moment's light!
 There is nothing but the tumult,
 And the tempest, and the night.

The men on shore were anxious,—
 They dreaded what they knew;
 What do you think the women did?
 Love taught them what to do!
 Outspake a wife, "We've beds at home,
 We'll burn them for a light,—
 Give us the men and the bare ground!
 We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,
Who shivered and bade them go ;
They took the baby's pillow,
Who could not say them no ;
And they heaped a great fire on the pier ;
And knew not all the while
If they were heaping a bonfire,
Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame
Shone bravely on the black,
Till a cry rang through the people,
"A boat is coming back !"
Staggering dimly through the fog,
Come shapes of fear and doubt ;
But when the first prow strikes the pier,
Cannot you hear them shout ?

Then all along the breadth of flame
Dark figures shrieked and ran,
With, " Child, here comes your father !"
Or, " Wife, is this your man ?"
And faint feet touch the welcome stone,
And wait a little while ;
And kisses drop from frozen lips,
Too tired to speak or smile.

So, one by one, they struggled in,
All that the sea would spare ;
We will not reckon through our tears
The names that were not there ;
But some went home without a bed,
When all the tale was told,
Who were too cold with sorrow
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do
Who work in wind and foam ;
And this is what the women bear
Who watch for them at home.
So when you see a Brixham boat
Go out to face the gales,
Think of the love that travels
Like light upon her sails.

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

My brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No; you have judged as I have the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection. Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them.

They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy: the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

 THE BAGGAGE FIEND.

'Twas a ferocious baggage-man, with Atlantean back,
 And biceps upon each arm piled in a formidable stack,
 That plied his dread vocation beside a railroad track.

Wildly he tossed the baggage round the platform there, pell-
 mell,
 And crushed to naught the frail bandbox where'er it shape-
 less fell,
 Or stove the "Saratoga" like the flimsiest eggshell.

On ironclads, especially, he fell full ruthlessly,
 And eke the trunk derisively called "Cottage by the Sea ;"
 And pulled and hauled and rammed and jammed the same
 vindictively,

Until a yawning breach appeared, of fractures two or three,
 Or straps were burst, or lids fell off, or some catastrophe
 Crowned his satanic zeal or moved his diabolic glee.

The passengers surveyed the wreck with diverse discontent,
 And some vituperated him, and some made loud lament,
 But wrath or lamentation on him were vainly spent.

To him there came a shambling man, sad-eyed and meek
 and thin,
 Bearing an humble carpet-bag, with scanty stuff therein,
 And unto that fierce baggage-man he spake, with quivering
 chin :

"Behold this scanty carpet-bag! I started a month ago,
 With a dozen Saratoga trunks, hat-box, and portmanteau,
 But baggage-men along the route have brought me down
 thus low.

"Be careful with this carpet-bag, kind sir," said he to him.
 The baggage-man received it with a smile extremely grim,
 And softly whispered "Mother, may I go out to swim?"

Then fiercely jumped upon that bag in wild, sardonic spleen,
 And into countless fragments flew—to his profound chagrin—
 For that lank bag contained a pint of nitro-glycerine.

The stranger heaved a gentle sigh, and stroked his quivering
 chin,
 And then he winked with one sad eye, and said, with smile
 serene,
 "The stuff to check a baggage man is nitro-glycerine!"

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the maddling crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still, erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire *thy* fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
 Another came—nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
 He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

She lay unconscious, in dreamy sleep,
 While her life-tide was ebbing slowly ;
 We knew she would pass with the sinking sun,
 As we watched by her pillow lowly ;
 And vainly we waited her farewell word,
 One whisper only the silence stirred—
 “ Beautiful dreams! beautiful dreams!”

Again we listened ; she slumbered on ;
 Like a leaf in the light wind shaken,
 Her breathing fluttered, her pulse beat low,
 We feared she would never waken.
 She lifted her large and lustrous eyes,
 And uttered again, in glad surprise,
 “ Such beautiful, beautiful dreams!”

No more—on the wings of those beautiful dreams
 She was gone, and the day was ended ;
 As we folded her hands to their last repose,
 The evening shades descended ;
 And the stars came out and wrote on high,
 In golden letters, the mystery—
 “ Beautiful dreams! beautiful dreams!”

Ah! no mere vision of other days,
 Of youth's remembered story,
 Had lit her fair and fading face
 With so rapturous a glory.
 Shining across death's pallid night,
 From the land that was breaking on her sight,
 Came those beautiful, beautiful dreams.

White hands beckoned across the flood ;
 Sweet lips uttered, " Come over !"
 Eyes looked a welcome that never shone
 In the gaze of mortal lover.
 Lingering, listening, passing away,
 She could only smile upon us, and say,
 " Beautiful dreams ! beautiful dreams !"

THE OLD CANOE.—ALBERT PIKE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
 And the waters below look dark and deep,
 Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride,
 Leans gloomily over the murky tide,
 Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
 And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
 Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
 There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
 Like a sea-bird's wings that the storms had lopped,
 And crossed on the railing one o'er one,
 Like the folded hands when the work is done ;
 While busily back and forth between
 The spider stretches his silvery screen,
 And the solemn owl, with his dull " too-hoo,"
 Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
 Rots slowly away in its living grave,
 And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
 Hiding its mouldering dust away,
 Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
 Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower ;
 While many a blossom of loveliest hue
 Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
 But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
 And lazily in and out again
 It floats the length of the rusty chain,
 Like the weary march of the hands of time,
 That meet and part at the noontide chime ;
 And the shore is kissed at each turning anew,
 By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
 I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
 And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
 Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
 And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
 And looked below in the broken tide,
 To see that the faces and boats were two,
 That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
 And look below in the sluggish tide,
 The face that I see there is graver grown,
 And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
 And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
 Have grown familiar with sterner things.
 But I love to think of the hours that sped
 As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
 Ere the blossoms waved, or the green grass grew
 O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

BILL ARP ON THE RACK.—HE PLEADS ALDER-
 MAN'S DUTIES AT TWO IN THE MORNING.

E-v-e-r-y night! Here it is half-past one o'clock. It's a wonder you come home at all! What—do—you—think—a woman—is made for? I do believe if a robber was to come and carry me off, you wouldn't care a—What is it you say? *City Council business must be attended to!* How do I know you go to the city council? Does the city council meet e-v-e-r-y night? Twelve o'clock—one o'clock—two o'clock. Here I stay with the children all alone—lying awake half the night waiting for you. *Couldn't come home any sooner!* Of course you couldn't if you didn't want to. But I know something; you think I don't; but I do, that I do; I wish I didn't. Where were you last Monday night? Tell me that. The marshal told me the city council didn't meet that night. Now what have you got to say? *Couldn't get a quorum!* Well, if you couldn't why didn't you come home? Out e-v-e-r-y night—*hunting for—a quorum. But you wouldn't hunt for me*

this late if I was missing. Where were you on Thursday night and Friday night? There was a show in town, wasn't there? What did you buy that bottle of hair oil for, and hide it? *Oil for your hone*, indeed! Who ever heard of hair oil for a whetstone? So you think I didn't see you in the other room brushing and greasing your hair, and looking in the glass at your pretty self! *A man ought to be decent!* He ought, ought he? Yes, indeed, a man ought to, and a *decent* man will stay at home with his wife sometimes, and not be out e-v-e-r-y night. How comes it that the city council didn't meet but twice a month last year? *Trying to work out of debt!* Yes, that's probable—very; laughing and joking and smoking and swapping lies will work a debt off, won't it? Now—I—want—to—know—how—much—longer—you—are—going—to—keep—up—this—night—business. Yes, I want to know. Out e-v-e-r-y night. City council, Free Masons, shows, hair oil—and brush, and brush, and brush until you've nearly worn out the brush and your head too. What is it you say? *It helps your business to keep up your social relations!* Ah, indeed! You've got relations here at home, sir. They need keeping up some, I should think. What did you say about catching it the other night at a whist party? "Fellows, it's eleven o'clock, but let's play a while longer — we won't catch it any worse when we get home." A pretty speech for a d-e-c-e-n-t man to make! Catch it! Catch it! Well, I intend you shall catch it—a little. What's that you say? *If I wouldn't fret you so you would stay at home more!* Well, sir, do you stay at home first a few nights and try it; perhaps the fretting would stop. Out e-v-e-r-y night because I fret you so. What's that, sir? *You know ladies who ain't always a-scolding their husbands!* You do, do you? How come you to know them? What business have you to know them? What right have you to know whether other women fret or not? That's always the way. You men think all other women are saints but your wives; oh, yes, saints—s-a-i-n-t-s! I'll have you to know, sir, that there isn't a woman in this town that's more of a saint than I am. I know them all, sir—a h-e-a-p better than you do. You only see the sugar and honey side of them, and they—only—see -

the—sugar—side—of—you. Now, sir, I just want you to know that if you can't stay at home more than you do, I'll leave these children here to get burnt up, and I'll go out e-v-e-r-y night. When a poor woman gets desperate, why, sir, she is —SHE IS DESPERATE, that's all.

THE MAGICAL ISLE.

There's a magical isle in the River of Time,

Where softest of echoes are straying;
And the air is as soft as a musical chime,
Or the exquisite breath of a tropical clime
When June with its roses is swaying.

'Tis where Memory dwells with her pure golden hue,

And music forever is flowing:
While the low-murmured tones that come trembling through
Sadly trouble the heart, yet sweeten it too,
As the south wind o'er water when blowing.

There are shadowy halls in that fairy-like isle,

Where pictures of beauty are gleaming;
Yet the light of their eyes, and their sweet, sunny smile,
Only flash round the heart with a wildering wile,
And leave us to know 'tis but dreaming.

And the name of this isle is the Beautiful Past,

And we bury our treasures all there:
There are beings of beauty too lovely to last;
There are blossoms of snow, with the dust o'er them cast;
There are tresses and ringlets of hair.

There are fragments of song only memory sings,

And the words of a dear mother's prayer;
There's a harp long unsought, and a lute without strings—
Hallowed tokens that love used to wear.

E'en the dead,—the bright, beautiful dead—there arise,

With their soft, flowing ringlets of gold:
Though their voices are hushed, and o'er their sweet eyes,
The unbroken signet of silence now lies,
They are with us again, as of old.

In the stillness of night, hands are beckoning us there,

And, with joy that is almost a pain,
We delight to turn back, and in wandering there,
Through the shadowy halls of the island so fair,
We behold our lost treasures again.

Oh! this beautiful isle, with its phantom-like show,
 Is a vista exceedingly bright:
 And the River of Time, in its turbulent flow,
 Is oft soothed by the voices we heard long ago,
 When the years were a dream of delight.

FAITH AND WORKS.—ALICE CARY.

Not what we think, but what we *do*,
 Makes saints of us: all stiff and cold,
 The outlines of the corpse show through
 The cloth of gold.

And in despite the outward sin,—
 Despite belief with creeds at strife,
 The principle of love within
 Leavens the life.

For 'tis for fancied good, I claim,
 That men do wrong,—not wrong's desire;
 Wrapping themselves, as 'twere, in flame,
 To cheat the fire.

Not what God gives, but what He takes,
 Uplifts us to the holiest height;
 On truth's rough crags life's current breaks
 To diamond light.

From transient evil I do trust
 That we a final good shall draw;
 That in confusion, death, and dust,
 Are light and law.

That He whose glory shines among
 The eternal stars, descends to mark
 This foolish little atom swung
 Loose in the dark.

But though I should not thus receive
 A sense of order and control,
 My God, I could not disbelieve
 My sense of soul.

For though, alas! I can but see
 A hand's breadth backward, or before,
 I *am*, and since I am, must be
 Forevermore.

DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.—EDWARD IRVING.

There never was a specimen of manhood so rich and ennobled as David, the son of Jesse, whom other saints haply may have equalled in single features of his character; but such a combination of manly, heroic qualities, such a flush of generous, godlike excellencies, hath never yet been seen embodied in a single man. His Psalms, to speak as a man, do place him in the highest rank of lyrical poets, as they set him above all the inspired writers of the Old Testament,—equalling in sublimity the flights of Isaiah himself, and revealing the cloudy mystery of Ezekiel; but in love of country, and glorying in its heavenly patronage, surpassing them all. And where are there such expressions of the varied conditions into which human nature is cast by the accidents of Providence, such delineations of deep affliction and inconsolable anguish, and anon such joy, such rapture, such revelry of emotion in the worship of the living God! such invocations to all nature, animate and inanimate, such summonings of the hidden powers of harmony and of the breathing instruments of melody! Single hymns of this poet would have conferred immortality upon any mortal, and borne down his name as one of the most favored of the sons of men.

But it is not the writings of the man which strike us with such wonder, as the actions and events of his wonderful history. He was a hero without a peer, bold in battle and generous in victory: by distress or by triumph never overcome. Though hunted like a wild beast among the mountains, and forsaken like a pelican in the wilderness, by the country whose armies he had delivered from disgrace, and by the monarch whose daughter he had won,—whose son he had bound to him with cords of brotherly love, and whose own soul he was wont to charm with the sacredness of his minstrelsy, — he never indulged malice or revenge against his unnatural enemies. Twice, at the peril of his life, he brought his blood-hunter within his power, and twice he spared him, and would not be persuaded to injure a hair upon his head, —who, when he fell in his high places, was lamented over

by David with the bitterness of a son, and his death avenged upon the sacrilegious man who had lifted his sword against the Lord's anointed. In friendship and love, and also in domestic affections, he was not less notable than in heroic endowments; and in piety to God he was most remarkable of all. He had to flee from his bedchamber in the dead of night; his friendly meetings had to be concerted upon the perilous edge of captivity and death; his food he had to seek at the risk of sacrilege; for a refuge from death, to cast himself upon the people of Gath, to counterfeit idiocy, and become the laughing-stock of his enemies. And who shall tell of his hidings in the cave of Adullam, and of his wanderings in the wilderness of Ziph,—in the weariness of which he had power to stand before his armed enemy with all his host, and, by the generosity of his deeds and the affectionate language which flowed from his lips, to melt into childlike weeping the obdurate spirit of King Saul, which had the nerve to evoke the spirits of the dead? King David was a man extreme in all his excellencies,—a man of the highest strain, whether for counsel, for expression, or for action, in peace and in war, in exile and on the throne. That such a warm and ebullient spirit should have given way before the tide of its affections, we wonder not. We rather wonder that, tried by such extremes, his mighty spirit should not often have burst control, and enacted right forward the conqueror, the avenger, and the destroyer.

To conceive aright of the gracefulness and strength of King David's character, we must draw him into comparison with others in a similar condition, and then we shall see what hero in the vain world is to cope with him. Conceive a man who had saved his country and clothed himself with gracefulness and renown in the sight of all the people by the chivalry of his deeds, won for himself intermarriage with the royal line, and by unction of the Lord's prophet been set apart to the throne itself; such a one conceive driven with fury from house and hold, and through tedious years deserted of every stay but heaven, with no soothing sympathies of quiet life, harassed forever between famine and the edge of the sword, and kept in savage holds and deserts; and tell us, in the annals of men, of one so disappointed, so bereaved

and straitened, maintaining not fortitude alone, but a sweet composure and a heavenly frame of soul, inditing praise to no avenging deity, and couching songs in no revengeful mood, according with his outcast and unsocial life; but inditing praises to the God of mercy, and songs which soar into the third heavens of the soul,—not, indeed, without the burst of sorrow and the complaint of solitariness, and prophetic warnings to his bloodthirsty foes, but ever closing in sweet preludes of good to come, and desire of present contentment. Find us such a one in the annals of men, and we yield the argument of this controversy. Men there have been, driven before the wrath of kings to wander outlaws and exiles, whose musings and actings have been recorded to us in the minstrelsy of our native land. Draw these songs of the exile into comparison with the Psalms of David, and know the spirit of the man after God's own heart; the stern defiance of the one, with the tranquil acquiescence of the other; the deep despair of the one, with the rooted trust of the other; the vindictive imprecations of the one, with the tender regret and forgiveness of the other. Show us an outlaw who never spoiled the country which had forsaken him, nor turned his hand in self-defence or revenge upon his persecutors,—who used the vigor of his arm only against the enemies of his country,—yea, lifted up his arm in behalf of that mother which had cast her son, crowned with salvation, away from her bosom, and held him at a distance from her love, and raised the rest of her family to hunt him to the death; in the defence of that thankless, unnatural mother-country, find us such a repudiated son lifting up his arm and spending its vigor in smiting and utterly discomfitting her enemies, whose spoils he kept not to enrich himself and his ruthless followers, but dispensed to comfort her and her happier children. Find us, among the Themistocles and Coriolani and Cromwells and Napoleons of the earth, such a man, and we will yield the argument of this controversy which we maintain for the peerless son of Jesse.

But we fear that no such another man is to be found in the recorded annals of men. Though he rose from the peasantry to fill the throne and enlarge the borders of his native land, he gave himself neither to ambition nor to glory;

though more basely treated than the sons of men, he gave not place to despondency or revenge; though of the highest genius in poetry, he gave it not license to sing his own deeds, nor to depict loose and licentious life, nor to ennoble any worldly sentiment or attachment of the human heart, however virtuous or honorable, but constrained it to sing the praises of God and the victories of the right hand of the Lord of hosts, and his admirable works which are of old from everlasting. And he hath dressed out religion in such a rich and beautiful garment of divine poesy as beseemeth her majesty, in which, being arrayed, she can stand up, before the eyes of her enemies, in more royal state than any personification of love or glory or pleasure to which highly-gifted mortals have devoted their genius.

The force of his character was vast, and the scope of his life was immense. His harp was full-stringed, and every angel of joy and of sorrow swept over the chords as he passed; but the melody always breathed of heaven. And such oceans of affection lay within his breast as could not always slumber in their calmness; for the hearts of a hundred men strove and struggled together within the narrow continent of his single heart. And will the scornful men have no sympathy for one so conditioned, but scorn him because he ruled not with constant quietness the unruly host of divers natures which dwelt within his single soul? Of self-command surely he will not be held deficient who endured Saul's javelin to be so often launched at him, while the people without were willing to hail him king; who endured all bodily hardships and taunts of his enemies when revenge was in his hand, and ruled his desperate band like a company of saints, and restrained them from their country's injury. But that he should not be able to enact all characters without a fault, the simple shepherd, the conquering hero, and the romantic lover; the perfect friend, the innocent outlaw, and the royal monarch; the poet, the prophet, and the regenerator of the church; and withal the man, the man of vast soul, who played not these parts by turns, but was the original of them all, and wholly present in them all,—oh! that he should have fulfilled this high-priesthood of humanity, this universal ministry of manhood, without an error,

were more than human! With the defence of his backslidings, which he hath himself more keenly scrutinized, more clearly discerned against, and more bitterly lamented than any of his censors, we do not charge ourselves; but if, when of these acts he became convinced, he be found less true to God, and to righteousness; indisposed to repentance and sorrow and anguish; exculpatory of himself; stout-hearted in his courses; a formalist in his penitence, or in any way less worthy of a spiritual man in those than in the rest of his infinite moods, then, verily, strike him from the canon, and let his Psalms become monkish legends, or what you please. But if these penitential Psalms discover the soul's deepest hell of agony, and lay bare the iron ribs of misery, whereon the very heart dissolveth; and if they, expressing the same in words, shall melt the soul that conceiveth and bow the head that uttereth them,—then, we say, let us keep these records of the Psalmist's grief and despondency as the most precious of his utterances, and sure to be needed in the case of every man who essayeth to live a spiritual life.

DER BABY.

So help me gracious, efery day
 I laugh me wild to see der vay
 My small young baby drie to play—
 Dot funny leetle baby.

When I look on dhem leetle toes,
 Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
 Und heard der vay dot rooster crows,
 I schmile like I was grazy.

Und when I heard der real nice vay
 Dhem beoples to my wife dhey say,
 "More like his fater* every day"
 I vas so proud like blazes.

Sometimes dhere comes a leetle schquall,
 Dot's vhen der vindy vind vill crawl
 Righd in its leetle sçhtomach schmall,—
 Dot's too bad for der baby.

*Dot vas me himself.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
 Und gorrybarric he must eat,
 Und I must chumb shbry on my feet,
 To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,
 Und grawls me ofer everywhere,
 Und shlobbers me—but vat I care?
 Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
 Vas schqueezin me so nice and varm—
 Oh! may dhere never coom some harm
 To dot schmall leetle baby.

THE SPIRITUAL TEMPLE.

“And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.”—1 KINGS, VI. 7.

And whence, then, came these goodly stones 'twas Israel's
 pride to raise,
 The glory of the former house, the joy of ancient days;
 In purity and strength erect, in radiant splendor bright,
 Sparkling with golden beams of noon, or silver smiles of
 night?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns, each noble slab was
 brought,
 In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn, and on its mountains
 wrought;
 There rung the hammer's heavy stroke among the echoing
 rocks,
 There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge, the rude, unsha-
 pen blocks.

Thence polished, perfected, complete, each fitted to its
 place,
 For lofty coping, massive wall, or deep imbedded base,
 They bore them o'er the waves that rolled their billowy swell
 between
 The shores of Tyre's imperial pride and Judah's hills of green.

With gradual toil the work went on, through days and
 months and years,
 Beneath the summer's laughing sun, and winter's frozen
 tears;
 And thus in majesty sublime and noiseless pomp it rose,—
 Fit dwelling for the God of Peace,—a temple of repose!

Brethren in Christ! to holier things the simple type apply;
 Our God himself a temple builds, eternal and on high,
 Of souls elect; their Zion there—*that* world of light and
 bliss;
 Their Lebanon—the place of toil—of previous moulding—
this.

From nature's quarries, deep and dark, with gracious aim he
 hews
 The stones, the spiritual stones, it pleaseth him to choose:
 Hard, rugged, shapless at the first, yet destined each to
 shine,
 Moulded beneath his patient hand, in purity divine.

Oh, glorious process! see the proud grow lowly, gentle,
 meek;
 See floods of unaccustomed tears gush down the hardened
 cheek:
 Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke o'erthrew some idol
 fond;
 Perchance the chisel rent in twain some precious, tender
 bond.

Behold, he prays whose lips were sealed in silent scorn be-
 fore,—
 Sighs for the closet's holy calm, and hails the welcome door:
 Behold, he works for Jesus now, whose days went idly past;
 Oh for more mouldings of the hand that works a change so
 vast!

Ye looked on one, a well-wrought stone, a saint of God ma-
 tured,—
 What chiselings that heart had felt, what chastening strokes
 endured!
 But marked ye not that last soft touch, what perfect grace it
 gave,
 Ere Jesus bore his servant home across the darksome wave?—

Home to the place his grace designed that chosen soul to
 fill,
 In the bright temple of the saved, "upon his holy hill;"

Home to the noiselessness, the peace, of those sweet shrines
 above,
 Whose stones shall never be displaced — set in redeeming
 love.

Lord! chisel, chasten, polish us, each blemish work away,
 Cleanse us with purifying blood, in spotless robes array;
 And thus, thine image on us stamped, transport us to the
 shore,
 Where not a stroke is ever felt, for none is needed more.

THE SEXTON.—PARK BENJAMIN.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
 Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
 His work was done, and he paused to wait
 The funeral-train at the open gate.
 A relic of by-gone days was he,
 And his locks were gray as the foamy sea;
 And these words came from his lips so thin:
 "I gather them in—I gather them in—
 Gather—gather—I gather them in.

"I gather them in; for man and boy,
 Year after year of grief and joy,
 I've builded the houses that lie around
 In every nook of this burial ground.
 Mother and daughter, father and son,
 Come to my solitude one by one;
 But come they stranger, or come they kin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
 I'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne
 On a monument slab of marble cold—
 My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.
 Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
 Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all!
 May they loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
 I gather them in—I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest
 Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast!"
 And the sexton ceased as the funeral-train
 Wound mutely over that solemn plain;
 And I said to myself: When time is told,
 A mightier voice than that sexton's old,
 Will be heard o'er the last trump's dreadful din,
 "I gather them in—I gather them in—
 Gather—gather—gather them in."

A DIRGE.—GEORGE CROLY.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
 Here the evil and the just,
 Here the youthful and the old,
 Here the fearful and the bold,
 Here the matron and the maid,
 In one silent bed are laid;
 Here the vassal and the king
 Side by side lie withering;
 Here the sword and sceptre rust—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
 O'er this pale and mighty throng;
 Those that wept them, they that weep,
 All shall with these sleepers sleep;
 Brothers, sisters of the worm,
 Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
 Song of peace, or battle's roar,
 Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
 Death shall keep his sullen trust—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast—
 Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
 It shall come in fear and wonder,
 Heralded by trump and thunder;
 It shall come in strife and toil,
 It shall come in blood and spoil;
 It shall come in empires' groans,
 Burning temples, ruined thrones;
 Then, ambition, rue thy lust!
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign ;
 In the east the King shall shine,
 Flashing from heaven's golden gate,
 Thousands, thousands, round his state :
 Spirits with the crown and plume ;
 Tremble then, thou sullen tomb !
 Heaven shall open on thy sight,
 Earth be turned to living light,—
 Kingdom of the ransomed just :
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem !
 Then shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise ;
 Earth by angel feet be trod,
 One great garden of her God !
 Till are dried the martyr's tears,
 Through a thousand glorious years !
 Now in hope of him we trust—
 " Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

MY DEAR MRS. M—: Every time I think of you, my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of exquisite joy caper over it like young goats on a stable-roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trowsers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud-paddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking-brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly.

When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a

thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whisky punch.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot-straps to the top of the church-steeple, and pull the bell-rope for singing-school.

Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron colored couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple-tree by the spring-house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awaking pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth, and goeth for his morning's refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at sultry noontide; and when the lowing herds come home at milking-time, I think of thee; and like a piece of gum-elastic, my heart seems stretched clear across my bosom.

Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pins skewered through your waterfall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat; your eyes are glorious to behold; in their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids bathing, like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy, as a load of bird-shot through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips, like honey on a bear's paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there, ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like the wind-harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers on beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as a thrifty housekeeper pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am melancholy as a sick rat.

Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits; and my soul is pierced with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey's pat-

ent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As a song-bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a topknot plumage on a muscovy duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound cake, and sweetened toddy all together.

If these remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage-horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bedbug, and fall away from a flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and—catch a cold upon the last resting-place of

Yours affectionately,

H.

THE DEATH-RIDE.—WESTLAND MARSTON.

A TALE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

“ We sat mute on our chargers, a handful of men,
As the foe's broken columns swept on to the glen,
Like torn trees when the whirlwind comes:
Cloven helm and rent banner grew dim to our ken,
And faint was the throb of their drums.

“ But, no longer pursued, where the gorge opens deep,
They halt; with their guns they crowd level and steep,
Seems each volley some monster's breath,
Who shows cannon for teeth as he crouches to leap,
From his ambushed cavern of death.

“ Their foot through the defile, they surge on the bank ;
Darts a forest of lances in front ; o'er each flank
Peer the muskets—a grisly flock :
They have built their live tower up, rank upon rank,
And wait, fixed, for an army's shock.

“ Far in front of our lines, a dot on the plain :
Mute and moveless we sat till his foam-flecked rein
At our side gallant Nolan drew :
' They still hold our guns, we must have them again,'
Was his message—' Advance, pursue !'

“ Pursue them !—What, charge with our hundreds the foe
Whose massed thousands await us in order below !
Yes, such were his words. To debate
The command was not ours ; we had but to know
And, knowing, encounter our fate.

“ We ride our last march—let each crest be borne high !
We raise our last cheer—let it startle the sky
And the land with one brave farewell ;
For soon nevermore to our voice shall reply
Rock, hollow, fringed river, or dell.

“ Let our trump ring its loudest ; in closest array,
Hoof for hoof, let us ride : for the chief who to-day
Reviews us, is Death the Victorious :
Let him look up to Fame, as we perish, and say,
' Enrol them—the fall'n are the glorious !'

“ We spur to the gorge, from its channel of ire
Livid light bursts like surf, its spray leaps in fire ;
As the spars of some vessel staunch,
Bold hearts crack and fall ; we nor swerve nor retire,
But in the mid-tempest we launch.

“ We cleave the smoke-billows, as wild waves the prow ;
The flash of our sabres gleams straight like the glow
Which a ploughing keel doth break
From the grim seas around, with light on her bow,
And light in her surging wake.

“ We dash full on their guns—through the flare and the roar
Stood the gunners bare-armed ; now they stand there no
more ;
The war-throat waits dumb for the ball :
For those men pale and mazed to the chine we shore,
And their own cannons' smoke was their pall.

"That done, we're at bay; for the foe, with a yell
Piles his legions around us. Their bayonets swell
Line on line; we are planted in steel:
'Good carbine! trusty blade! Each shot is a knell,
Each sword-sweep a fate—they reel!'

"One by one fall our men, each girt with his slain,
A death-star with belts! 'Charge! we break them!'—In
vain!
From the heights their batteries roar!
The fire-slucices burst; through that flood, in a rain
Of iron, we strike for the shore.

"Thunder answers to thunder, bolts darken the air,
To breathe is to die; their funeral glare
The lit hills on our brave ones rolled:
What of that? They had entered the lists with Despair,
And the lot which they met they foretold.

"Comrade sinks heaped on comrade. A ghastly band
That fell tide, when it ebbs, shall leave on the strand:
Of the swimmers who stemmed it that day,
A spent, shattered remnant we struggle to land,
And wish we were even as they."

O Britain, my country! Thy heart be the tomb
Of those who for thee rode fearless to doom,—
The sure doom which they well foreknew;
Though mad was the summons, they saw in the gloom
Duty beckon—and followed her through.

She told not of trophies,—of medal or star,
Or of Glory's sign-manual graved in a scar,
Or how England's coasts shall resound
When brothers at home greet their brothers from war
As they leap upon English ground.

She told not of streets lined with life up to heaven,
One vast heart with one cry till the welkin is riven—
"Oh, welcome, ye valiant and tried!"
She told not of soft arms that clasp the re-given;
She only said "Die!" and they died.

Let Devotion henceforth Balaklava own,
No less than Thermopylæ, meet for her throne;
And thou, Britain—thou mother bereft—
By thy grief for the sleepers who hear not thy moan
Count the worth of the sons thou hast left.

"ARE YOU A MASON?"

Rev. Mr. Magill, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Peru, Illinois, being asked the above question by a lady, responded as follows:

I am of a band
Who will faithfully stand
In the bonds of affection and love;
I have knocked at the door,
Once wretched and poor,
And there for admission I strove.

By the help of a friend,
Who assistance did lend,
I succeeded an entrance to gain;
Was received in the West,
By command of the East,
But not without feeling some pain.

Here my conscience was taught
With a moral quite fraught
With sentiments holy and true;
Then onward I traveled,
To have it unraveled,
What Hiram intended to do.

Very soon to the East
I made known my request,
And "light" by command did attend;
When lo! I perceived,
In due form revealed,
A Master, and Brother, and Friend.

Thus far I have stated
And simply related
What happened when I was made free;
But I've "passed" since then,
And was "raised" up again
To a sublime and ancient degree.

Then onward I marched,
That I might be "arched,"
And find out the treasures long lost;
When behold! a bright flame,
From the midst of which came
A voice which my ears did accost.

Through the "veils" I then went,
And succeeded at length
The "Sanctum Sanctorum" to find;

By the "Signet" I gained,
 And quickly obtained
 Employment, which suited my mind.

In the depths I then wrought,
 And most cheerfully sought
 For treasures long hidden there;
 And by labor and toil
 I discovered rich spoil,
 Which are kept by the craft with due care.

Having thus far arrived,
 I further contrived
 Among valiant Knights to appear;
 And as Pilgrim and Knight
 I stood ready to fight,
 Nor Saracen foe did I fear.

For the widow distressed
 There's a chord in my breast;
 For the orphan and helpless I feel;
 And my sword I could draw
 To maintain the pure law
 Which duty the Masons reveal.

Thus have I revealed
 (Yet wisely concealed,)
 What the "free and accepted" well know;
 I am one of the band
 Who will faithfully stand
 As a brother, wherever I go.

ORATORY AND THE PRESS.—DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

The grand days of oratory are gone forever. It is not improbable that the teeming future may give birth to those whose resplendent genius will deservedly rank them among the immortals of the past. Certain it is that Oratory can never be lost while Liberty survives.

Twin born with Freedom, then with her took breath,
 That art whose dying will be Freedom's death.

But for all this, the glory, the pride, and the power of the orator have passed away. In the classical commonwealth

of old, the aspirations of the patricians were for oratory or arms, and not a few, like Cæsar, excelled in both. The Senate convened or the people met in grand assembly to hear discussed the weighty questions affecting the welfare of the State. There the orator appeared. His whole brain and soul were bent on moving those whom he addressed—he had no thoughts beyond. If others disputed, it brought into play the highest flights of rival genius. Æschines, contesting with Demosthenes, called forth the “Oration on the Crown.” The orators then were the leaders of the nation, the directors of public opinion, the controllers of legislation, the arbiters of peace or war. At home they were the idols of the people,—abroad they were the guests of kings. They were the marked men of the world.

But in these latter days there has risen a power mightier than an army of orators; a power that has dwarfed their genius, destroyed their influence, and lowered them to the level of ordinary mortals; a power that can banish kings, destroy dynasties, revolutionize governments, embroil nations in triumphant or disastrous wars, and for good or ill is changing the aspect of the civilized world. The glory of the orator sank when the printing press arose. The orator, at best, can speak to thousands; the press to hundreds of thousands. The orator speaks rarely; the press every day. The orator may, at the choicest moment, fail from ill health or one of many causes; the press, free from all the ills that flesh is heir to, moves on its mission with the facility, power, and precision of machinery. The orator may move an audience; the press can arouse a nation. The speech dies with the sounds that give it birth; the press lives forever on the imperishable page. The orator *now* addresses himself less to the audience of the evening than to the world of readers of the next morning.

Let us hope that the press may be faithful, pure, devoted to truth, right, justice, freedom, and virtue, as the orators have been. The orators—let me repeat it to their immortal honor—could never be silenced by the frowns of power, or bribed to desert a noble cause. They dared,—they defied tyranny, and preferred death to dishonor. If the press gloat in licentiousness; if it stoop to strike the private man; if it

expose to the public gaze the sacred privacy of homes; if it violate all decency in thrusting gentle woman to the gossips of the town; if it catch at idle rumor or envious tongues to malign the innocent; if it can be bribed to suppress the truth, or circulate the falsehood; if it shield the public wrong-doer, and denounce the faithful public servant; if it pander to the base passion of the populace—then we may grieve that this great engine should work such mischief to society.

If, on the other hand, its mission be to disseminate intelligence and truth, to educate the masses to be faithful to their country and just to their fellow-men, to expose with an unsparing hand to public execration the corrupt legislator or the unjust judge; if it be honestly independent instead of timidly neutral in all that concerns the city and State; if it lift up modest and true worth and hurl down brazen infamy; if all its aims be the public good, the honor of the nation, and the glory of God—*then* we may be well reconciled that the days of oratory are over.

“Loud as a scandal on the ears of town,
And just as brief the orator's renown;
Year after year debaters blaze and fade,
Scarce marked the dial e'er depart the shade,
Words die so soon when fit but to be said,
Words only live when worthy to be read.”

THE PICTURE.

Matches are made for many reasons—

For love, convenience, money, fun, and spite;

How many against common sense are treasons!

How few the happy pairs who match aright!

In the fair breast of some bewitching dame,

How many a youth will strive fond love to waken

And when, at length, successful in his aim,

Be first *mis-led*, and afterwards *mis-taken*!

Then curse his fate, at matrimony swear,

And, like poor Adam, have a *rib* to spare!

How many ladies,—speculating dears!—

Will make six matches in so many years,

So fast, sometimes, the amorous gudgeons bite;
 Others, like bungling housemaids in the dark,
 Will fret and fume, and lose full many a *spark*,
 And never, never get a *match* to light,—
 Nor think their want of skill the job could hinder,
 But lay the fault upon the plaguy *tinder*.
 Old men young women wed—by way of nurses;
 Young men old women—just to fill their purses:
 Nor young men only—for 'tis my belief
 (Nor do I think the metaphor a bold one,)
 When folks in life turn over a new *leaf*,
 Why very few would grumble at a *gold one*!

A worthy knight, yclept Sir Peter Pickle,
 By love was made to look exceeding glumpy;
 The maid whose charms had power his heart to tickle,
 Was Miss Cordelia Carolina Crumpy;
 This said Sir Peter was, as you shall hear,
 Although a knight, as poor as any poet:
 But handsome as Apollo Belvidere,
 And vain Sir Peter seemed full well to know it.
 No wonder, then, that Miss Cordelia Crumpy
 Could not unmoved hear such a lover sue;
 Sweet, sympathetic maiden, fat and stumpy,
 Green-eyed, red-haired, and turned of sixty-two!

But tell me, Muse, what charm it was could tickle
 The once invincible Sir Peter Pickle:
 Was it her eyes—that, so attached to one day,
 Looked piously seven different ways for Sunday?
 Was it her hump, that had a camel suited?
 Her left leg, bandy?—or her right, club-footed?
 Or nose, in shape so like a liquor funnel?
 Or mouth, whose width might shame the Highgate tunnel?
 Was it the beauties of her face combined—
 A face—(since similes I have begun on,)
 Not like a face that I can call to mind,
 Except the one beneath the Regent's cannon?
 No, gentle friends; although such beauties might
 Have warmed the bosom of an anchorite,
 The charm that made our knight all milk and honey
 Was that infallible specific—Money!

Peter, whom want of brass had made more brazen,
 In moving terms began his love to blazon:
 Sigh after sigh in quick succession rushes,
 Nor are the labors of his lungs in vain;
 Her cheek soon crimsoned with consenting blushes
 Red as a chimney-pot just after rain!

The license bought, he marries her in haste,
 Brings home his bride, and gives his friends a gay day;
 All his relations, wondering at his taste,
 Vowed he had better had the Pig-faced Lady!
 Struck with this monstrous lump of womankind,
 The thought of money never crossed their mind.

The dinner o'er, the ladies and the bride
 Retired, and wine and chat went round jocosely;
 Sir Peter's brother took the knight aside,
 And questioned him about the matter closely:
 "Confound it, Peter! how came you to pitch
 On such an ugly, squinting, squabby witch?
 A man like you, so handsome and so knowing;
 Your wits, my friend, must surely be a-going!
 Who could have thought you such a tasteless oaf,
 To wed a lump of odd-come shorts and bits,
 That Madame Nature, in her merry fits,
 Had jumbled into something like a face!
 With skin as black as if she charcoal fed on,
 Crooked and crusty, like an outside loaf;
 A remnant of an ourang-outang face—
 Eve's grandmother, with the serpent's head on!
 What spell could into such a hobble throw you?"
 "Just step upstairs," says Peter, "and I'll show you."

Upstairs they went:—"There, there's her picture! say,
 Is it not like her, sir?—Your judgment, pray."
 "Like her, Sir Peter!—take it not uncivil—
 'Tis like her—and as ugly as the devil;
 With just her squinting leer; but, hang it! what
 A very handsome *frame* it's got,—
 So richly gilt, and so superbly wrought!"
 "You're right," says Peter, "'twas the frame that caught:
 I grant my wife is ugly, squabby, old,
 But still she pleases—being *set in gold*;
 Let others for the *picture* feel a flame,
 I, my good brother, married for the *frame*."

BEN FISHER.—FRANCES DANA GAGE.

Ben Fisher had finished his harvesting,
 And he stood by his garden gate,
 One foot on the rail, and one on the ground,
 As he called to his good wife Kate.

There were stains of toil on his wamus red,
 The dust of the field on his hat ;
 But a twinkle of pleasure was in his eye,
 As he looked at his stock so fat.

"Here, give me the babe, dear Kate, you are tired,
 And I fear you have too much care ;
 You must rest, and pick up a little, I think,
 Before we can go to the fair.
 I'd hate to be taking fat cattle, you know,
 Fat hogs, fat sheep, and fat cows,
 With a wife at my elbow as poor as a crow,
 And care-wrinkles seaming her brows.

"Can't go ! Why not ? 'Can't afford the expense' !
 I know, Kate, our crops aren't the best ;
 But we've labored together to keep things along,
 And together we'll now take a rest.
 The frost blighted the fruit, but 'Brindle' is prime,
 And 'Jinny' and 'Fan' are a show ;
 Your butter and cheese can't be beat in the State,
 So up to the fair we will go.

"You've ne'er seen a city, and Cleveland is fine,—
 Never seen the blue, billowy lake ;
 Ne'er rode in a rail-car, nor been in a throng,—
 So, Kate, this short journey we'll take ;
 And gather new feelings, new thoughts, and new ways,
 If we find those that suit, as we roam ;
 And garner up strength in head, heart, and hand,
 For the loves and the duties of home.

"I sometimes have thought, as I plodded along,
 For months, o'er the same weary round,
 That another who had such a *real hard time*,
 In Ohio could nowhere be found.
 But when I've been called from my home for a while,
 And seen how the world gets along,
 I've come back to toil with a light, cheerful heart,
 And, 'There's no place like home,' for my song.

"I wonder that *mothers* don't wholly despair,
 Who ne'er from their cares get away,
 But walk the same tread-wheel of duty for years,
 Scarce stopping to rest, night or day.
 No wonder they grow discontented sometimes,
 Their feelings get raspy and cold ;
 For toil never ending, and labor uncheered,
 Make women—and men *sometimes*—scold."

Kate looked up with a smile, and said, "Beh, we will go;
 There may be stock fatter than ours,
 Horses swifter of foot, cows finer by far,
 Better butter and cheese, fruit and flowers;
 But there's *one thing*, I claim, that can't be surpassed
 In the whole Yankee nation to-day—
 I would not exchange for 'a kingdom to boot'—
 That's my '*gude man!*'"—and Kate ran away.

THE THREE BELLS.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

This poem refers to the well-known rescue of the crew of an American vessel, sinking in mid-ocean, by Captain Leighton, of the English ship *Three Bells*. Unable to take them off, in the night and the storm, he stayed by them until morning, shouting to them from time to time through his trumpet, "Never fear, hold on, I'll stand by you."

Beneath the low-hung night cloud
 That raked her splintering mast,
 The good ship settled slowly,
 The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
 Her signal guns pealed out;
 Dear God! was that thy answer,
 From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind,—
 "Ho! ship ahoy!" its cry:
 "Our stout *Three Bells* of Glasgow
 Shall stand till daylight by!"

Hour after hour crept slowly,
 Yet on the heaving swells
 Tossed up and down the ship-lights,—
 The lights of the *Three Bells*.

And ship to ship made signals;
 Man answered back to man;
 While oft, to cheer and hearten,
 The *Three Bells* nearer ran.

And the captain from her taffrail
 Sent down his hopeful cry:
 "Take heart! hold on!" he shouted,
 "The *Three Bells* shall stand by!"

All night across the waters
 The tossing lights shone clear ;
 All night from reeling taffrail
 The Three Bells sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
 Of storm and darkness passed,
 Just as the wreck lurched under,
 All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
 In grateful memory sail !
 Ring on, Three Bells of rescue,
 Above the wave and gale !

As thine, in night and tempest,
 I hear the Master's cry,
 And, tossing through the darkness,
 The lights of God draw nigh.

Atlantic Monthly.

A FOREST HYMN.—W. C. BRYANT.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication.

For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty.

Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,

Here, in the shadow of this ancient wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker.

These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence.

Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and, wandering, steepes the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee.

This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince
In all that proud old world beyond the deep
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,

An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see again
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them.

Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne, the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still.

O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill
With all the waters of the firmament
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities,—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strife and folly by?

Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
 When he spoils a neighbor's fame;
 If we would but help the erring,
 Ere we utter words of blame;
 If we would, how many might we
 Turn from paths of sin and shame!

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted,
 If we would but see the way!
 Ah, the pains that might be brightened,
 Every hour and every day,
 If we would but hear the pleadings
 Of the hearts that go astray!

Let us step outside the stronghold
 Of our selfishness and pride;
 Let us lift our fainting brothers;
 Let us strengthen ere we chide;
 Let us, ere we *blame* the fallen,
 Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed!—ah, how blessed
 Earth would be if we'd but try
 Thus to aid and right the weaker,
 Thus to check each brother's sigh;—
 Thus to walk in duty's pathway
 To our better life on high!

In each life, however lowly,
 There are seeds of mighty good;
 Still we shrink from souls appealing
 With a timid "If we could,"—
 But God, who judgeth all things,
 Knows the truth is, "If we would."

RIP VAN WINKLE.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

(HIS RETURN AFTER THE LONG SLEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS.)

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, —strange faces at the windows,—everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains,—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance,—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolation overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some

of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes;—all this was strange and incomprehensible.

He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in his hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, General Washington.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of Seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was a Federal or Democrat?"

Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question;

when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and the left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired,

"Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point,—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such

enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point;—he had no more courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, “Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three, “oh, to be sure! that’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

“God knows,” exclaimed he, at his wits’ end; “I’m not myself—I’m somebody else,—that’s me yonder—no—that’s somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they’ve changed my gun, and everything’s changed, and I’m changed, and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”

At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. “Hush, Rip,” cried she, “hush, you little fool; the old man won’t hurt you.” The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. “What’s your name, my good woman?” asked he.

“Judith Gardenier.”

“And your father’s name?”

“Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it’s twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

“Where’s your mother?”

“Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.”

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he, "young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

Ari stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle— it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?" * * * * *

Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

THE SNOW-STORM.—C. G. EASTMAN.

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
 As cold as it ever can be;
 The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
 Of the waves on an angry sea;
 The moon is full, but her silver light
 The storm dashes out with its wings to-night;
 And over the sky, from south to north,
 Not a star is seen, as the wind comes forth
 In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day had the snow come down—all day,
 As it never came down before,
 And over the hills at sunset lay
 Some two or three feet or more:
 The fence was lost, and the wall of stone;
 The windows blocked, and the well-curbs gone;
 The hay-stack had grown to a mountain-lift;
 And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift,
 As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
 While the air grows sharp and chill,
 And the warning roar of a fearful blow
 Is heard on the distant hill:
 And the Norther! See, on the mountain-peak,
 In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
 He shouts on the plain, Ho-ho! ho-ho!
 He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
 And growls with a savage will.

Such a night as this to be found abroad
 In the drifts and the freezing air!
 Sits a shivering dog in a field by the road,
 With the snow in his shaggy hair;
 He shuts his eyes to the wind, and growls;
 He lifts his head, and moans and howls;
 Then, crouching low from the cutting sleet,
 His nose is pressed on his quivering feet;
 Pray, what does the dog do there?

A farmer came from the village plain,
 But he lost the traveled way;
 And for hours he trod with might and main
 A path for his horse and sleigh;
 But colder still the cold winds blew,
 And deeper still the deep drifts grew;
 And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
 At last in her struggles floundered down,
 Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain, with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
 She plunged in the drifting snow,
 While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
 With a word and a gentle blow:
 But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight;
 His hands were numb, and had lost their might;
 So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
 And strove to shelter himself till day,
 With his coat and the buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
 To rouse up his dying steed;
 And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
 For help in his master's need;
 For awhile he strives with a wistful cry,
 To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
 And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
 The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
 And whines when he takes no heed.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er,—
 'Tis the hour of midnight, past ;
 The old trees writhe and bend no more
 In the whirl of the rushing blast ;
 The silent moon, with her peaceful light,
 Looks down on the hills with snow all white ;
 And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
 Of the blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
 Afar on the plain are cast.

But, cold and dead, by the hidden log
 Are they who came from the town,—
 The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
 And his beautiful Morgan brown,—
 In the wide snow desert, far and grand,
 With his cap on his head, and the reins in his hand ;
 The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
 And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
 Where she lay when she floundered down.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.—A. A. HOPKINS.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen
 The saddest are these—"It might have been."—WHITTIER.

There's a dolorous cheat in the words so sweet,
 For their sadness is hardly real ;
 Or the sadness they tell, as my heart knows well,
 Is at most but a sad ideal.
 We may picture the vanishing yesterday
 In the rarest of tints, or in sombre gray ;
 'Twas a glad, glad time since it left us here,
 And there's never a cause for a sigh or tear ;
 It might have been worse, and the good we sought
 Might have proved with the saddest of sorrows fraught.

When the poet had sung with his silver tongue
 Of a fanciful sorrow fleeting,
 Had he never a line for the joys divine
 That are ever our lives completing ?
 We may breathe of the shadows our days have known
 Should our breathings forever the shades bemoan ;
 Should we sigh when we tell of the dim twilight ?
 There might have been darkness of darkest night,
 And we might have been left in the gloom to grope,
 With never a gleam from the star of hope.

In the struggle and strife of this wearing life,
 When we long for a rest worth winning,
 Let us think of the woe that our souls might know
 In an idleness dark with sinning.
 When we sail our bark over stormy waves
 Without finding the harbor our heart most craves,
 And we think had we sailed on another track,
 We should never have wished to be sailing back ;
 Let us think, though the waters are hardly fair,
 That we might have found utterest shipwreck there.

There are troubles and tears in the round of years,
 When there might have been peace and laughter ;
 But the peace might have led to a deeper dread
 And a greater disquiet after ;
 And the laughter outringing so clear and glad,
 Might have ended in tears of all tears most sad ;
 For the current of pleasure more closely flows
 By the river of sorrow than human knows,
 And we never may tell, as they onward wend,
 When the sweet with the bitter may interblend.

There were wonderful dreams with their glad'ning gleams
 That were full of delight and beauty ;
 There are wearying ways in the long to-days,
 That are part of our path of duty ;
 And the way might have brightened with blossoms sweet,
 And there might have been roses beneath our feet ;—
 Ah, yes, but the way of the "might have been"
 Might have led us, perchance, to the wilds of sin ;
 While the path of the present, though rough indeed,
 To a beautiful country at last may lead.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN?

'Way back from the echoing ages comes that sad and mournful strain, "it might have been." What might have been? Who sorrows to-night as they look backward and wish life had been different? Who mourns over some early folly and borrows trouble day after day from those unhappy words? Is it you, child of the world? Is it you, lone wanderer? Is there, I ask, a land of "might have been"? If so,

where can it be found? I have often heard of it, but I never succeeded in ascertaining its precise situation. Somewhere in the past, no doubt. I really should like to visit such a land. What a multitude of "mights" must lie there together, what aspirations, what noble deeds never destined to have been performed! Yet from whitened lips comes the whisper, "It might have been." No, dear hearers, it could not be, because you, or some one else, would not allow it. Year by year we hear the words, day after day; they have been the subject of many a discourse and essay. We hear and read them, wondering who indulges in the "might have been" delusion, instead of striving with the present and saying, "*it shall be.*" It is useless to mourn over the past, for it does not brighten it, and the moments thus wasted will in future cause more thoughts as to what "might have been."

It is good for every heart to commune with self to a certain extent, but when hours are spent in useless repining it ceases to be beneficial. Many, thinking they have failed in nearly every great task they wished to accomplish, will also think it is useless to undertake anything more. "It might have been," if perseverance had not been lacking, but as it was, it could never have been.

Let not such thoughts possess dominion over us. Let us have a fairy picture of what is to be, drawn in gorgeous colors; let us spare neither time, pains, pencil, nor paint. Let our hearts be in the work, and with unfaltering trust look upon the map of the future, perceiving the destined goal we are to reach, after much labor. Turn not to the right or left; look not behind us lest we become mere drones. Leave the land of "might have been" for weary ones to people; as for us, we must build a city in the land of To Be. A city to attract strangers, where beauties of mind shall not be forgotten in dress beauty; where life shall not be devoted entirely to self and sensual gratification; where love shall erect a fortress and defend our city from intruders. And how shall love deal with enemies? It shall, by its kind teachings and gentle influence, win them to our cause. Every day we shall witness the increase of numbers, and with light hearts and pleasant countenances move among our little band, distributing peace and good will. My land is the land of To Be.

Away with past regrets, for if my present opportunities are improved I shall have enough to occupy my mind. If we mourn for the past, we shall waste valuable time, and the future will find us with drooping heads mourning over these wasted moments. Let not "it might have been" be inscribed over our tombstone when we die, to prove that our life was a failure. Rather let it be, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou upon the heritage of the just."

THE LOST HEIR.—THOMAS HOOD.

"Oh where, and oh where
Is my bonnie laddie gone?"—OLD SONG.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chilled my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish went to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her east, she turned her west,
Staring like Pythoness possessed,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man,—
Her right hand held a frying pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female Ranter moved to preach,
She "gave her sorrow words":

"O Lord! oh, dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark
staring wild!
Has ever a one seen anything about the streets like a crying
lost-looking child?"

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I
 only knew which way—
 A child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven
 Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.
 I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch,
 you little Kitty M'Nab!
 You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you
 did, you dirty deceitful young drab!
 The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my
 own blessed motherly eyes,
 Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making lit-
 tle dirt pies.
 I wonder he left the court where he was better off than all
 the other young boys,
 With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead
 kitten by way of toys.
 When his father comes home, and he always comes home as
 sure as ever the clock strikes one,
 He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost, and the
 beef and the inguns not done!
 La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and don't
 be making a mob in the street;
 O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor
 little boy, have you, in your beat?
 Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like a
 parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
 Saints forbid! but he's p'raps been inviggled away up a
 court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
 He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself
 for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
 And his trowsers considering not very much patched, and
 red plush, they was once his father's best pair.
 His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or that
 might have gone with the rest;
 But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and
 a burn on the breast.
 He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sewed in, and
 not quite so much jagged at the brim.
 With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a
 fit, and you'll know by that if it's him.
 Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive, some
 old beggar woman in want of an orphan
 Had borrowed the child to go a begging with, but I'd rather
 see him laid out in his coffin!
 Do, good people, move on! such a rabble of boys! I'll break
 every bone of 'em I come near;
 Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home,—Tommy
 Jones, go along home with your beer.
 This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my
 name was Betty Morgan;

Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along
 of following a monkey and an organ ;
 O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got kid-
 dynapped with them Italians,
 They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the
 outlandish tatterdemalions.
 Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow, with
 screaming for ye, you young sorrow!
 And sha'n't have half a voice, no more I sha'n't, for crying
 fresh herrings to-morrow.
 O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't
 be of no more vally,
 If I'm to see other folks' darlin's, and none of mine, playing
 like angels in our alley!
 And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at
 the old three-legged chair
 As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there ain't
 no Billy there!
 I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only
 knowed where to run ;
 Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month
 through stealing a penny bun,—
 The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would kill
 me raily
 To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the
 Old Bailey.
 For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may search
 for miles and mileses
 And not find one better brought up, and more pretty be-
 haved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.
 And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a moth-
 er ought to speak ;
 You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it hasn't
 been washed for a week ;
 As for hair, though it's red, it's the most nicest hair when
 I've time to just show it the comb ;
 I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only
 bring him safe and sound home.
 He's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a little
 cast he's certainly got ;
 And his nose is still a good un, though the bridge is broke,
 by his falling on a pewter pint pot ;
 He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very
 large teeth for his age ;
 And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on
 the Drury Lane Stage.
 And then he has got such dear winning ways—but oh, I nev-
 er, never shall see him no more!
 Oh dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him back
 from death's door!

Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was
 at twenty a penny,
 And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in
 plums, and sixty for a child is too many.
 And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us all, and,
 drat him, made a seize of our hog.
 It's no use to send the crier to cry him about, he's such a
 blunderin' drunken old dog;
 The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guz-
 zling with his bell at the Crown,
 And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted
 mother and father about town.
 Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come home
 to your best of mothers!
 I'm scared when I think of them cabroleys, they drive so,
 they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.
 Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to
 stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
 And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when
 the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.
 Oh, I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine,
 to clap my two longin' eyes on his face,
 For he's my darlin' of darlin's, and if he don't soon come
 back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
 I only wish I'd got him safe in these two motherly arms,
 and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
 Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was,—but a child
 don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
 Why there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young
 wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
 But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and
 I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

ACROSS THE RIVER.—LUCY LARCOM.

When for me the silent oar
 Parts the Silent River,
 And I stand upon the shore
 Of the strange Forever,
 Shall I miss the loved and known?
 Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Mid the crowd that come to meet
 Spirits sin-forgiven,—
 Listening to their echoing feet
 Down the streets of heaven,—
 Shall I know a footstep near
 That I listen, wait for, here?

Then will one approach the brink,
 With a hand extended?—
 One whose thoughts I loved to think
 Ere the veil was rended,
 Saying, "Welcome! we have died,
 And again are side by side."

Saying, "I will go with thee,
 That thou be not lonely,
 To yon hills of mystery;
 I have-waited only
 Until now to climb with thee
 Yonder hills of mystery."

Can the bonds that make us here
 Know ourselves immortal,
 Drop away, the foliage sear,
 At life's inner portal?
 What is holiest below
 Must forever live and grow.

I shall love the angels well,
 After I have found them,
 In the mansions where they dwell,
 With the glory round them;
 But at first, without surprise,
 Let me look for human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go
 Up the holy mountain;
 Drop by drop within us flow
 Life's unfailing fountain.
 Angels sing with crowns that burn;
 Shall we have a song to learn?

He who on our earthly path
 Bids us help each other,—
 Who his Well-beloved hath
 Made our Elder Brother,—
 Will but clasp the chain of love
 Closer, when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
 O'er the Silent River;
 Death, thy hastening oar I know:
 Bear me, thou life-giver,
 Through the waters, to the shore
 Where mine own have gone before.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.—ALICE CARY.

O good painter, tell me true,
 Has your hand the cunning to draw
 Shapes of things that you never saw?
 Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,—
 The picture must not be over-bright,
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
 Always and always, night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sere,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
 When the wind can hardly find breathing-room
 Under their tassels,—cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around,—
 (Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!)
 These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little, and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide,—
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush:
 Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding the self-same way,
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
 Oh, if I only could make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face
 That are beaming on me all the while,
 I need not speak these foolish words:
 Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
 She is my mother: you will agree
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
 You must paint, sir; one like me,
 The other with a clearer brow,

And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise :
 At ten years old he went to sea,—
 God knoweth if he be living now ;
 He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came back.
 Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck :
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way.
 Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee :
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea !

Out in the fields one summer night
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
 Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
 Loitering till after the low little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door,
 And over the haystack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
 The first half-hour, the great yellow star,
 That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
 Had often and often watched to see
 Propped and held in its place in the skies
 By the fork of a tall red mulberry tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
 Dead at the top,—just one branch full
 Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
 From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our heads, when we came to play
 In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
 Afraid to go home, sir ; for one of us bore
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs ;
 The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat :
 The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
 But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
 Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie ?
 If you can, pray have the grace
 To put it solely in the face
 Of the urchin that is likest me :

I think 'twas solely mine, indeed :
 But that's no matter,—paint it so ;
 The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
 Looking not on the nestful of eggs,
 Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
 But straight through our faces down to our lies,
 And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise !
 I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
 A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know
 That you on the canvas are to repeat
 Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—
 Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
 The mother,—the lads, with their bird, at her knee :
 But, oh, that look of reproachful woe !
 High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
 If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

MR. PERKINS BUYS A DOG.—JAMES M. BAILEY.

It is a little singular, as fond as I am of dogs, that I never enjoyed an undisputed title to one until the other day. I have frequently, to be sure, had a dog in my possession when I was a boy, but the possession was acquired by persuasive-ness, and was but temporary, as my parent on my father's side entertained morbid prejudice against dogs, and never missed an opportunity to show his aversion.

The dog I refer to as being strictly my own, was one I bought of a man named Robbins, who lives some distance down town. I gave him two dollars for the dog, on his own representations. He said it was a good animal, but had a little more of life and energy than were proper in a dog where there were hens on the premises. I don't keep hens, so this was no objection in my case.

In the evening, I went down to his place after my purchase. It was a tall dog, with a long body, long legs, a long neck, and a very short tail. The color was a dirty yellow. His body was lank as well as long, which gave the impression that he had missed meals when he did not design to. I was a little disappointed in his general appearance, but there

was a good frame, and time, with plenty of wholesome food, would undoubtedly complete a gratifying metamorphosis.

Robbins gave me a good supply of rope, with which I made my animal fast, and started for home. We joggled along very nicely together. Occasionally I paused to pat him affectionately, adding some remark of a confidential nature. In this way we progressed until we reached the business part of the town. I don't know how to account for it, but he suddenly stopped, in a dogged manner, and commenced to rear back and cut up variously. Perhaps the glare of the lights confused his mind,—perhaps he may have got the impression I was a butcher, or something of that sort. Whatever it may have been, he was certainly acting in a strange manner. He pulled back with wonderful vigor, bracing his feet, and vibrating his head swiftly. The skin lopped over his eyes, while the joints in my body seemed to turn completely around in their sockets.

He pulled back like this, until I thought his entire hide would slip over his head, then he abruptly came forward, and I struck the pavement on my back with a velocity that threatened to destroy my further usefulness in this world.

He did this three or four times within the distance of a block, and finally I suggested if he did it again I should feel tempted to kick in some of his ribs as an experiment.

At this time three boys gave an unexpected variety to the performance by getting in the animal's rear, and enlivening him with a pointed stick.

He very soon got the impression that the boys were not actuated by friendly designs, and he came up nearer to me—and, eventually, went past.

It may be well to remark just here that, when he went past, he carried a portion of my pantaloon leg with him,—a circumstance many would not mention, perhaps, but it struck me as being a very singular proceeding, especially as my leg was next to, and in close proximity with the cloth.

He went ahead so fast that it was nearly impossible to restrain him, and went the entire length of the rope, before I succeeded in checking him. As there were quite a number of people on the street at the time, it naturally increased my interest in his movements.

The rope was a bed cord; it was full forty feet long; the dog was about four feet,—in all forty-four feet. It was a pretty long line of communication to keep up on a crowded thoroughfare, especially with a mad and hungry dog on the loose end of it. He was straining with all his might, and drawing me along at a rapid but not graceful gait. When I occasionally got my eyes down to a level with the walk, it was to discover him crawling out from under somebody, with various results. Sometimes, as in the case of very heavy people, they did not get fairly on their feet until I got abreast of them. These people invariably called my attention to the subject, and would have got my fairest views on it, had it been possible to have held up long enough to open my mouth.

I endured these things pleasantly enough; but when a man and woman both came down together, and the rope got mysteriously twisted about three other people, and seesawed them in a wonderfully fearful manner, I lost all desire to own a dog, and let go of my end of the rope.

It immediately transpired that no one was needed there. The people who were seesawing across the walk, and shouting for their friends, were so inconceivably entangled in the rope, that they held the dog as firmly as a piece of meat could have done. The old gentleman and lady were full as mysteriously mixed, both screaming vigorously,—although it is but fair to state that the former appeared to take the liveliest interest in the matter, as he was next to the dog, and in a very exposed condition, I regret to add.

It at once resolved itself into such an exclusively private affair, that I didn't have the heart to do anything which would look like interfering, and so I sat down on a box, and rubbed my leg, and looked on to see what the party would eventually do.

As it is reasonable to expect, a crowd gathered, and that dog was stepped on and walked over a number of times, but I can honestly affirm I do not recollect seeing any one step on him the second time. There was a great deal of confusion, of course, and the two elderly people were four or five minutes, getting up and down, before they fairly reached their feet. And when the old gentleman did get up, good

and square, I was surprised and shocked to observe another gentleman, who was, I presume, the husband of the old lady, fetch him a clip between the eyes, that sent him on his back with great speed. Of course he didn't know anything about the dog and the rope, but he ought not to have been so hasty. This is what the people thought, undoubtedly, for they yelled their disapprobation, and crowded up closer, while that wretched dog came back to see what was *now* restraining him, but not being able to distinguish the present source of trouble, he split the difference and the calf of a new party's leg, and took off a good share of the tail to the irate husband's coat.

The vivacity of that animal is the most remarkable thing of this season. He didn't waste any time on superfluous ceremonies, but rapidly notified all within reach, of his intentions, and when he did get loose, and left, I didn't see anybody follow him.

I guess they pretty much shared my opinion of the animal: that the less they had to do with him the more there would be of them for other purposes.

From "Life in Danbury."

NO MORTGAGE ON THE FARM.—JOHN H. YATES.

Mary, let's kill the fatted calf, and celebrate this day,
For the last dreadful mortgage on the farm is wiped away;
I have got the papers with me, they are right as right can
be—

Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear old farm is free.

Don't all we Yankees celebrate the Fourth day of July?
Because 'twas then that freedom's sun lit up our nation's
sky;

Why shouldn't we then celebrate, and this day ne'er forget?
Where is there any freedom like being out of debt?

I've riz up many mornin's an hour before the sun,
And night has overtaken me before the task was done;
When weary with my labor 'twas this thought that nerved
my arm:

Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage on the farm

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowin' to the shore,
By takin' eggs and butter to the little village store ;
You did not spend the money in dressin' up for show,
But sang from morn till evening in your faded calico.

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her loving heart !
The lad that gets her for a wife must be by nater smart,—
She's gone without piano her lonely hours to charm,
To have a hand in payin' off the mortgage on the farm.

I'll build a little cottage, soon, to make your heart rejoice ;
I'll buy a good piano to go with Bessie's voice ;
You shall not make your butter with that up and down con-
cern,
For I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent churn.

Lay by your faded calico, and go with me to town,
And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining gown ;
Low prices for our produce need not give us now alarm ;
Spruce up a little, Mary, there's no mortgage on the farm !

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not forget
To thank the God of heaven for being out of debt ;
For he gave the rain and sunshine, and put strength into my
arm,
And lengthened out the days to see no mortgage on the farm.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

Who would sever freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though by birth one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest :

Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West.

By our altars, pure and free ;
By our laws' deep-rooted tree ;
By the past's dread memory ;
By our *Washington* ;

By our common parent tongue ;
 By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young ;
 By the tie of country strong,—
 We will still be one.

Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
 Ages! must ye droop again?
 Maker! shall we rashly stain
 Blessings sent by thee?

No!—receive our solemn vow,
 While before thy shrine we bow,
 Ever to maintain, as now,
 UNION—LIBERTY!

SPEECH OF VINDICATION.—ROBERT EMMET.

MY LORDS: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law?—I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say, which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish,—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen,—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly

port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue; this is my hope,—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard,—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear, by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me,—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope, (wild and chimerical as it may appear,) that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No!—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the con-

cerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life,—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done.

THE FIRST PARTING.—MARIAN DOUGLASS.

“Yes, I am off to-morrow morn!
 Next week I sail for Indy!
 And you'll be glad when I am gone,—
 Say, shan't you be, Lucindy?”

A summer flower herself, the maid
 Stood mid the sweet syringas,
 A June pink in her hair's smooth braid,
 A rosebud in her fingers,

Plucked from the tall bush in the yard,
 Whose white flowers waved above her;
 And parting never seemed so hard
 As just then, to her lover.

Her lip began to grieve; the red
 Upon her cheek grew paler;
 "It seems a strange choice, Tom," she said,
 "For you to be a sailor;

"And when the wild, black clouds I see,
 And when the nights are windy,
 I—" "Bless your soul! you'll pray for me;
 I know you will, Lucindy!"

The rosebud from her hand he took;
 "This flower," he said, "I'll save it,
 And keep it pressed within a book,
 Remembering who gave it.

"I never cared, as women do,
 For garden beds and posies,
 But somehow—why, I never knew—
 I always loved white roses.

"They seem just made for weddin's; when
 I come again from Indy,
 My bride, you'll wear white roses then;
 Come, won't you?—say, Lucindy!"

A sudden flame upon her cheek,
 Her eyes the quick tears filling,
 The answer gave she would not speak,
 Lest she might seem too willing.

For, "Tom," she asked, "how can it be?
 Here, all my life, you've known me;
 No word of love you've said to me,
 No sign you've ever shown me."

And he said, "True, but though I hain't,
 My love, I've wished you knew it,
 And tried to speak, and felt too faint
 At heart to dare to do it;

"But when my mind was fixed to go
 A sailor, out to Indy,
 I said, 'I'll have a Yes or No;'
 Oh, say it's Yes, Lucindy!"

"Yes, Tom, it's Yes," she whispered, "when
I learned that you were going,
I found you had my heart; till then,
'Twas yours without my knowing!"

Soft on her cheek fell, wet with dew,
A rose-leaf from above her;
A warmer touch her red lips knew,—
The first kiss of her lover!

Though stilled the song and hushed the laugh,
And hot the tears are starting,
What joy that life can give is half
So sweet as love's first parting?

Atlantic Monthly.

JEPHTHAH'S RASH VOW.—MISS HOWARD.

From the 11th chapter of Judges.

The battle had ceased and the victory was won,
The wild cry of horror was o'er;
Now arose in his glory the bright-beaming sun,
And with him his journey the war-chief begun,
With a soul breathing vengeance no more.

The foes of his country lay strewed on the plain,
A tear stole its course from his eye;
The warrior disdained every semblance of pain;
He thought of his child—of his country, again,
And suppressed, while 'twas forming, a sigh.

"O Father of light!" said the conquering chief,
"The vow that I made, I renew;
'Twas thy powerful arm gave the welcome relief,
When I called on thy name in the fulness of grief,
When my hopes were but cheerless and few.

"An offering of love will I pay to thy name,—
An offering thou wilt not despise:
The first being I meet, when I welcome again
The land of my fathers I left not in vain,
With the flames on thine altar shall rise."

Now hushed were his words; through the far-spreading bands
Naught was heard, save the footfall around,

Till his lips in wild joy press his own native lands,
 And to heaven are lifted his trembling hands,
 While the silence is still and profound.

Oh, listen! at distance what wild music sounds?
 And at distance what maiden appears?
 See! forward she comes with a light-springing bound,
 And casts her mild eyes in fond ecstasy round,
 For a parent is seen through her tears.

Her harp's wildest strain gave a thrill of delight,
 A moment—she springs to his arms:
 "My daughter!—O God!" Not the horror of fight,
 While legions on legions against him unite,
 Could bring on his soul such alarms.

In wild horror he starts as a fiend had appeared;
 His eyes in mute agony close;
 His sword o'er his age-frosted visage is reared,
 Which with scars from his many fought battles is seared
 Nor his country nor daughter he knows.

But sudden conviction in quick flashes told
 That his daughter was destined to die!
 Oh! no longer could nature the wild struggle hold;
 His grief issued forth unconstrained, uncontrolled,
 And the tears dimmed his time-withered eye.

His daughter was weeping, and clasping that form
 She ne'er touched, but with transport, before;
 His daughter was watching the thundering storm,
 Whose quick flashing lightnings so madly deform
 A face beaming sunshine before.

But how did that daughter, so gentle and fair,
 Hear the sentence that doomed her to die?
 For a moment her eye gave a heart-moving glare,
 Almost like a maniac's, so fixed in its stare;
 For a moment her bosom heaved high.

It was but a moment,—the frenzy was past,
 She smilingly rushed to his arms;
 And there, as a flower, when chilled by the blast,
 Reclines on the oak, till its fury be past,
 On his bosom she hushed her alarms.

Not an eye saw the scene but was moistened with woe,
 Not a voice could a sentence command;
 Down the soldier's rough cheek tears of agony flow,
 While the sobs of the maiden heaved mournful and slow:
 Sad pity wept over the land.

But fled was the hope in the maiden's sad breast ;
 From her fond father's bosom she rose ;
 Mild virtue appeared in her manner confest,
 She looked like a saint from the realms of the blest,
 Not a mortal encircled with woes.

She turned from the group—and can I declare
 The hope and the fortitude given ?
 As she sank on her knees, with a soul-breathing prayer,
 That her father might flourish, of virtue the care,
 Till with glory he'd flourish in heaven.

“ Oh ! comfort him, Heaven, when low in the dust
 My limbs are inactively laid ;
 Oh ! comfort him, Heaven, and let him then trust
 That, free and immortal, the souls of the just
 Are in glory and beauty arrayed.”

The maiden arose—and can I portray
 The devotion that glowed in her eye ?
 Religion's sweet self in its light seemed to stray
 With the mildness of night, with the glory of day,
 But 'twas pity that prompted her sigh.

“ My father ! ” the chief raised his dim, weeping eye,
 With a look of unspeakable woe :
 “ My father ! ” her voice seemed convulsed with a sigh,
 But the tears, as they gushed from her grief-swollen eye,
 Told more than her words could bestow.

The weakness was past, and the maiden could say,
 “ My father ! for thee I can die ! ”
 The bands slowly moved on their sorrowful way,
 But never again from that heart-breaking day
 Was a tear known to force its enlivening ray
 On the old chieftain's grief-speaking eye.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.—JOHN PIERPONT.

Stand ! the ground's your own, my braves !
 Will ye give it up to slaves ?
 Will ye look for greener graves ?
 Hope ye mercy still ?
 What's the mercy despots feel ?
 Hear it in that battle-peal !
 Read it on yon bristling steel !
 Ask it,--ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your *homes* retire?
 Look behind you,—they're afire!
 And, before you, see
 Who have done it! From the vale
 On they come!—and will ye quail?
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may,—and die we must:
 But oh, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriots bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell?

THRILLING SKETCH.—SALATHIEL.

A portal of the arena opened, and the combatant, with a mantle thrown over his face and figure, was led into the sur-roundery. The lion roared and ramped against the bars of his den at the sight. The guard put a sword and buckler into the hands of the Christian, and he was left alone. He drew the mantle from his face, and bent a slow and firm look around the amphitheatre. His fine countenance and lofty bearing raised a universal shout of admiration. He might have stood for an Apollo encountering the Python. His eye at last turned on mine. Could I believe my senses? Constantius was before me.

All my rancor vanished. An hour past, I could have struck the betrayer to the heart,—I could have called on the severest vengeance of man and heaven to smite the destroyer of my child. But to see him hopelessly doomed, the man whom I had honored for his noble qualities, whom I had even loved, whose crime was, at the worst, but the crime of giving way to the strongest temptation that can bewilder the heart of man; to see the noble creature flung to the savage beast, dying in tortures, torn piecemeal before my eyes, and

his misery wrought by me, I would have obtested earth and heaven to save him. But my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. My limbs refused to stir. I would have thrown myself at the feet of Nero; but I sat like a man of stone—pale—paralyzed—the beating of my pulse stopped—my eyes alone alive.

The gate of the den was thrown back, and the lion rushed in with a roar and a bound that bore him half across the arena. I saw the sword glitter in the air: when it waved again, it was covered with blood. A howl told that the blow had been driven home. The lion, one of the largest from Numidia, and made furious by thirst and hunger, an animal of prodigious power, crouched for an instant, as if to make sure of his prey, crept a few paces onward, and sprang at the victim's throat. He was met by a second wound, but his impulse was irresistible. A cry of natural horror rang round the amphitheatre. The struggle was now for an instant, life or death. They rolled over each other; the lion, reared upon his hind feet, with gnashing teeth and distended talons, plunged on the man; again they rose together. Anxiety was now at its wildest height. The sword now swung round the champion's head in bloody circles. They fell again, covered with blood and dust. The hand of Constan- tius had grasped the lion's mane, and the furious bounds of the monster could not loose his hold; but his strength was evidently giving way,—he still struck his terrible blows, but each was weaker than the one before; till, collecting his whole force for a last effort, he darted one mighty blow into the lion's throat, and sank. The savage beast yelled, and, spouting out blood, fled howling around the arena. But the hand still grasped the mane, and the conqueror was dragged whirling through the dust at his heels. A universal outcry now arose to save him, if he were not already dead. But the lion, though bleeding from every vein, was still too terrible, and all shrank from the hazard. At last the grasp gave way, and the body lay motionless on the ground.

What happened for some moments after, I know not. There was a struggle at the portal; a female forced her way through the guards, rushed in alone, and flung herself upon the victim. The sight of a new prey roused the lion; he

tore the ground with his talons; he lashed his streaming sides with his tail; he lifted up his mane and bared his fangs; But his approaching was no longer with a bound; he dreaded the sword, and came snuffing the blood on the sand, and stealing round the body in circuits still diminishing.

The confusion in the vast assemblage was now extreme. Voices innumerable called for aid. Women screamed and fainted, men burst into indignant clamors at this prolonged cruelty. Even the hard hearts of the populace, accustomed as they were to the sacrifice of life, were roused to honest curses. The guards grasped their arms, and waited but for a sign from the emperor. But Nero gave no sign.

I looked upon the woman's face; it was Salome! I sprang upon my feet. I called on her name,—called on her, by every feeling of nature, to fly from that place of death, to come to my arms, to think of the agonies of all that loved her.

She had raised the head of Constantius on her knee, and was wiping the pale visage with her hair. At the sound of my voice, she looked up, and, calmly casting back the locks from her forehead, fixed her eyes upon me. She still knelt; one hand supported the head,—with the other she pointed to it as her only answer. I again adjured her. There was the silence of death among the thousands around me. A fire dashed into her eye,—her cheek burned,—she waved her hand with an air of superb sorrow.

"I am come to die," she uttered, in a lofty tone. "This bleeding body *was* my husband,—I have no father. The world contains to me but this clay in my arms. Yet," and she kissed the ashy lips before her, "yet, my Constantius, it was to save that father that your generous heart defied the peril of this hour. It was to redeem him from the hand of evil that you abandoned your quiet home!—Yes, cruel father, here lies the noble being that threw open your dungeon, that led you safe through the conflagration, that, to the last moment of his liberty, only sought how he might preserve and protect you." Tears at length fell in floods from her eyes. "But," said she, in a tone of wild power, "he was betrayed, and may the Power whose thunders avenge the cause of his people, pour down just retribution upon the head that dared"—

I heard my own condemnation about to be pronounced by the lips of my own child. Wound up to the last degree of suffering, I tore my hair, leaped upon the bars before me, and plunged into the arena by her side. The height stunned me; I tottered a few paces and fell. The lion gave a roar and sprang upon me. I lay helpless under him, I heard the gnashing of his white fangs above me.

An exulting shout arose. I saw him reel as if struck,—gore filled his jaws. Another mighty blow was driven to his heart. He sprang high in the air with a howl. He dropped; he was dead. The amphitheatre thundered with acclamations.

With Salome clinging to my bosom, Constantius raised me from the ground. The roar of the lion had roused him from his swoon, and two blows saved me. The falchion had broken in the heart of the monster. The whole multitude stood up, supplicating for our lives in the name of filial piety and heroism. Nero, devil as he was, dared not resist the strength of popular feeling. He waved a signal to the guards; the portal was opened, and my children, sustaining my feeble steps, showered with garlands and ornaments from innumerable hands, slowly led me from the arena.

LOFTY FAITH.

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I wrote
Upon the sand—

“Agnes, I love thee!”

The mad waves rolled by and blotted out
The fair impression.
Frail reed! Cruel wave! Treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more;
But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore
Her tallest pine, and dip its top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,
And upon the high and burnished heavens
I'll write—

“Agnes, I love thee!”—

And I would like to see any
Dog-goned wave wash that out.

OUT IN THE SOBBING RAIN.—DORA SHAW.

I loved him long, and I loved him well,
 Now with hate I burn like a fiend of hell,
 And curse the day in his arms I fell,
 Not dreaming then of pain ;—
 Not dreaming then what the year would bring,
 For my soul was white as an angel's wing ;
 Now here I am wandering, a lone, lost thing,
 Out in the sobbing rain !

I was no city maid, with eyes
 Burned black with passion, looking lies ;
 No, mine were blue as the bluest skies,
 And told, ah ! wondrous plain,
 The innocent thoughts I would gathering hold
 Like spotless lambs to my bosom-fold,
 But the shepherd slept, and the thief grew bold,—
 Aye, sob, thou sobbing rain !

Aye, the thief grew bold : now my peace is gone !
 Like a God-cursed thing, I keep wandering on,
 Nor heed the bleak storm, as it breaks upon
 My weary, weary brain,—
 I but clasp my hands o'er an aching breast,
 And shriek out a prayer for the grave and rest,
 But the winds laugh aloud down the darkening west
 At the sobs of the sobbing rain.

Oh, alas for my home on the distant moor !
 Alas ! the dear eyes that watch by the door,
 Watch for a pale form they will never see more,—
 Heart, cease, oh, cease thy pain !
 Alas for the flowers that bloom on the heath,
 Which the frost, like a lover, kisses to death !
 Would I were a flower, to fall 'neath his breath,
 In the sobs of the sobbing rain !

To-night I passed by his castle old,—
 The one he bought when his heart he sold ;
 In his arms his young bride I saw him fold,
 Near by the window-pane ;
 Her pale face drooped 'neath his glowing eye,
 Like a northern flower 'neath a tropic sky,—
 A withering bud, 'neath his blasting sigh,—
 Aye, sob, thou sobbing rain !

Her white arms were veiled with laces rare,
 While mine are thin, and blue, and bare
 To the o'er-keen knife of the midnight air ;
 My fingers ache with pain,
 Whilst hers with jewels are e'en weighed down,—
 Jewels to flash in an empress' crown,—
 While of hunger I die, in tears I drown,
 Here in the sobbing rain.

Aye, his bride is she, and what then am I,
 That the world, with its scorn, should pass me by,—
 With its mocking lip and jeering eye ?
 I loved, alas, in vain !
 And yet, though no saintly prayer was said,
 No bride's veil hid my love-bowed head,
 A God looked down, and we were wed,—
 Aye, sob, thou sobbing rain !

See the lightning flash in yonder sky,
 Like a bold, bad thought in a villain's eye ;
 What a night for death ! oh, that I could die,
 And so end all this pain !
 My feet are so weary, my feet are so sore,
 Would they bear me, I wonder, as far as the moor ?
 Would they take me in, who watch by the door,—
 In from this sobbing rain ?

What darkness is this which veileth mine eyes ?
 Oh ! 'tis my tears, or the mists of the skies,—
 But then my heart, and my breath, how it flies !
 And yet I feel no pain.
 There ! strange lights are gleaming from yon open door,
 But 'tis not the one on the distant moor,
 And strange voices call me—I ne'er heard before.—
 Out of the sobbing rain.

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
 Spoken so low that only angels heard ;
 The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
 Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes ;
 These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
 Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
 And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
 To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear ;
 It is not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
 Over soiled robes which once were pure and white,
 The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
 Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole ;
 These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,
 When dreams had less of self and more of truth ;
 The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
 Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet ;
 These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
 So seldom guessed, so little understood ;
 The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
 Some wanderer from the woeful ways of sin ;
 These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, for in thy city bright,
 Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light !
 And things long hidden from our gaze below,
 Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
 They were not lost.

THE HERITAGE.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick and stone and gold ;
 And he inherits soft, white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares :
 The bank may break, the factory burn ;
 Some breath may burst his bubble shares ;
 And soft, white hands would hardly earn
 A living that would suit his turn ;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants :
 His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
 With sated heart, he hears the pants
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy chair ;

A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things;
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit;
Content that from employment springs;
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all other level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft, white hands;
That is the best crop from the lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state!
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

MARK TWAIN TELLS AN ANECDOTE OF A. WARD.

As Artemus was once traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down, and said,—

“Did you hear that last thing on Horace Greeley?”

“Greeley? Greeley?” said Artemus, “Horace Greeley? Who is he?”

The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said,—

“George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over England. Do you think they will put him in a bastille?”

“Train? Train? George Francis Train?” said Artemus, solemnly, “I never heard of him.”

This ignorance kept the man quiet about fifteen minutes, then he said,—

“What do you think about General Grant’s chances for the Presidency? Do you think they will run him?”

“Grant? Grant? hang it, man,” said Artemus, “you appear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw.”

The man was furious. He walked off, but at last came back and said,—

“You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?”

Artemus looked up and said,—

“What was his other name?”

THE DYING STREET ARAB.—MATTHIAS BARR.

I knows what you mean, I’m a dyin’;
Well, I ain’t no worse nor the rest;
Taint them as does nothin’ but prayin’,
I reckon, is allus the best.

I ain’t had no father nor mother
A-tellin’ me wrong from the right;
The streets ain’t the place,—is it, parson?—
For sayin’ your prayers of a night.

I never knowed who was my father,
 And mother, she died long ago ;
 The folks here, they brought me up somehow,
 It ain't much they have teached me, I know.

Yet I think they'll be sorry, and miss me,
 When took right away from this here,
 For sometimes I catches them slyly
 A-wipin' away of a tear.

And they says as they hopes I'll get better ;
 I can't be no worse when I'm dead ;
 I ain't had so jolly a time on't,—
 A-dyin' by inches for bread.

I've stood in them streets precious often,
 When the wet's been a-pourin' down,
 And I ain't had so much as a mouthful,
 Nor never so much as a brown.

I've looked in them shops, with the winders
 Chokeful of what's tidy to eat,
 And I've heerd gents a-larfin' and talkin'.
 While I drops like a dorg at their feet.

But it's kind on you, sir, to sit by me ;
 I ain't now afeerd o' your face ;
 And I hopes, if it's true as you tells me,
 We'll meet in that t'other place.

I hopes as you'll come when it's over,
 And talk to them here in the court ;
 They'll mind what you says, you're a parson,
 There won't be no larkin' nor sport.

You'll tell them as how I died happy,
 And hopin' to see them again ;
 That I'm gone to that land where the weary
 Is freed of his trouble and pain.

Now open that book as you give me,—
 I feels as it never tells lies,—
 And read me them words—you know, guv'nor,—
 As is good for a chap when he dies.

There, give me your hand, sir, and thankee
 For the good as you've done a poor lad ;
 Who knows, had they teached me some better,
 I mightn't have growed up so bad.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

He found thereon nothing but leaves.—MATT. XI, 19.

Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves
 Over a wasted life;
 Sins committed while conscience slept,
 Promises made but never kept,
 Hatred, battle, and strife—
 Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no garnered sheaves
 Of life's fair, ripened grain;
 Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
 We sow our seed,—lo! tares and weeds;
 We reap with toil and pain
 Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
 No veil to screen the past:
 As we retrace our weary way,
 Counting each lost and misspent day,
 We find, sadly, at last,
 Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
 Bearing our withered leaves?
 The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;
 We stand before him, humbled, mute,
 Waiting the word he breathes,—
Nothing but leaves.

THE MAN OF EXPEDIENTS.—S. GILMAN.

The man of expedients is he who, never providing for the little mishaps and stitch-droppings with which this mortal life is pestered, and too indolent or too ignorant to repair them in the proper way, passes his days in inventing a succession of devices, pretexts, substitutes, plans, and commutations, by the help of which he thinks he appears as well as other people. Look through the various professions and

characters of life. You will there see men of expedients darting, and shifting, and glancing, like fishes in the stream.

If a merchant, the man of expedients borrows incontinently, at two per cent. a month; if a sailor, he stows his hold with jury-masts, rather than ascertain if his ship be seaworthy; if a visitor where he dislikes, he is called out before the evening has half expired; if a musician, he scrapes on a fiddle-string of silk; if an actor, he takes his stand within three feet of the prompter; if a poet, he makes "fault" rhyme with "ought," and "look" with "spoke;" if a reviewer, he fills up three quarters of his article with extracts from the writer whom he abuses; if a divine, he leaves ample room in every sermon for an exchange of texts; if a physician, he is often seen galloping at full speed, nobody knows where; if a debtor, he has a marvelous acquaintance with short corners and dark alleys; if a collegian, he commits Euclid and Locke to memory without understanding them, interlines his Greek, and writes themes equal to the Rambler.

But it is in the character of a general scholar that the man of expedients most shines. He ranges through all the arts and sciences—in cyclopædias; he acquires a most thorough knowledge of classical literature—from translations; he is very extensively read—in title-pages; he obtains an exact acquaintance with authors—from reviews; he follows all literature up to its sources—in tables of contents; his researches are indefatigable—into indexes; he quotes by memory with astonishing facility—the dictionary of quotations; and his bibliographical familiarity is miraculous—with Dibdin.

We are sorry to say that our men of expedients are to be sometimes discovered in the region of morality. There are those who claim the praise of a good action, when they have acted merely from convenience, inclination, or compulsion. There are those who make a show of industry, when they are set in motion only by avarice. There are those who are quiet and peaceable, only because they are sluggish. There are those who are sagely silent, because they have not one idea; abstemious, from repletion; patriots, because they are ambitious; perfect, because there is no temptation.

THAT LINE FENCE.

Old Farmer Smith came home in a miff
 From his field the other day,
 While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life,
 At her wheel was spinning away.

And ever anon a gay little song
 With the buzz of her wheel kept time;
 And his wrathful brow is clearing now,
 Under her cheerful rhyme.

"Come, come, little Turk, put away your work,
 And listen to what I say:
 What can I do, but a quarrel brew
 With the man across the way?"

"I have built my fence, but he won't commence
 To lay a single rail;
 His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin,—
 I am tempted to make a sale!"

"Why, John, dear John, how you do go on!
 I'm afraid it will be as they say."

"No, no, little wife, I have heard that strife
 In a lawyer's hands don't pay.

"He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,—
 I am told that he said he would,—
 And you know, long ago, law wronged me so,
 I vowed that I never should.

"So what can I do, that I will not rue,
 To the man across the way?"

"If that's what you want, I can help you haunt
 That man with a spectre gray.

"Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,
 And then you have gained a neighbor;
 It would cost you more to peep in the door
 Of a court, and as much more labor.

"Just use your good sense—let's build him a fence,
 And shame bad acts out of the fellow."
 They built up his part, and sent to his heart
 Love's dart, where the good thoughts mellow.

That very same night, by the candle light,
 They opened with interest a letter:
 Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair
 Said—the man was growing better.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.—ROBERT SOUTHBY.

The battle of Blenheim in Bavaria was fought August 13, 1704, between the troops of the English and Austrians on one side, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and the French and Bavarians on the other side, led by Marshal Tallart and the Elector of Bavaria. The latter party was defeated, and the schemes of Louis XIV. of France were materially checked thereby.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found;
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And, with a natural sigh,—
 "Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
 For there's many hereabout;
 And often, when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out;
 For many thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes,—
 "Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out;
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
 And many a childing mother there,
 And new-born baby died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won,—
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
 And our good Prince Eugene."
 "Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke
 Who this great fight did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—CHARLES WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF REFORM.—EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

The great element of reform is not born of human wisdom, it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in CHRISTIANITY. "Thy kingdom come!" There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of Reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the

institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and the human soul living in harmony with the Divine will, this earth would become like heaven. It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity,—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress,—our confidence in reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable, in man. That men have misunderstood it, and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it,—have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the just,—who took your conduct from the line of Christian philosophy,—come from your tombs, and answer!

Come, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life;—come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory, and show us what Christian zeal and Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this faith regards the lowest and least of our race; and how diligently it labors, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number,—ye nameless ones, who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward in the record on high,—come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage the religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of REFORM! The past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes; the present is hopeful because of thee; the future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

SINGING FOR THE MILLION.—THOMAS HOOD.

Amongst the great inventions of this age,
 Which every other century surpasses,
 Is one, just now the rage,
 Called "singing for all classes,"
 That is, for all the British millions,
 And billions,
 And quadrillions,
 Not to name *Quintillions*,—
 That now, alas! have no more ear than asses,
 To learn to warble like the birds in June,—
 In time and tune,
 Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses!
 In fact, a sort of plan,
 Including gentleman as well as yokel,
 Public or private man,
 To call out a militia,—only vocal
 Instead of local,
 And not designed for military follies,
 But keeping still within the civil border,
 To form with mouths in open order,
 And sing in volleys.

Whether this grand harmonic scheme
 Will ever get beyond a dream,
 And tend to British happiness and glory,
 May be no, and may be yes,
 Is more than I pretend to guess;
 However, here's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,
 Where business retreats,
 To shun the daily bustle and the noise
 The shabby Strand enjoys,
 But land, joint companies, and life insurance,
 Find past endurance,—
 In one of these back streets, to peace so dear,
 The other day a ragged wight
 Began to sing with all his might,
 "I have a silent sorrow here!"

Heard in that quiet place,
 Devoted to a still and studious race,
 The noise was quite appalling;
 To seek a fitting simile, and spin it,
 Appropriate to his calling,
 His voice had all Lablache's body in it;

But oh! the scientific tone it lacked,
 And was in fact
 Only a forty-boatswain power of bawling!

'Twas said indeed for want of vocal *nous*,
 The stage had banished him when he 'tempted it,
 For though his voice completely filled the house,
 It also emptied it.
 However, there he stood
 Vociferous—a ragged don!
 And with his iron pipes laid on,
 A row to all the neighborhood.

In vain were sashes closed,
 And doors, against the persevering Stentor;
 Though brick and glass and solid oak opposed,
 The intruding voice would enter,
 Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,
 Den, office, parlor, study, and sanctorum;
 Where clients and attorneys, rogues and fools,
 Ladies, and masters who attend the schools,
 Clerks, agents all provided with their tools,
 Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,
 With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em,—
 How it did bore 'em!

Louder and louder still
 The fellow sang with horrible good-will;
 Curses, both loud and deep, his sole gratuities,
 From scribes bewildered, making many a flaw
 In deeds of law
 They had to draw;
 With dreadful incongruities
 In posting ledgers, making up accounts
 To large amounts,
 Or casting up annuities,
 Stunned by that voice so loud and hoarse,
 Against whose overwhelming force
 No invoice stood a chance, of course.

From room to room, from floor to floor,
 From Number One to Twenty-four,
 The nuisance bellowed; till, all patience lost,
 Down came Miss Frost,
 Expostulating at her open door:
 "Peace, monster, peace!
 Where *is* the new police?
 I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
 Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!

You really send my serious thoughts astray,
Do—there's a dear, good man—do go away."
Says he, "I won't!"

The spinster pulled her door to with a slam
That sounded like a wooden d—n ;
For so some moral people, strictly loth
To swear in words, however up,
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
Or through a door-post vent a banging oath ;
In fact, this sort of physical transgression
Is really no more difficult to trace,
Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However, in she went,
Leaving the subject of her discontent
To Mr. Jones's clerk at Number Ten,
Who, throwing up the sash,
With accents rash
Thus hailed the most vociferous of men :
"Come, come, I say, old fellow, stop your chant ;
I cannot write a sentence—no one can't!
So pack up your trumps,
And stir your stumps."
Says he, "I shan't!"

Down went the sash,
As if devoted to "eternal smash,"
(Another illustration
Of acted imprecation,)
While close at hand, uncomfortably near,
The independent voice, so loud and strong,
And clanging like a gong,
Roared out again the everlasting song,
"I have a silent sorrow here!"

The thing was hard to stand,—
The music-master could not stand it,
But rushing forth with fiddle-stick in hand,
As savage as a bandit,
Made up directly to the tattered man,
And thus in broken sentences began :—
But playing first a prelude of grimaces,
Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,
So that, to guess his subject from his faces,
He meant to give a lecture upon apes,—
"Com—com—I say!
You go away!
Into two parts my head you split ;
My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,

When I do play,—
 You have no business in a place so still!
 Can you not come another day?"
 Says he, "I will."

"No—no—you scream and bawl!
 You must not come at all!
 You have no right, by rights, to beg,—
 You have not one off leg;
 You ought to work,—you have not some complaint;—
 You are not cripple in your back or bones,—
 Your voice is strong enough to break some stones."
 Says he, "It ain't."

"I say you ought to labor!
 You are in a young case,
 You have not sixty years upon your face,
 To come and beg your neighbor,
 And discompose his music with a noise
 More worse than twenty boys!
 Look what a street it is for quiet,—
 No cart to make a riot,
 No coach, no horses, no postillion:
 If you *will* sing, I say, it is not just
 To sing so loud."
 Says he, "I must!
I'm singing for the million!"

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.—JOAQUIN MILLER.

Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
 But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché, boy, whoa.
 No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
 But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise:—

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
 Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
 "Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
 Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
 Of red Camanches are hot on the track
 When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
 Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
 As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
 Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
 And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
 And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,—

Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
 While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
 His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
 And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed,—
 “ Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
 And speed, if ever for life you would speed ;
 And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
 For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
 And feet of wild horses hard flying before
 I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore ;
 While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,
 Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
 As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.”

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
 Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
 And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
 Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
 Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
 And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years,
 Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath,
 And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse,
 As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
 Of God, without word, or one word of command,
 Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
 Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
 Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course ;
 Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
 Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
 Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
 Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea,
 Rashing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free
 And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
 Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
 Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
 So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
 With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
 Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
 Reaching long, breathing loud, like a croiced wind blows,
 Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
 There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
 And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
 Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang
 And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
 Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
 Twenty miles! thirty miles!—a dim distant speck—

Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight,
 And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
 I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
 But Revels was gone ; I glanced by my shoulder
 And saw his horse stagger ; I saw his head drooping
 Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
 Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
 Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
 'To right and to left the black buffalo came,
 In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
 With their beards to the dust, and black tails in the air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
 Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher,
 And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
 The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
 Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
 Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
 And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
 Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
 While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
 Like black lances lifted and lifted again ;
 And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
 And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
 Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs ;
 And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
 Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes
 With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
 And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
 And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
 Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
 To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
 Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.
 Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
 With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see,
 Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
 Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
 In a race where the world came to run for the crown ;
 And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—
 My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
 And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe,—
 She brought me this steed to the border the night
 She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
 From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side ;
 And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
 As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
 The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
 I should surely escape without other ado
 Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,

And await her,—and wait till the next hollow moon
 Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
 And swift she would join me, and all would be well
 Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
 From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
 The last that I saw was a look of delight
 That I should escape,—a love,—a desire,—
 Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
 Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
 One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
 And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder,—
 Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
 As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
 Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died,—
 Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
 As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone,
 And into the Brazos I rode all alone,—
 All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
 And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
 Then just as the terrible sea came in
 And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
 Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
 In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

Sell Paché,—blind Paché? Now, mister, look here,
 You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
 Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
 For the ways they were rough and Camanches were near;
 But you'd better pack up! Curse your dirty skin!
 I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.
 Do you men that make boots think an old mountaineer
 On the rough border born has no tum-tum at all?
 Sell Paché? You buy him! A bag full of gold!
 You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
 Why he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
 Now pack up your papers and get up and spin,
 And never look back! Blast you and your tin!

THE BULL-FIGHT.—LORD BYRON.

Hushed is the din of tongues; on gallant steeds,
 With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised lance,
 Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
 And lowly bending to the lists advance;

Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance ;
 If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
 The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
 Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
 And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
 But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore
 Stands in the centre, eager to invade
 The lord of lowing herds; but not before
 The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
 Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed ;
 His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
 Can man achieve without the friendly steed,—
 Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
 The den expands, and expectation mute
 Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
 Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
 And, wildly staring, spurns with sounding foot
 The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe ;
 Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
 His first attack, wide waving to-and fro
 His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed: away,
 Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear;
 Now is thy time to perish, or display
 The skill that yet may check his mad career.
 With well timed croupe the nimble coursers veer ;
 On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes:
 Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear ;
 He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;
 Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his
 woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
 Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
 Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
 Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
 One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse ;
 Another, hideous sight! unscamed appears,
 His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;
 Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;
 Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
 Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
 'Mid wounds and clinging darts, and lances brast,
 And foes disabled in the brutal fray ;

And now the Matadores around him play,
 Shake the red cloak and poise the ready brand;
 Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
 Vain rage! the mantle quits the conyng hand,
 Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
 Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies;
 He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline;
 Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
 Without a groan, without a struggle, dies.
 The decorated car appears; on high
 The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
 Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
 Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.*—CHARLES DICKENS.

By little and little, the old man had drawn back towards the inner chamber, while these words were spoken. He pointed there, as he replied, with trembling lips,—

“You plot among you to wean my heart from her. You will never do that—never while I have life. I have no relative or friend but her—I never had—I never will have. She is all in all to me. It is too late to part us now.”

Waving them off with his hand, and calling softly to her as he went, he stole into the room. They who were left behind drew close together, and after a few whispered words, —not unbroken by emotion, or easily uttered,—followed him. They moved so gently, that their footsteps made no noise, but there were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning.

For she was dead. There, upon her little bed, she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now.

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death.

Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. “When I die, put near me something that

*See “Little Nell’s Funeral,” No. 3, p. 72.

has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." Those were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever.

Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild, lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of it. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast,—the garden she had tended,—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtless hour—the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday—could know her no more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and give his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that heaven's justice ends. Think what it is compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn terms above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Of all the rides since the birth of Time,
 Told in story or sung in rhyme,—
 On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
 Or one-eyed Calender's horse of brass,
 Witch astride of a human hack,
 Islam's prophet on Al-Borak,—
 The strangest ride that ever was sped
 Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
 Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
 Feathered and ruffled in every part,
 Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
 Scores of women, old and young,
 Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
 Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
 Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
 Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
 Bacchus round some antique vase;
 Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
 Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
 With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
 Over and over the Mænads sang:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Small pity for him! He sailed away
 From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—
 Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
 With his own towns-people on her deck!
 "Lay by! lay by!" they called to him;
 Back he answered, "Sink or swim!
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
 That wreck shall lie forevermore.
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
 Looked for the coming that might not be!
 What did the winds and sea-birds say
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
 Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,
 Shook head and fist and hat and cane,
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

Sweetly along the Salem road
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
 Little the wicked skipper knew
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
 Riding there in his sorry trim,
 Like an Indian idol, glum and grim,
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
 Of voices shouting far and near:
 "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd heart,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
 By the women o' Morble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbors!" at last he cried,—
 "What to me is this noisy ride?
 What is the shame that clothes the skin
 To the nameless horror that lives within?
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
 The hand of God and the face of the dead!"
 Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
 Said, "God has touched him,—why should we?"

Said an old wife, mourning her only son,
 "Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
 So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
 Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
 And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
 And left him alone with his shame and sin.
 Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 By the women of Marblehead!

THE DRUMMER'S BRIDE.

Hollow-eyed and pale, at the window of a jail,
 Through her soft, disheveled hair a maniac did stare, stare,
 stare!

At a distance, down the street, making music with their feet,
 Came the soldiers from the wars, all embellished with their
 scars,

To the tapping of a drum, of a drum;
 To the pounding and the sounding of a drum!
 Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

The woman heaves a sigh, and a fire fills her eye.
 When she hears the distant drum, she cries, "Here they
 come! here they come!"

Then, clutching fast the grating, with eager, nervous waiting,
 See, she looks into the air, through her long and silky hair,
 For the echo of a drum, of a drum;

For the cheering and the hearing of a drum!
 Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

And nearer, nearer, nearer, comes, more distinct and clearer,
 The rattle of the drumming: shrieks the woman, "He is
 coming,

He is coming now to me: quick, drummer, quick, till I see!"
 And her eye is glassy bright, while she beats in mad delight
 To the echo of a drum, of a drum;

To the rapping, tapping, tapping, of a drum!
 Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum! drum, drum, drum!

Now she sees them, in the street, march along with dusty
 feet,

As she looks through the spaces, gazing madly in their faces;
 And she reaches out her hand, screaming wildly to the band;

But her words, like her lover, are lost beyond recover,
 'Mid the beating of a drum, of a drum ;
 'Mid the clanging and the banging of a drum !
 Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum !

So the pageant passes by, and the woman's flashing eye
 Quickly loses all its stare, and fills with a tear, with a tear,
 As, sinking from her place, with her hands upon her face,
 " Hear ! " she weeps and sobs as mild as a disappointed child ;
 Sobbing, " He will never come, never come ! "
 Now nor ever, never, never, will he come
 With his drum, with his drum, with his drum ! drum, drum,
 drum !

Still the drummer, up the street, beats his distant, dying beat,
 And she shouts, within her cell, " Ha ! they're marching down
 to hell,
 And the devils dance and wait at the open iron gate :
 Hark ! it is the dying sound, as they march into the ground,
 To the sighing and the dying of the drum !
 To the throbbing and the sobbing of the drum !
 Of a drum, of a drum, of a drum ! drum, drum, drum ! "

A DYING HYMN.—ALICE CARY.

Mrs. Ames, in her touchingly beautiful Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary, tells us the last stanza Alice ever wrote was—

" As the poor panting hart to the water-brook runs,—
 As the water-brook runs to the sea,—
 So earth's fainting daughters and famishing sons,
 O Fountain of Love, run to Thee ! "

" The writing is trembling and uncertain, and the pen literally fell from her hand ; for the long shadows of eternity were stealing over her, and she was very near the place where it is too dark for mortal eye to see, and where there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge. She had written earlier what she called, ' A Dying Hymn,' and it was a consolation to her to repeat it in her moments of agony : "

Earth with its dark and dreadful ills
 Recedes, and fades away ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills !
 Ye gates of death, give way !

My soul is full of whispered song ;
 My blindness is my sight ;
 The shadows that I feared so long,
 Are all alive with light.

The while my pulses faintly beat,
 My faith doth so abound,
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet
 The green immortal ground.

That faith to me a courage gives
 Low as the grave to go;
 I know that my Redeemer lives:
 That I shall live I know.

The palace walls I almost see,
 Where dwells my Lord and King;
 O grave, where is thy victory!
 O death, where is thy sting!

STRONG DRINK.—J. A. SEISS.

The history of strong drink is the history of ruin, of tears, or blood. It is, perhaps, the greatest curse that ever scourged the earth. It is one of depravity's worst fruits, a giant demon of destruction. Men may talk of earthquakes, storms, conflagrations, famine, pestilence, despotism, and war, but intemperance in the use of intoxicating drinks has sent a volume of misery and woe into the stream of this world's history more fearful and terrific than any of them.

It is the Amazon and Mississippi among the rivers of wretchedness. It is the Alexander and Napoleon among the warriors upon the peace and good of man. It is an evil which is limited to no age, no continent, no nation, no party, no sex, no period of life. It has taken the poor man at his toil, and the rich man at his desk; the senator in the halls of state, and the drayman on the street; the young man in his festivities, and the old man in his repose,—and plunged them into a common ruin. It has raged equally in times of war and in times of peace, in periods of depression and in periods of prosperity, in republics and in monarchies, among the civilized and among the savages.

Since the time that Noah came out of the ark, and planted vineyards, and drank of their wines, we read in all histories of its terrible doings, and never once lose sight of its black and bloody tracks. States have recorded enactments against it, ecclesiastical penalties have been imposed upon it, societies have succeeded societies for its extermination, but, like him whose name was Legion, no man has been able to bind it.

It was strong drink that brought the original curse of servitude upon the descendants of Ham, that has eaten away the strength of empires, wasted the energies of states, blotting out the names of families, and crowded hell with tenants. Egypt, the source of science; Babylon, the wonder and glory of the world; Greece, the home of learning and of liberty; Rome, the mistress of the earth,—each in its turn had its heart lacerated by this dreadful canker-worm, and thus became an easy prey to the destroyer.

It has drained tears enough to make a sea, expended treasure enough to exhaust Golconda, shed blood enough to redden the waves of every ocean, and wrung out wailing enough to make a chorus to the lamentations of the underworld. Some of the mightiest intellects, some of the most generous natures, some of the happiest homes, some of the noblest specimens of man, it has blighted and crushed, and buried in squalid wretchedness.

It has supplied every jail and penitentiary and almshouse and charity hospital in the world with tenants. It has sent forth beggars on every street, and flooded every city with bestiality and crime. It has, perhaps, done more toward bringing earth and hell together than any other form of vice.

Could we but dry up this one moral ulcer, and sweep away forever all the results of this one form of sin, we would hardly need such things as prisons, asylums, charity-houses, or police. The children of haggard want would sit in the halls of plenty. The tears of orphanage and widowhood and disappointed hope would dwindle in a goodly measure. Disease would be robbed of much of its power. The clouds would vanish from ten thousand afflicted homes, and peace breathe its fragrance on the world, almost as if the day of its redemption had come.

THE SNEEZING MAN.—WARD M. FLORENCE.

Kind friends, your attention I ask,
 Though I'm almost ashamed to be seen
 By a crowd of such wise looking heads,
 For fear of your calling me "green;"
 As stern fate has so harshly ordained
 That whenever my wish is to please
 All the ladies who gaze upon me,
 I'm sure to burst out in a SNEEZE.

My cradle was rocked by a nurse
 Whose sneezing was worse than my own
 And had it not been as it was,
 This curse I would never have known;
 I believe in my soul to this day
 That *she* brought it from over the seas,
 Where people take pleasure, they say,
 In a loud-sounding, horrible *sneeze*.

When boyhood broke forth in its prime
 With school-games, all happy and gay
 I had to stand by and look on,
 Without ever daring to play;
 But all of the rest of the boys
 Would kiss the bright girls at their ease,
 And leave me a-standing just so,
 To comfort myself with—a *sneeze*.

This trouble still followed me on
 Till I grew up a good-looking man,
 And had money and lands of my own,
 And horses—a beautiful span;
 But whenever a-courting I'd go,
 My hopes would give way by degrees,
 For all that I ever could do
 Was to sit in the corner and—*sneeze*.

One eve I was taking a drive
 With a lady whose beauty was rare,
 And I managed to ask her at last,
 What she thought of the cool evening (*sneeze*) air:
 She said, "'Tis delightfully grand,
 There is *such a ponderous breeze*,"—
 As I turned aside with my nose,
 To indulge in a horrible *sneeze*.

I then became bold after this,
And thought of the life I had led ;
Its loneliness seemed so forlorn
That I asked this young damsel to wed ;
And while my heart throbb'd for reply,
Came on this infernal disease,
And ere she could answer my words,
The hills had re-echoed a *sneeze*.

She said, "I should like to be yours,
And live far away in the vale ;
But the hair might be blown off my head,
As your sneezing doth make such a gale."
I whispered no further of love,
But drove her straight home as you please,
And just as I turned from the door,
I wished her "good night,"—*with a sneeze*.

Now friends, I would pray you be warned
At the fate of a poor fellow-man,
And leave off this taking of snuff
Just as soon as you possibly can.
And when, in this battle of life,
You're desirous of raising a breeze,
Don't blow on your nose like a horn,
And startle the world with a "SNEEZE."

Appendix.

NOTE

The following pages contain the Supplements to the four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" embraced in this volume, which, for greater convenience in arranging, are here grouped together instead of appearing at the end of the Numbers to which they respectively belong.

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 5

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Some one truly says, the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way sometimes himself.

Adversity is of no use to some men, and prosperity is of no advantage to others. Experience is wanting to both, and the cloud and the rainbow are misconceived alike; the former is no token of darkness, the latter no covenant of peace.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures. *Cicero.*

The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

In this world a man is likely to get what he gives. Men's hearts are like a whispering gallery to you. If you speak softly a gentle whisper comes back; if you scold you get scolded. With the measure you mete it is measured to you again.

Time never works; it eats, and undermines, and rots, and rusts, and destroys. But it never works. It only gives us an opportunity to work. *Lyman Abbott.*

Labor is man's great function. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, he can fulfill nothing without labor. *Orville Dewey.*

A burden that one chooses is not felt.
 Bells call others to church, but enter not themselves.
 Children and fools always speak the truth.
 Do what you ought, and let come what will.
 Empty vessels make the greatest sound.
 Fair and softly, go sure and far.
 Grieving for misfortunes, is adding gall to wormwood.
 He that will not be counselled, cannot be helped.
 It is good to begin well, but better to end well.
 Judge not, that ye be not judged.
 Kindness will creep when it cannot walk.
 Little strokes fell great oaks.
 Many a true word is spoken in jest.
 Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
 Oil and truth will get uppermost at last.
 Pride goes before, and shame follows after.
 Quarrel not with an angry man.
 Reflect well before you say yes, or no.
 Say well is good; but do well is better.
 The crow thinks her own birds the whitest.
 Unwearied diligence the point will gain.
 Virtue is the forerunner of happiness.
 Wealth is not his who gets it; but his who enjoys it.
 Youth is the best season for improvement.
 Zeal without knowledge availeth little.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;
 Money and fame at the best are beguiling,
 Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold,—
 Try smiling.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;
 There's music in all things, if men had ears;
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

Byron.

It is one of the precious mysteries of sorrow, that it finds
 solace in unselfish thought.

James A. Garfield.

Familiarity does not breed contempt, except of contempt-
 ible things, or in contemptible people.

Phillips Brooks.

God is attracting our regard in and through all things. Every flower is a hint of his beauty, every grain of wheat is a token of his beneficence; every atom of dust is a revelation of his power.

W. H. Furness.

A delicate thought is a flower of the mind. *Rollin.*

Experience is the extract of suffering. *Arthur Helps.*

To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.

Smiles.

For lo! the days are hastening on;
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever circling years,
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Sears.

Better the chance of shipwreck on a voyage of high purpose, than expend life in paddling hither and thither on a shallow stream to no purpose at all.

Miss Sedgwick.

I venerate old age, and love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.

Longfellow.

Nor steel nor fire itself hath power
Like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee.

Moore.

I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes but never goes.

Saxe.

Be firm and be faithful; desert not the right,
The brave are the bolder, the darker the night;
Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail,
Thy duty pursuing, dare all, and prevail.

Norman McLeod.

This world is not so bad a world
As some would wish to make it;
Though whether good or whether bad
Depends on how we take it.

M. W. Beck.

Education is the bulwark of freedom and free government.

The devil is credited with a great deal of mischief that the stomach is guilty of. *B. F. Taylor.*

An Athenian, who wanted eloquence, but who was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up and said:—"Men of Athens, all that he has said I will do."

As the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth; her gardens are the skies.

Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master's hand alone can reach. *Pope.*

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes. *Darwin.*

Success is full of promise till men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown. *Beecher.*

Ah woman! in this world of ours
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own! *Morris.*

Old age is not so fiery as youth, but when provoked cannot be appeased.

A man's country is not a certain area of land, of mountains, rivers and woods,—but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. *G. W. Curtis.*

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit and seldom draw to their full extent. *Walpole.*

Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,—
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. *Longfellow.*

We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. *Seneca.*

Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the bow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

Chalmers.

Temperance and labor are the two best physicians of man; labor sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.

Rousseau.

Man can never come up to his ideal standard; it is the nature of the immortal spirit to raise that standard higher and higher, as it goes from strength to strength, still upward and onward. Accordingly, the wisest and greatest men are ever the most modest.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli.

Dust, by its own nature, can rise only so far above the road; and birds which fly higher never have it upon their wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough, escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth, but cannot rise above it into that purer air.

Beecher.

Kind words are looked upon like jewels in the breast, never to be forgotten, and, perhaps, to cheer by their memory a long, sad life; while words of cruelty or of carelessness are like swords in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars, which will be borne to the grave by their victim.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil, but inactivity cannot be led to good.

Hannah More.

He that can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter.

Fielding.

We give advice by the bucket, but take it by the grain.

Algcr.

Just men are only free, the rest are slaves. *Chapman.*
 Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.

Byron.
 An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
 As useless if it goes as when it stands. *Couper.*

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
 To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak. *Congreve.*

The man whom Heaven appoints
 To govern others, should himself first learn
 To bend his passions to the sway of reason. *Thompson.*

Our time is fixed; and all our days are numbered,
 How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
 Duty requires we calmly wait the summons. *Blair.*

There are moments of life that we never forget,
 Which brighten, and brighten, as time steals away;
 They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
 And they shine on the gloom of the loneliest day.

Walls of brass resist not
 A noble undertaking, nor can vice
 Raise any bulwark to make good a place,
 Where virtue seeks to enter.

Sure there is none but fears a future state;
 And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
 Their trembling hearts belie their boasting tongues. *Dryden.*

The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
 If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
 Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare. *Wilcox.*

The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,
 And tax not ourselves, though we practice the same.

Compare each phrase, examine every line,
 Weigh every word, and every thought refine.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities. *Shakspeare.*
 The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules. *Brooke.*

Nay, don't lose heart; small men and mighty nations
 Have learned a great deal when they practice patience. *Goethe.*

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears. *Scott.*

It is related that while preaching from the text: "He giveth his beloved sleep," a Toledo minister stopped in the middle of his sermon, gazed upon his sleeping auditors and said, "Brethren, it is hard to realize the wondrous, unbounded love the Lord appears to have for a good portion of this congregation."

A ruralist seated himself in a restaurant, the other day, and began on the bill of fare. After employing three waiters nearly half an hour in bringing dishes to him, he heaved a sigh, and whispered, as he put his finger on the bill of fare: "Mister, I've et to thar," and, moving his finger to the bottom of the bill, "ef it isn't agin the rule, I'd like to skip from thar to thar."

A member of the New Hampshire Legislature denounced a bill that was under discussion as "treacherous as was the stabbing of Cæsar by Judas in the Roman capitol." Then he got out of it by saying that he used "by Judas," as a sort of expletive, just as he would say, "by George," or "by Tunket." He knew well enough it was Hannibal who stabbed Cæsar.

A philosopher, who went to a church where the people came in late, said: "It is the fashion there for nobody to go till everybody has got there."

A poor young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is to "live within his income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

It was at the Music Hall not long since that a lady remarked to a visiting friend, after a solo on the big organ: "That's all very well; but you just wait till they put on the *vox populi*."

The Czar says he is ready to meet death whenever it comes. It may not be out of place in this connection to say that death is ready to meet the Czar wherever he goes.

The man who can see sermons in running brooks is most apt to go and look for them on Sundays when trout are biting.

The crying baby at the public meeting is like a good suggestion; it ought to be carried out.

"It's a long way from this world to the next," said a dying man to a friend. "Oh, never mind, my dear fellow," answered his friend, consolingly; "you'll have it all down hill."

A person overheard two countrymen, who were observing a naturalist in the field collecting insects, say one to another: "What's that fellow doing, John?" "Why, he's a naturalist." "What's that?" "Why, one who catches gnats to be sure!"

They sat together in the lamp-light and read the advertising columns of their local paper, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Look, only \$15 for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked. "Oh, no," he replied, "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied. That settled it.

Prof. in psychology: "Can we conceive anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student (thoughtfully): "Yes, sir. A poor singer in a chorus."

A Hartford Sunday-school boy gave his teacher this illustrative definition of "responsibility": "Boys has two buttons to their 'spenders so's to keep their pants up. When one button comes off, there's a good deal of responsibility on the other button."

"Does our talk disturb you?" said one of a company of talkative ladies to an old gentleman sitting in a railway station the other afternoon. "No, ma'am," was the naive reply, "I've been married nigh on to forty years."

A little fellow, on going for the first time to church where the pews were very high, was asked on coming out what he did in the church, when he replied: "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on a shelf."

A widow at the West, intending to succeed her husband in the management of a hotel, advertises that "The hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

An affected young lady, on being asked in a large company, if she had read Shakspeare, assumed a look of astonishment and replied: "Read Shakspeare! Of course I have; I read that when it first came out."

Australian fun: "Come," said one of a couple of lawyers, sauntering through the new Law Courts in Melbourne the other day, "let's take a look at what is to be the new Court." "Yes," returned the other, "let's view the ground where we shall shortly lie."

"Your little birdie has been very, very sick," she wrote to the young man. "It was some sort of nervous trouble, and the doctors said I should have perfect rest and quiet, and that I must think of nothing—absolutely nothing. And all the time dear George, I thought constantly of you." The young man read it over, and then read it through again very slowly, and put it in his pocket and went out under the silent stars, and kept thinking, and thinking, and thinking. But he didn't say anything. He only kept thinking.

A Western "poet" gets off the following explanation of a steamboat explosion:

The engine groaned,
 The wheels did creak,
 The steam did whistle,
 And the boiler did leak.
 The boiler was examined,
 They found it was rusted,
 And all on a sudden
 The old thing busted.

"Mary, I am glad your heel has got well." "Why?" said Mary, opening her eyes with astonishment. "Because," said Jane, quietly, "I see it is able to get out." Mary's stocking had a hole in it.

"Whenever I marry," says masculine Ann,
 "I must really insist upon wedding a man!"
 But what if the man (for men are but human)
 Should be equally nice about wedding a woman?

Could anything be neater than the old darkey's reply to a beautiful young lady whom he offered to lift over the gutter, and who insisted she was too heavy. "Lor', Missus," said he, "I'se used to lifting barrels of sugar."

A poor weather-bound individual, caught in the rain, was overheard humming to himself in a doorway:

'Twas ever thus, from childhood's hour
 That chilling fate has on me fell;
 There always comes a soaking shower
 When I hain't got no umberell.

Colorado poetry: "The evening for her bath of dew is partially undressed; The sun behind a bobtail flush is setting in the west; The planets light the heavens with the flash of their cigars; The sky has put its night-shirt on, and buttoned it with stars."

Why is a coward like a leaky barrel? They both run.

Why is anthracite coal like true love? Because it burns with a steady flame.

Why are lovers like apples? Because they are often paired.

Why will an insolent fishmonger get more business than a civil one? Because when he sells fish, he gives sauce with it.

Why are hot rolls like caterpillars? Because they make the butter-fly.

When does a dog become larger and smaller? When let out at night, and taken in in the morning.

Why is a lady's chignon like a historical romance? Because it's fiction founded on fact.

What belongs to yourself, and is used by your friends more than by yourself? Your name.

Why is a gun like a jury? It goes off when discharged.

Why is a cornfield like a galvanic battery? Because it produces *shocks*.

Why are confectioners mercenary lovers? Because they always sell their kisses.

Why are tallest people the laziest? Because they are always longer in bed than others.

Why is a watch like a river? Because it won't run long without winding.

Who was the fastest runner in the world? Adam, because he was first in the human race.

If you are invited out to dine and found nothing on the table but a beet, what would you say? That *beet's* all.

Why should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a desert? Because every watch has a spring in it.

Why is a young lady like a promissory note? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

What is the difference between a young baby, and a night cap? One is born to wed, and the other is worn to bed.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, yet left two to each of his children? Parents.

How long did Cain hate his brother? As long as he was Abel.

Why was Job always cold in bed? Because he had such miserable comforters.

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding-day: "When thee went a courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open. Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half-shut."

"Colonel," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree, "Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for Congress," answered the colonel.

Mistress (horrified).—"Good gracious, Bridget, have you been using one of my stockings to strain the coffee through?" Bridget (apologetically).—"Yis, mum; but sure I didn't take a clane one!"

"Don't stand on ceremony, come in," said a lady to an old farmer who had called to see her husband. "My goodness, excuse me, marm," exclaimed the old man, "I thort I were a standin' on the door mat."

"Do I look anything like you, Mr. Jones?" inquired Cauliflower. "I hope not," was the reply. "Did a man take you for me?" "Yes." "Where is he? I must lick him." "Oh, he's dead. I shot him on the spot."

"I've written a new play," said an æsthetic young Philadelphian last week, addressing a lady noted for her wit and beauty. "Indeed; and what is its title?" she asked. "Before the dawn," said he. "Keep it dark," was her witty and crushing rejoinder.

Scientists have discovered worms in fishes, and are bothering their brains to know how they came there. Very simple. We have fed something less than a million worms to fishes ourselves. All that is necessary is to put a worm on a hook, drop it into the water, and the fishes will eat it off as clean as a whistle. Worms in fishes! It is a wonder they aren't swimming bait boxes.

"You are weak," said a woman to her son who was remonstrating against her marrying again. "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am so weak that I can't go a step-father."

A Frenchman, being afflicted with the gout, was asked what difference there was between that and the rheumatism. "One very great difference," replied Monsieur; "suppose you take one vice, you put your finger in, you turn de screw, till you bear him no longer—dat is ze rheumatis; den, sponse you give him one turn more, dat is ze gout."

"How does that soot you?" asked the chimney. "I think that you are a thing of flues habits," answered the poker.

When a colored man has a fever, is he a fever nagur patient?

One of the managers of a hospital asked an Irish nurse which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments on the table.

The story of a millionaire is always a capital one.

A country doctor on being asked what was the best way to cure a ham, remarked that before answering that question he should want to know what ailed the ham.

It would never do to elect women to all offices. If a female sheriff should visit the residence of a handsome man and explain to his jealous wife that she had an attachment for him, there would be a vacancy of that office in about two minutes.

"Lemmy, you're a pig," said a farmer to his son, who was five years old. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lemmy," "Yes, sir; a pig is a hog's little boy."

A man said he sung as well as most men in England, and thus proved it; the most men in England do not sing well, therefore I sing as well as most men in England.

Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner, with two span of horses, and, thinking to be witty at his expense, asked him, "How it happened that his forward horses were so fat, and the rear ones so lean?" The wagoner, knowing them, answered that his fore span were lawyers, and the other—clients.

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 6

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

The perfect woman is as beautiful as she is strong, as tender as she is sensible. She is calm, deliberate, dignified, leisurely. She is gay, graceful, sprightly, sympathetic. She is severe upon occasion, and upon occasion playful. She has fancies, dreams, romances, ideas. She organizes neatness, and order, and comfort, but they are merely the foundation whereon rises the temple of her home, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth. *Gail Hamilton.*

Flowers are the emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, and they are the means and ministrations of man's love to his fellow-creatures, for they first awaken in the mind a sense of the beautiful and good.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all. *Holmes.*

Consequences are un pitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best to fix our minds on that certainty, instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us. *George Eliot.*

Passions act as wind to propel our vessel, and our reason is the pilot that steers her; without the wind we could not move, and without the pilot we should be lost.

No ignorant, no indolent, no irreligious people can ever be permanently a free people. *Thomas G. Alvord.*

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other, ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

Beccher.

In ancient days the most celebrated precept was, "Know thyself;" in modern times it has been supplanted by the more fashionable maxim, "Know thy neighbor, and everything about him."

Johnson.

Mere thought convinces; feeling always persuades. If imagination furnishes the fact with wings, feeling is the great stout muscle which plies them, and lifts him from the ground. Thought sees beauty, emotion feels it.

Theodore Parker.

Work and play are the universal ordinance of God for the living races, in which they symbolize the fortune and interpret the errand of man. No creature lives that must not work and may not play.

Horace Bushnell.

The cure for gossip is culture. Good-natured people often talk about their neighbors, because they have nothing else to talk about.

J. G. Holland.

Curiosity is not the monopoly of sex.

Joaquin Miller.

Idleness does more to reduce the average length of human life than the full normal exercise of one's industrial energies. In other words, more men and women rust out than wear out.

This world is simply the threshold of our vast life,—the first stepping-stone from non-entity into the boundless expanse of possibility. It is the infant-school of the soul.

T. Starr King.

Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand.

Edward Everett Hale.

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.

Hoimes.

The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.

Longfellow.

Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

Washington.

We hold these truths self-evident : that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Thomas Jefferson.

It certainly cannot be affirmed that we in America, any more than persons or peoples elsewhere, have reached as yet the ideal state, of private liberty combined with a perfect public order, or of culture complete, and a supreme character. The political world, as well as the religious, since Christ was on earth, looks forward, not backward, for its millennium.

R. S. Storrs.

Who is not proud to be an American ? Lives there to-day, anywhere, a man of any station in life, of any order of intelligence, of any sojourn in any other climes, of any creed or faith, of any political opinions, of any section, who does not stand more erect and bear himself more lofty, when able to say that he is an American citizen.

Fernando Wood.

Danger from party there can never be if men will be tolerant ; if parties are founded on great principles and the individual members will think and reason for themselves. He who does not do this, but blindly and unthinkingly yields to party behests, even though he lives in a free government, is not a free man.

B. K. Elliott.

Wealth and luxury are sources of weakness rather than strength if not accompanied by intellectual vigor and moral rectitude.

Sooner or later, by the very discipline which their errors, with the consequent sufferings, enforce, men will learn the art of self-government ; and the secret of that art, when learned, will be little else than the wiser head and warmer heart and more helpful hand of a developed manhood.

R. A. Holland.

The nation which educates its men according to the best type of manhood should rank as the foremost of the earth.

Hugh M. Thompson.

The height of ability consists in a thorough knowledge of the real value of things, and of the genius of the age we live in.

La Rochefoucauld.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest ; as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one.

Colton.

The heart's affections,— are they not like flowers?
 In life's first spring they blossom ; summer comes,
 And 'neath the scorching blaze they droop apace ;
 Autumn revives them not ; in languid groups
 They linger still, perchance, by grove or stream,
 But winter frowns, and gives them to the winds ;
 They all are withered.

Belz.

Yes! Failure's a part of the infinite plan ;
 Who finds that he can't, must give way to who can ;
 And as one and another drops out of the race,
 Each stumbles at last to his suitable place. *Mrs. Whitney.*

Be calm in arguing ; for fierceness makes
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

Herbert.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;
 But are not critics to their judgments too?

Pope.

War brings ruin where it should amend ;
 But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
 A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Waller.

How vain are all hereditary honors,
 Those poor possessions from another's deeds,
 Unless our own just virtues form our title
 And give a sanction to our fond assumption.

Shirley.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever ;
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness.

Keats.

Straight from the hand of God comes many a gift,
 Fraught with healing and with consolation
 For a world of toil and tribulation ;
 And yet from which we blindly shrink and shift,
 As from a burden onerous to lift.

If a man would be invariable,
 He must be like a rock, or stone, or tree ;
 For even the perfect angels were not stable,
 But had a fall more desperate than we.

Dwies.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend ;
 But words once spoken can never be recalled. *Roscommon.*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may :
 Old Time is still a flying,
 And this same flower that smiles to day
 To-morrow will be dying.

Herrick.

True love's the gift which God has given
 To man alone, beneath the heaven.
 It is the secret sympathy,
 The silver chord, the silken tie,
 Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
 In body, and in soul can bind.

Truth

Comes to us with a slow and doubtful step;
 Measuring the ground she treads on, and forever
 Turning her curious eye, to see that all
 Is right behind; and with keen survey,
 Choosing her onward path.

What is beauty? Not the show
 Of shapely limbs, and features. No:
 These are but flowers,
 That have their dated hours,
 To breathe their momentary sweets, then go;
 'Tis the stainless soul within
 That outshines the fairest skin.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
 Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
 Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er. *Garth.*

Man dies; but the immortal thoughts of man,
 The common feelings of humanity,
 Live on, the same to-day as yesterday. *Bell.*

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in freshness,
 When the flowers that it came from are closed tip and gone,
 So would we be to this world's weary dwellers,
 Only remembered by what we have done.

No marvel woman should love flowers; they bear
 So much of fanciful similitude
 To her own history: like herself, repaying
 With such sweet interest all the cherishing
 That calls their beauty and their sweetness forth;
 And like her, too, dying beneath neg ect.

Plain sense keeps ever to the road
 That's beaten down and daily trod;
 While Fancy fords the rivers wide,
 And scrambles up the mountain-side:
 By which exploits she's always getting
 Either a tumble or a wetting.

Mrs. Whitney.

The love of country! Time cannot efface it,
 Nor distance dim its heaven descended light;
 Nor adverse fame nor fortune e'er deface it,
 It dreads no tempest and it knows no night.

We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
 Where boasting ends, there diguity begins.

On the world's stage, when our applause grows high,
 For acting here life's tragi-comedy,
 The lookers-on will say we act not well,
 Unless the last the former scenes excel. *Denham.*

If a wild uncertainty prevail,
 And turn your veering heart with every gale,
 You lose the fruit of all your former care,
 For the sad prospect of a just despair. *Rosecommon.*

Celiars and granaries in vain we fill
 With all the bounteous summer's store,
 If the mind thirst and hunger still:
 The poor rich man's emphatically poor. *Cowley.*

She was not fair
 Nor beautiful; these words express her not;
 But oh, her looks had something excellent
 That wants a name.

Let the tenor of my life speak for me.

What is our duty here? To tend
 From good to better, thence to best;
 Grateful to drink life's cup, then bend
 Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
 To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
 Scattering our fragrance as we go. *Bowring.*

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past:
 Pains of my age, yet awhile you can last:
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight:
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light:
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod:
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God. *Tucker.*

Beauties that from worth arise
 Are like the grace of deities,
 Still present with us, though unsighted. *Suckling.*

To all, to each, a fair good-night,
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light! *Scott.*

Conflict between science and the wash-basin: "Johnnie, here you are at the breakfast table and your face is unwashed," said his mother, with a sharp look. "I know it, ma. I saw the animalculæ in pa's microscope last night, and I ain't going to have those things crawling all over my face with their funny little legs." "Husband, that boy is too full of applied science to live with." They were unusually proud of him, dirty face and all, that morning.

A man's high ambition
Is never complete
Till he has accomplished
A very great feat.
Not so with a woman,
Who likes to be sweet;
For she is contented
With very small feet.

An old gentleman in Virginia bought himself a residence near the burying-ground, "so as to have quiet neighbors, who'd mind their own business."

A cook ought to be at the head of a provisional government.

"Pray Sir," said one gentleman to another, "is not Indiana the far West?" "Oh, no sir," was the reply. "Well is not Illinois?" "Very far from it." "Surely then, when we cross the Mississippi, you are in the far West?" "No, not exactly." "Where, then, is the far West?" "Why sir, it is about a half a mile this side of sunset."

A Hibernian Senator, speaking on the subject of preventing suicide, said,—"The only way I can conceive, of stopping the business is, to make it a capital offense, punishable with death."

A gentleman was disturbed in his rest in the middle of the night by some one knocking on the street door. "Who's there?" he asked. "A friend," was the answer. "What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night." "Queer taste; stay there by all means," was the benevolent reply.

Waiter: "Isn't that a pleasant wine?" Guest: "It has a fine flavor. The color pleases me very much." Waiter: "I should smile. Maybe the boss didn't have a time getting it up to the right color. He had to ransack all the drug stores in town."

The Chinese Government is going to build some railroads, and soon will be heard in the land the voice of the Celestial brakeman, "Hooppee! Yang-tze-kian junction! Tlaine stop-pee ten minutes eatee and dlinkee!"

A gentleman recently provoked a one-armed organ-grinder by asking him if he was a survivor of the late war. "Why, you fool!" exclaimed the irate musician, "don't you see that I survived? Do I act as though I was killed in the war?"

A match safe—One put where the small boy can't get at it.

Dynamite is rapidly superseding the dagger, and it is suggested that the play of "Julius Cæsar" be readjusted so as to give *Brutus* a chance to hoist the old man with a bomb. *Julius* sailing up into the flies in quarter sections and remarking "Et tu, Bruté," would be unique and sensational.

Some people are too smart. A man saw a pocketbook lying on the pavement, and was about to pick it up, when he remembered what he read about "tricks on travelers" and let it alone. A man behind him picked it up. "Got fooled, hey?" chuckled the first man. "No," said the second, "got ten dollars!"

As the happy couple were leaving the church the husband said to the partner of his wedded life: "Marriage seems a dreadful thing to you; why you are all of a tremble, and one could hardly hear you say 'I will.'" "I will have more courage, and say it louder next time," said the blushing bride.

Two young men out riding were passing a farmhouse where a farmer was trying to harness an obstinate mule.

"Won't he draw?" asked one of the men.

"Of course," said the farmer, "he'll draw the attention of every fool that passes this way."

The young men drove on.

A fellow out West who bit off half a man's nose, was bound over to keep the piece.

"Oh, Mrs. Ramsbotham," exclaimed a learned professor to whom that excellent lady had been relating one of her most extraordinary adventures—"Oh, Mrs. Ramsbotham, you must be joking!" "Indeed, I'm not, Professor," she returned, "I assure you I was speaking quite *seriatim*." She liked to talk Latin to a professor.

The story of a lazy schoolboy who spelled Andrew Jackson & dru Jaxon has been equaled by a New York student who wished to mark a half dozen shirts. He marked the first "John Jones," the rest "do."

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with special cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities then,
That Adam was not *adamant*.

A gentleman was complaining on 'Change that he had invested a large sum of money in stocks and lost it. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a bull or bear, to which he replied, "Neither; I was a jackass."

A blind man is a poor man,
And blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man,
And the latter no man sees.

It was in the smoking-room of an Atlantic steamer that a worthy Teuton was talking about weather forecasts.

"Look here," said he, "I dell you vat it is. You petter don't dake no shotck in dem weather bredictions. Dose people don't know noding. Dey can't tell no better as I can."

"But, my dear sir," said a person present, "they foretold the storm which we have just encountered."

"Vell, dot ish so," said the Teuton, contemplatively; "but I dell you vat it ish. Dot shtorm would have come yust the same if it had not been bredicted."

Louise had oft in youth been told,
She was a matchless maid;
Louise, good lack, has now grown old,
But *matchless* still, 'tis said.

The following is an old lady's description of her milkman: "He is the meanest man in the world," she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on top, then turns it over and skims it on the bottom."

"Dear, cruel girl," cried I, "forbear,
For by those eyes, those lips I swear—"
She stopped me as the oath I took,
And cried; "You've sworn, now *kiss the book*."

It is well to leave something for those who come after us," as a man said when he threw a barrel in the way of a policeman who was chasing him.

Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Because it is the center. (Scenter.)

What is that from which if you take the whole some will yet remain? Wholesome.

Who was the fastest woman mentioned in the Bible? Herodias. She got a-head of John the Baptist, on a charger.

What letters of the alphabet are most like a Roman emperor? The C's are.

Why is the vowel "o" the only one ever sounded? Because all others are inaudible.

What is the difference between a honey-making insect and the man who lives on his friends? One is a humming bee and the other a bumming he.

Why is a daudy like a mushroom?

Because he's a regular saphead.

His waist is remarkably slender,

His growth is exceedingly rapid,

And his top is exceedingly tender.

What is the difference between an old tramp and a feather bed? One is hard up and the other is soft down.

Why is a sneeze like Niagara? Because it's a catarrhact.

Why was Joseph the straightest man of old? Because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

My first denotes company, my second shuns company, my third calls a company, my whole amuses a company. Conun-drum.

What is taken from you before you get it? Your portrait.

Why is a windy orator like a whale? Because he often rises to spout.

When may a man be said to be literally immersed in business? When he's giving a swimming lesson.

Why are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

Why is it impossible for a person who lisps to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every miss for a myth.

What's the newest thing in stockings? The baby's foot.

What is the plural of a tailor's goose? Give it up.

"When I grow up, I'll be a man, won't I?" asked a little boy of his mother. "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious at school and learn how to behave yourself." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to an editor, with a notice that the "manuscript was respectfully declined."

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma, who was something of a skeptic. "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time you was getting in somewhere?"

A lady purchased a nice new door mat the other morning with the word "Welcome" stamped thereon in glowing letters, and the first man who came and planted his number elevens on it was a tramp.

"The bees are swarming, and there's no end of them," said the farmer Jones, coming into the house. His little boy George came in a second afterward and said there was an end to one of 'em, anyhow, and it was red hot, too.

The man who fills "a long-felt void,"—The dentist.

A scientific journal explains in a long article, "How thunder storms come up." We haven't read the article, but we know how they come up. They wait until the Sunday-school picnic reaches the grove and gets fairly to business at Copenhagen, swinging, flirtation, croquet and other innocent games, and then they come up like thunder and lightning. It takes the average thunder storm not more than ten minutes to come up in the neighborhood of a picnic.

"Did you observe that woman?" said a gentleman to his companion, as a sharp-featured female swept haughtily by them. The friend nodded to indicate that he had observed her. "Well, I'm indebted to her for the chief happiness of my life." "Indeed; I can imagine the gratitude you feel toward her." "No you can't; only her present husband can do that. Ten years ago I asked her hand in marriage, and she refused me."

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many eyes that close in our churches on Sunday.

Wife, just returned from a shopping tour: "Come and see what I have got for you, Eugene." Eugene.—"Ah, just like you, darling, always thinking of me!" He advances as his wife removes the wrapping and exposes some fine drawings from a neighboring marble yard. Husband starts back and exclaims, excitedly: "Gracious, Laura, what did you bring these things here for?" Thoughtful wife.—"Well, Eugene, I heard you complain of feeling unwell this morning and I thought you would like to look at some tomb-stone patterns."

If a dime with a hole in it is worth five cents, a dime with two holes in it ought to be worth ten cents.

A wicked man has been getting a dollar apiece from simple-minded farmers by sending them through the mail, for one dollar, a "recipe" to prevent pumps from freezing on cold nights. The answer to the farmers' letters was: "Take them in doors over night."

"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet!" was the excuse of a four-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

A gentleman ordering a box of candles, said he hoped they would be better than the last. The dealer said he was very sorry to hear them complained of. "Why," said the other, "they are very well till about half burnt down, but after that they will burn no longer."

How quietly flows the river to the sea, yet it always gets there. This is a good point to remember when you are trying to rush things.

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 7

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Fortune in men has some small difference made :
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned. *Pope.*

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich :
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit. *Shakspeare.*

Oh ye who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions :
It mends their morals, never mind the pain. *Byron.*

Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot ;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast. *Thomson.*

Envy not greatness ; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse ; and so the distance greater. *Herbert.*

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones. *Shakspeare.*

Example is a living law, whose sway
Men more than all the written laws obey.

Wrongs do not leave off where they begin,
But still beget new mischiefs in their course. *Daniel.*

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices. *Beecher.*

If human progress means anything, it means the enjoyment of the highest privileges and immunities of existence by all; it means a fair field for every man to pursue that line of thought and action which his own individuality directs, and which, to him, is the purpose of his being. *Stubbins.*

Every man has the secret of becoming rich who resolves to live within his means; and independence is one of the most effectual safeguards of honesty.

Toil, feel, think, hope. A man is sure to dream enough before he dies without making arrangements for the purpose. *Sterling.*

It is better to be the builder of our own name than to be indebted by descent for the proudest gifts known to the books of heraldry. *Bailou.*

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man. It effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed. *Clarendon.*

Those we call the ancients were really new in everything. *Pascal.*

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable. *Chesterfield.*

Learning makes a man fit company for himself as well as others.

Friendship is supported by nothing artificial; it depends upon reciprocity of esteem.

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion; even a prudent enemy is preferable. *La Fontaine.*

The eye speaks with an eloquence and truthfulness surpassing speech. It is the window out of which the winged thoughts often fly unwittingly. It is the tiny magic mirror on whose crystal surface the moods of feeling fitfully play, like the sunlight and shadow on a still stream. *Tuckerman.*

What is this world! Thy school, O misery!
 Our only lesson is to learn to suffer;
 And he who knows not that was born for nothing. *Young.*

'Tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be peaked up with a glistening grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Truth crushed to earth, shall rise again,
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
 And dies among his worshippers. *Bryant.*

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies. *Shakspeare.*

Our early days! How often back
 We turn, on life's bewildering track,
 To where, o'er hill and valley, plays
 The sunlight of our early days.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him
 That flesh is grass? That earthly things are mist?
 What are our joys but dreams? And what our hopes,
 But goodly shadows in the summer cloud?
 There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it
 Some rainbow promise. Not a moment flies,
 But puts its sickle in the fields of life,
 And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.

Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
 That ground for quarrels or disputes affords. *Denham.*

It is success that colors all in life;
 Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest.
 All the proud virtue of this vaunting world
 Fawns on success and power, howe'er acquired.

Thomson.

Oh too convincing—dangerously dear—
 In woman's eye the unanswerable tear. *Byron.*

The world's a stormy sea
 Whose every breath is strewed with wrecks of wretches
 That daily perish in it. *Rowe.*

Anger is like
 A full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. *Shakspeare.*

Such as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp, which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the music. *Diogenes.*

The highest excellence is seldom attained in more than one vocation. The roads leading to distinction in separate pursuits diverge, and the nearer we approach the one, the farther we recede from the other. *Bovee.*

The tones of human voices are mightier than strings of brass to move the soul. *Klopstock.*

Disorder in a drawing-room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not; the black battle-stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is. *Ruskin.*

Every one is the poorer in proportion as he has more wants, and counts not what he has, but wishes only what he has not. *Manilius.*

What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza it, and sing swaggering songs about it,—what is it, nine times out of ten, but murder in uniform! *Douglas Jerrold.*

Every one has a besetting sin to which he returns.

La Fontaine.

Weaknesses, so called, are nothing more nor less than vice in disguise. *Lavater.*

It is far more easy to acquire a fortune like a knave than to expend it like a gentleman. *Collon.*

A willing heart adds feathers to the heels, and makes the clown a winged Mercury. *Joanna Baillie.*

Loving is like music. Some instruments can go up two octaves, some four, and some all the way from black thunder to sharp lightning. As some of them are susceptible only of melody, so some hearts can sing but one song of love, while others will run in a full choral harmony. *Beecher.*

To be furious in religion is to be irreligiously religious.

William Penn.

Would that instead of educating our young girls with the notion that they are to be wives, or nothing,—matrons, with an acknowledged position and duties, or with no position and duties, at all,—we could instil into them the principle that, above and before all, they are to be *women*—women whose character is of their own making, and whose lot lies in their own hands. *Miss Muloch.*

No man fears men, but he who knows them not;
 And he who shuns them may not hope to know them.
Goethe.

Men are more eloquent than women made;
 But women are more powerful to persuade. *Randolph.*

Hidden and deep and never dry,
 Or flowing or at rest,
 A living spring of love doth lie
 In every human breast.
 All else may fail, that soothes the heart,
 All, save that fount alone;
 With that and life, we never part;
 For life and love are one.

If I could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet have never trod,
 Even there I could not be alone,—
 On every side there would be God.

It is a vain attempt
 To bind the ambitious and unjust by treaties;
 These they elude a thousand specious ways.

An honest man is still an unmoved rock,
 Washed whiter, but not shaken with the shock,
 Whose heart conceives no sinister device;
 Fearless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

Who can cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast. *Shakspeare.*

Weep not for him who dieth,
 For he sleeps and is at rest,
 And the couch whereon he lieth
 Is the green earth's quiet breast. *Mrs. Norton.*

When the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines
 the pathway,
 Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in
 darkness. *Longfellow.*

Secret are the ways of Heaven,
 Yet to some great aim they tend;
 Often some affliction given
 Proves a blessing in the end:
 Let no vain, impatient gesture
 Question the diviner will,
 But in Faith's immortal vesture
 Wait thy mission—and be still.

Swain.

Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly pears, from three prickly prangly pear trees: if then, Peter Prickle Prandle picked three pecks of prickly pears from three prickly prangly pear trees, where are the three pecks of prickly pears, that Peter Prickle Prandle picked, from the three prickly prangly pear trees?

When a twister, a twisting, will twist him a twist,
 For twisting his twist, he three twines doth intwist;
 But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
 The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.

Thou wreath'd'st and muzzl'd'st the far fetch'd ox, and
 imprison'd'st him in the volcanic Mexican mountain of
 Pocatepetl in Cotopaxi.

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
 With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
 He thrusts his fists against the posts,
 And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Did you say you saw the spirit sigh, or the spirit's eye,
 or the spirit's sigh? I said I saw the spirit's eye, not the
 spirit sigh, nor the spirit's sigh.

He was an unamiable, disrespectful, incommunicative,
 disingenuous, formidable, unmanageable, intolerable and
 pusillanimous old bachelor.

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting
 a sieve full of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles
 through the thick of his thumb; if then Theophilus Thistle,
 the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted
 thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of
 his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieve full of unsifted
 thistles, dost not thrust three thousand thistles through the
 thick of thy thumb: success to the successful thistle sifter,
 who doth not get the thistles in his tongue.

Round and round the rugged rock the ragged rascal drags
 the rough rhinoceros, through the rain.

That that that that gentleman advanced, is not that that
 that he should have spoken; for he said that that that that
 that man pointed out, is not that that, that that lady insisted
 that it was.

Benjamin Bramble Blimber, a blundering banker, bor-
 rowed the baker's birchen broom to brush the blinding cob-
 webs from his brain.

A naval officer, for his courage in a contest where he had lost a leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship. In the heat of the engagement a cannon ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck. A seaman, thinking he had been wounded again, called out for a surgeon. "No, no," said the captain, "the carpenter will do."

All have heard the Pope-ish quotation, "Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare, and beauty draws us with a single hair." We don't care how great a "beauty" she is; a woman "with a single hair" ain't sufficient to "ensnare" us. It is a bald-headed exaggeration. We prefer more than a single hair on our girl's head.

Fitting emblems are not always appreciated. The neighbors of a poor fellow who died erected a tombstone to his memory, and placed above it the conventional white dove. The widow looked at it through her tears and said: "It was very thoughtful to put it there. John was fond of gunning, and it is an especially suitable emblem."

"Tommy," said a mother to her seven-year-old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you may talk." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—and on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

The true way for a woman to drive a nail is to aim the blow square at her thumb. Then she'll at least avoid hitting her thumb.

"Ed" writes to know whether it is safest to carry money in the pants or vest pocket. Money is surest when it's invest-Ed.

"Oh, please, miss, there was a young gentleman called when you was out. He didn't leave no card, miss, but I can show you who he is, 'cause three of his photographs are in your album."

The phrase "He's a brick" originated with King Agesilaus, who, on a certain occasion, pointing to his army, said: "They are the walls of Sparta. Every man there is a brick."

Numerical impossibility: "Mary says you can't come to see her any more," said a boy to his sister's admirer. "Why not?" "Because you come to see her every evening now, and how could you come any more?"

"I must say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle, as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now, look at that great, elaborately-framed mirror; I declare, I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked her friend.

"Oh, you are too self-conscious," said Jones to a young man. "I self-conscious!" exclaimed Adolescence; "I am conscious of nothing." "That's what I said," replied Jones.

Felicia asked her brother to buy a science monthly for her because it had an article on "Ancient methods of flirtation." When he brought it home she said he was horrid and mean because it turned out to be on "Ancient methods of filtration."

A man was so cross-eyed that he put his hand into another man's pocket and abstracted therefrom a watch. He wanted to learn the time. The Judge told him that it would be three years.

The politest man in town has been discovered. He was hurrying along a street the other night when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of an alley-way and the two collided with great force. The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said: "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it"—and he tore away at redoubled speed.

A countryman who had never heard of a bicycle, came to town, and when he beheld a youth whirling along upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into a soliloquy thus: "Golly; ain't that queer. Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop skirt."

"Ninety and nine" folks in the hundred make a mistake when they cut off a dog's tail. They preserve the wrong end.

"Go into the room and bring that cake off the table," said a mother to her son. "It's too dark; I'm afraid to go into the room." "Go right into that room this instant or I'll go in and bring out the strap." "If—you bring—out the—strap," replied the boy, sobbing, "bring the—cake along—too."

Why had a man better lose his arm than a leg? Because losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

Why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar? Because it gets licked and put in a corner.

Why is a short black man like a white man? Because he is not a tall (at all) black.

What class of women are most apt to give tone to society? The belles.

When does a rogue think he gets a drop too much? When he gets the hangman's.

Why are people of short memories necessarily covetous? Because they're always for-getting something.

What is the beginning of every end, and the end of every place? The letter E.

Why is life the riddle of all riddles? Because we must all give it up.

Why is love like a canal boat? Because it is an internal transport.

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayers of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound by a thoughtless tongue.

What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden? His foot.

Why is a stick of candy like a race horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

What is the difference between an engine driver and a schoolmaster? One minds the train, and the other trains the mind.

Why is a kiss like rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

What shape is a kiss? Elliptical. (A-lip-tickle.)

What confection did they have in the ark? Preserved pears.

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies? You sit upon one and stand on the other.

Which is the way to make a coat last? Make the vest and trousers first.

What word contains the five vowels in order? "Facetious."

In some parts of the world the days are four months long, and when a lively boy of twelve years accompanies his parents to church for the first time, he thinks he has struck one of those days, sure.

One of the triumphs of the country paragraphist is achieved when he succeeds by means of a few amusing items at the head of his column in luring us on to reading an advertisement of somebody's best family soap.

When a father discovers that his boy has been using his razor to sharpen a slate pencil with, his faith that he is to be the father of a President is temporarily eclipsed by his anxiety to interview the boy.

"Mr. Jones, don't you think women are more sensible than men?" asked Miss Smith. And Jones, after scratching his favorite bump for a moment or two, said: "Why, certainly they are—they marry men, and men only marry women."

What perplexes a philosophical man is to discover how, when he is shaking carpet, with a little woman on the other end, she can so exasperatingly hold on, and shake, and shake, and jerk his end out of his hands, and call him butter fingers and a slouch.

Said he, "And you love me better than all the world beside?" "Yes," said she. "And you love me better than anybody else?" said he. "Yes, dearest." "And you would not think any more of me if I was worth a million dollars?" Said she: "No; and if I was a rich heiress you wouldn't want to marry me any more than you do now?" "No, darling." They were not lying, gentle reader; they were simply courting; that was all.

An old bachelor, who died recently, left a will dividing his property equally among the surviving women who had refused him. "Because," said he, "to them I owe all my earthly happiness."

A lady in Iowa, who is, unfortunately, blind, has learned to thread a needle with her tongue and teeth—and an exchange wants to know if there is "anything in the world that a woman's tongue can not do—or undo?"

"Science enumerates 588 species of organic forms in the air we breathe." Just think of it! Every time you draw in a breath a whole zoological garden slips down your windpipe.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

An author having mentioned that he was about to write a work on Popular Ignorance, his friend replied: "There is no man on earth more fit to do that."

A captain in the navy, who, on meeting a friend as he landed from his ship, boasted that he had left his whole ship's crew the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," said the other; "and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef.*"

"Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on getting into his bath; why had the principle never before occurred to him?" "Perhaps this was the first time he ever took a bath."

"Did you get that girl's picture, Brown? You remember you said you were bound to have it." "Well, not exactly," replied Brown; "I asked her for it and she gave me her negative."

An old Scotch lady gave a pointed reply to a minister who knew he had offended her, and who expressed surprise that she should come so regularly to hear him preach. Said she: "My quarrel's wi' you, mon; it's no wi' the gospel."

A traveler of the most familiar type to a seedy old gentleman in a railroad car: "But why, sir, do you not answer me when I address you?" "And you, sir, why do you address me when I do not speak to you?" (No more conversation.)

"That is probably the oldest piece of furniture in England," said a collector of antique curiosities to a friend, pointing to a venerable-looking table as he spoke. "How old is it?" asked the friend. "Nearly four hundred years." "Pshaw! that is nothing. I have an Arabic table over two thousand years old." "Indeed!" "Yes, the multiplication table!"

An English servant girl who had returned from the United States to visit her friends at home, was told that she looked "really aristocratic." To which she responded: "Yes, in America all of us domestics belong to the hire class."

A party of San Juan ranchers made a bonfire of an Apache Indian, and the coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "overcome by the heat."

"What a fine, protuberant forehead your baby has, Mrs. Jones! Did he get it from his father?" "No," replied Mrs. Jones, "he got it from a fall down stairs."

"How do you keep out of quarrels?" asked one friend of another. "Oh, easily enough," was replied. "If a man gets angry with me, I let him have all the quarrel to himself."

A poor rheumatic lady said to her physician—"Oh doctor, I suffer so much with my hands and feet!" "Be patient dear madam," he soothingly responded, "you'd suffer a great deal more without them."

"But, Miss Tompkins, do tell me now how old you are?" "Oh! but I don't tell my age any more. I am just as old as I look—there." "Indeed, I thought you much younger."

An inebriated man was observed holding himself up by means of a lamp-post on a prominent street. This lamp-post had on it a mail box, and the man had apparently stood there some time. A reporter had occasion to pass the man, and remarked: "Hello, there, what's the matter?" "Well," said the man, "I—hic—put five cents in the box here half an hour ago, and this car ain't started yet."

SUPPLEMENT TO
One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 8

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;

WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him;
courteous to all; intimate with few; slight no man for
poverty, nor esteem any one for his wealth.

To tell thy miseries will no comfort breed;
Men help thee most that think thou hast no need:
But if the world once thy misfortunes know,
Thou soon shalt lose a friend and find a foe.

Thomas Randolph.

Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he
shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is that he shall
shoot higher than he who aims but at a bush.

Sir P. Sidney.

Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.

Dryden.

Pedantry prides herself on being wrong by rules; while
common sense is contented to be right without them. *Colton.*

Zeal and duty are not slow,
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait. *Milton.*

When flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they
always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher
the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

Beecher.

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After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth. For all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of a face; and true proportions the beauty of architecture; as true measures that of harmony and music.

Shaftesbury.

How wonderful is death,
 Death and his brother sleep!
 One pale as yonder waning moon,
 With lips of lurid blue;
 The other, rosy as the morn
 When, throned on ocean's wave,
 It blushes o'er the world;
 Yet both so passing wonderful!

Shelley.

Modesty is to merit as shades in a picture; giving it strength and beauty.

Bruyere.

'Tis no doubt pleasant
 Ourselves with our own selves to occupy,
 Were but the profit equal to the pleasure.
 Inwardly no man can his inmost self
 Discern; the gauge that from himself he takes
 Measures him now too small, and now too great.
 Only in man man knows himself, and only
 Life teaches each man what each man is worth.

Goethe.

It is with books as with women; where a certain plainness of manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections.

Hume.

All voices teach
 That death is but the mystic door,
 Wherethro' glows life forever more,
 We long to reach.

S. B. Sumner.

The finest threads, such as no eye sees, if bound cunningly about the sensitive flesh, so that the movement to break them would bring instant torture, may make a worse bondage than any fetters.

George Eliot.

Who can paint
 Like nature? Can imagination boast
 Amid her gay creation, hues like hers?
 And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lay them on so delicately fine,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every bud that blows?

Thomson.

To confine our studies to mere antiquities is like reading by candle-light, with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen.

Campbell.

View not the spire by measure given
To buildings raised by common hands:
That fabric rises high as heaven,
Whose basis on devotion stands.

Prior.

As prisoners in castles look out of their grated windows at the smiling landscape where the sun comes and goes, so we, from this life, as from dungeon bars, look forth to the heavenly land, and are refreshed with sweet visions of the home that shall be ours when we are free.

Beecher.

Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home:
Lead thou me on:
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant way: one step's enough for me.

J. H. Newman.

The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clever man dances here, there, and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking everything and enjoying nothing, but too light to be dashed to pieces.

Hazlitt.

And soon, when this life with its waiting is over,
And night passes from us, and day shall appear,
The light of the Lord shall his glory discover,
And we shall then know what we only guessed here.

Marianne Farningham.

No mere negations, nothing but the full liberation of the truth which lies at the root of error, can eradicate error.

Robertson.

One woman reads another's character
Without the tedious trouble of deciphering.

Johnson.

If a man has got any religion worth the having, he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

Ah! who can say,—however fair his view
Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
Let careless youth its seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past and dark futurity.

H. Kirke White.

A free people must be a thoughtful people. The subjects of a despot may be reckless and gay if they can. A free people must be serious; for it has to do the greatest thing that ever was done in the world—to govern itself.

Orville Dewey.

The tongues of dying men

Enforce attention like deep harmony;

Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.

Shakspeare.

Enthusiasm is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.

Fitzosborne.

When sailing on this troubled sea

Of pain, and tears, and agony;

Though wildly roar the waves around,

With restless and repeated sound,

'Tis sweet to think, that on our eyes,

A lovelier clime shall yet arise;

That we shall wake from sorrow's dream,

Beside a pure and living stream.

He that has too many irons in the fire will find that some of them are apt to burn.

The universal lot,

To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.

Sprague.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

For what is life? At best a brief delight,

A sun, scarce bright'ning ere it sinks in night;

A flower, at morning fresh, at noon decayed;

A still, swift river, gliding into shade.

Although a skilful flatterer is a most delightful companion if you can keep him all to yourself, his taste becomes very doubtful when he takes to complimenting other people.

Dickens.

When a friend in kindness tries

To show you where your error lies,

Conviction does but more incense,

Perverseness is your whole defense.

Swift.

If we were as careful to polish our manners as our teeth ; to make our temper as sweet as our breath ; to cut off our peccadilloes as to pare our nails ; to be as upright in character as in person ; to save our souls as to shave our chins,—what an immaculate race we should become. *Chatfield.*

Nature hath made nothing so base, but can
Read some instruction to the wisest man. *Aleyn.*

Good looks are a snare, especially to them that haven't got 'em. *Mrs. Whitney.*

By adversity are wrought
The greatest works of admiration ;
And all the fair examples of renown
Out of distress and misery are grown.

What state should fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent purity of a woman's love. *Bulwer.*

The lessons of prudence have charms,
And slighted may lead to distress ;
But the man whom benevolence warms,
Is an angel who lives but to bless. *Bloomfield.*

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction ; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable. *Adison.*

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time. *Jonson.*

He who is eager to be a great and noble man in the future, must in the present be great and noble in thought as well as in deed.

Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save. *Gay.*

In following the history of mankind we observe that in proportion as nations cultivate their moral and intellectual powers, atrocious actions diminish in numbers, the manners and pleasures become more refined, the legislation milder, the religion purified from superstition, and the arts address themselves to the finer emotions of the mind. *Spurzheim.*

Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the sea reflected is the sun ;
Too glorious to be gazed on in his sphere.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with various studies. *Pliny.*

Oh! through the world, where'er we roam,
Though souls be pure, and lips be kind,
The heart with fondness turns to home,
Still turns to those it left behind.

The sun is the eye of the world. *Jeremy Taylor.*

Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Moore.

Memory is the cabinet of imagination, the treasury of reason, the registry of conscience, and the council-chamber of thought. *Basil.*

Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace;
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace
More deeply than despair. *Scott.*

True nobility is derived from virtue, not from birth. Titles may be purchased, but virtue is the only coin that makes the bargain valid. *Burton.*

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Shakspeare.

He that studieth revenge keepeth his own wounds green. *Bacon.*

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave. *Longfellow.*

Known mischiefs have their cure, but doubts have none;
And better is despair than fruitless hope
Mixed with a killing fear. *Thomas May.*

The fox is very cunning; but he is more cunning that catches him.

Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where Affection calls,—
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded. *Swain.*

A girl wrote to her lover, "John, don't fail to be at the singing school to night." John replied, "In the bright lexicon of youth (Webster's Unabridged) there's no such word as fail."

The great Dr. Jennings, of London, sent the following lines, with a couple of ducks, to a patient:

Dear madam, I send you this scrap of a letter,
To tell you Miss Mary is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
Therefore I send her a couple of quacks.

"Pat, my boy, we must all of us die once." The sick man turned over in a disgusted frame of mind, and replied: "That's just what bothers me. If we could only die half a dozen times I wouldn't worry about this."

Never look sad; there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow,
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
He'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

A clothier has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation, he replied: "If it hadn't been for an apple, where would the ready-made clothing stores be to day?"

He put it thus: "My Mary, dear,
When you're away," said he,
"What mathematical figure
Do you suggest to me?"
I gave the problem up at once,
As too much for my head;
"Why, don't you see? 'tis plain to me,
You're a Polly gone," he said.

"How profoundly still and beautiful is the night," she whispered, resting her finely veined temple against his coat-collar and fixing her dreamy eyes on the far-off Pleiades, "how soothing, how restful." "Yes," he replied, toying with the golden aureola of her hair, "and what a night to shoot cats."

"Give me a kiss, my charming Sal!"
A lover said to a blue-eyed gal;
"I won't," said she, "you lazy elf;
Screw up your mouth and help yourself."

Long sermons are spoken of as clerical errors.

The first thing a young man does on seeing a friend with a new hat on is to take it off and serenely try it on his own head. When a young lady sees an acquaintance with a new bonnet on, she just lifts her nose and serenely wonders where the thing got that fright.

He took her fancy when he came ;
 He took her hand, he took a kiss ;
 He took no notice of the shame,
 That glowed her happy cheek at this.
 He took to coming afternoons ;
 He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive ;
 He took her father's silver spoons,
 And after that he *took his leave*.

The Massachusetts papers are discussing the question, "May cousins marry?" We should hope so. We don't see why a cousin hasn't as good a right to marry as a brother or an uncle or a son or a sister.

"Oh spare me, dear angel, a lock of your hair."
 A bashful young lover took courage and sighed.
 "Twere a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer,
 So take the whole wig," the sweet creature replied.

One afternoon a stranger, observing a stream of people entering a church approached a man of gloomy aspect who was standing near the entrance and asked: "Is this a funeral?" "Funeral! no," was the sepulchral answer, "it's a wedding." "Excuse me," added the stranger, "but I thought from your serious look that you might be a hired mourner." "No," returned the man, with a weary, far-off look in his eyes, "I'm a son-in-law of the bride's mother."

What are another's faults to me?
 I've not a vulture's bill
 To pick at every flaw I see,
 And make it wider still.
 It is enough for me to know
 I've follies of my own,
 And on my heart the care bestow,
 And let my friends alone.

An ignorant candidate for medical honors having been thrown almost into a fever from his incapability of answering the questions, was asked by one of the censors how he would sweat a patient for the rheumatism? "I would send him here to be examined," he replied.

Which is the most awkward time for a train to start? 12.50, as it's *ten to one* if you catch it.

What is the difference between a light in a cave and a dance in an inn? One is a taper in a cavern, the other a caper in a tavern.

Why can negroes be safely trusted with secrets? Because they always keep *dark*.

Why is a bride-groom often more expensive than a bride? Because the bride is given away, but the groom is often *sold*.

Why was Goliath surprised when David struck him with a stone? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

Why are doctors always bad characters? Because the *worse* people are, the more they are with them.

Why is a camel a most irascible animal? Because he always has his back up.

Why is the world like music? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

Why is a one dollar greenback better than a new silver dollar? Because when you fold it you *double* it and when you open it you find it *in-creases*.

When does a man impose on himself? When he taxes his memory.

Why are good intentions like fainting ladies? Because all they want is carrying out.

Why is a kiss like a properly divided sermon? It requires an introduction, two heads, and an application.

When is *money damp*? When it is due in the morning and missed at night.

Why were the brokers in the panic of 1873 like Pharaoh's daughter? They saved a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

Why is a sculptor's death the most terrible? Because he makes faces and *busts*.

Why is an omnibus strap like conscience? Because it's **an** inner check to the outer man.

Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the maneuver. "Why, Freddie," said his mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is being combed." "Yes, but your hair ain't hitched to your head," replied the youthful party.

Imagine the indignation of an American boy in a French school, who in a history class is told how Lafayette, the great French general, triumphed in the revolution, assisted by one Washington.

"Is this the front of the Capitol?" asked a newly-arrived stranger of a darkey. "No, sah; dis heah side in front am de rear. Ef yer wants ter see de front yer must go around dar behind on de udder side."

The witness before the court was Mr. Wood. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. "Ottiwell Wood," answered the witness. "How do you spell your name?" then asked the somewhat puzzled judge. Mr. Wood replied: "O double T, I double U, E double L, double U, double O, D." The astonished judge thought it the most extraordinary name he had met with, and, after two or three attempts to record it, gave it up, amid roars of laughter.

"Pa, what does it mean to be tried by a jury of one's peers?" It means, my son, that a man is to be tried by a jury composed of men who are his equals—on an equality with him, so they will have no prejudice against him." "Then, pa, I suppose you'd have to be tried by a jury of baldheaded men!"

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner while dancing a polka one evening. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better, for worse," he replied, and he was accepted.

A boy was asked if he ever prayed in church and answered, "Oh, I always say a prayer like all the rest do, just before the sermon begins." "Indeed," responded the astonished querist, "what do you say?" "Now I lay me down to sleep."

City belle (meeting country aunt): "Oh, I'm so glad to see you! Come and see us next week, do, I'm going to have a german on Thursday." Aunt (with severity): "Not I, child. I don't want to see any one of the family that's going to make a fool of herself by marrying a foreigner."

A consumptive looking man, lame and feeble, and carrying a pint bottle full of something, halted a pedestrian in the street the other day, and said: "I found this bottle in the corner there, and I wish you would tell me what's in it." The other took it, removed the cork, and snuffed in a full breath. The next instant he staggered against the wall, clawing the air and choking and gasping, and it was a full minute before he blurted out: "Why, you idiot, that's harts-horn!" "Well, I am perfectly willing to take your word for it without extra insults," observed the invalid, in an injured voice. He took his bottle and walked off like a man who had been abused without the least excuse.

A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows riding that way, called to him with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow," said one of them, "'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labor." To which the countryman replied, "'Tis very likely you may, truly; for I am sowing hemp."

"Well, Bridget, if I engage you I shall want you to stay at home whenever I wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objection," said Bridget, "providin' you do the same when I wish to go out."

A patent medicine advertisement reads thus: "When a lethargic feeling pervades your system, when you have a disinclination to move about, when you have an abhorrence to exercise, your liver is inactive." This will be glad tidings to many people who have always thought they were lazy when they felt that way. Now they will know that it was only their liver that was inactive.

They were talking about the weight of different individuals in a certain family, and the daughter's young man, who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said: "I tell you that Jennie ain't so very light either, although she looks so." And then he looked suddenly conscious, and blushed, and Jennie became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall.

"There is no use of talking," said a woman. "Every time I move I vow I'll never move again; but such neighbors as I get in with! Seem's though they grow worse and worse." "Indeed," replied a friend. "Perhaps you take the worst neighbor with you when you move." An oppressive atmosphere prevails in that vicinity.

Two old ladies were sitting before the fire engaged in silent thought. Finally one of them arose, went to the window, and scanning the appearance of nature outside, said, "Betsy, I believe it's going to rain." "No such thing," returned the other; "the sun's shining and there's not a cloud to be seen." "Can't help that," resumed her companion; "the tin rooster on 'Squire Gilbert's barn is p'intin straight toward the East, and that's a sure sign of a storm." Betsy turned as she said this, and looking her square in the face with a conservative expression, exclaimed "Lor sakes, Jane, how can you be so superstitious."

Dear Laura, when you were a flirting young miss,
 And I was your dutiful swain,
 Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss;
 Your frown could o'erwhelm me with pain:
 You were dear to me then, love, but now you're my wife,
 It is strange the fond tie should be nearer;
 For when I am paying your bills, on my life,
 You seem to get *dearer* and *dearer*.

A country physician of limited sense and "limiteder" education, was called to see Mr. R.'s little boy, who was quite ill. He gave some medicine and left, promising to call on the following morning. When he arrived Mr. R. met him at the gate and informed him that the child was convalescent. "Convalescent?" said the doctor, "convalescent? Then if he is that bad off you'll have to call in some other physician; I never treated a case of it in my life!" and with that he mounted his horse and departed.



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